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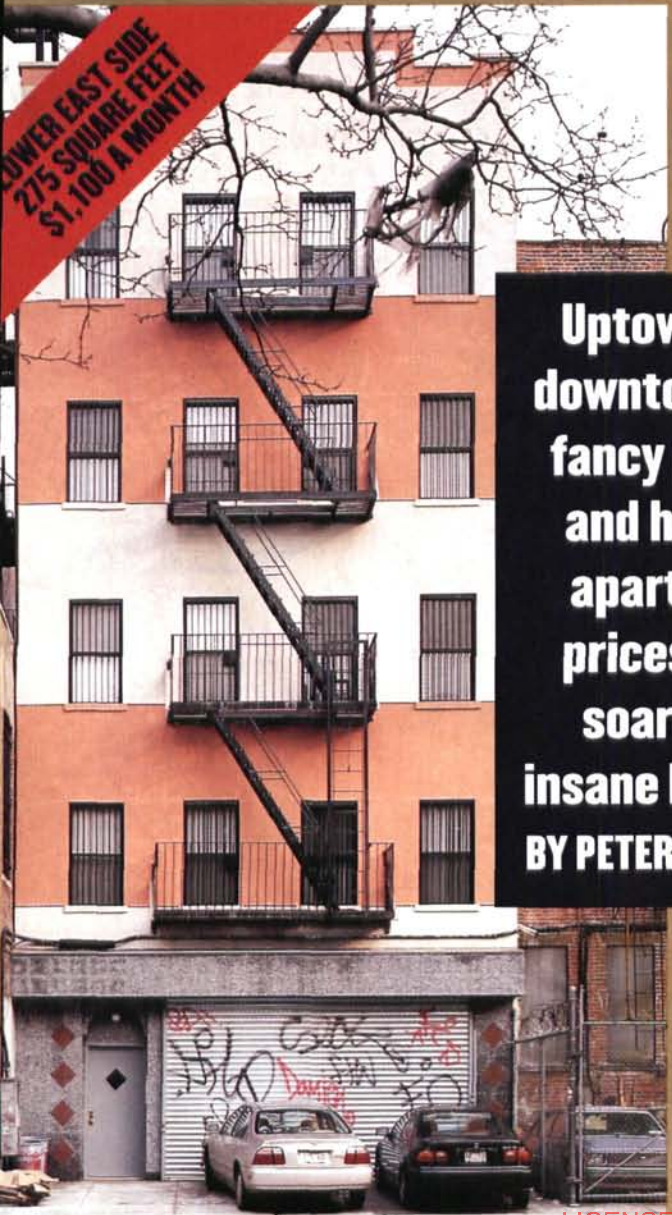

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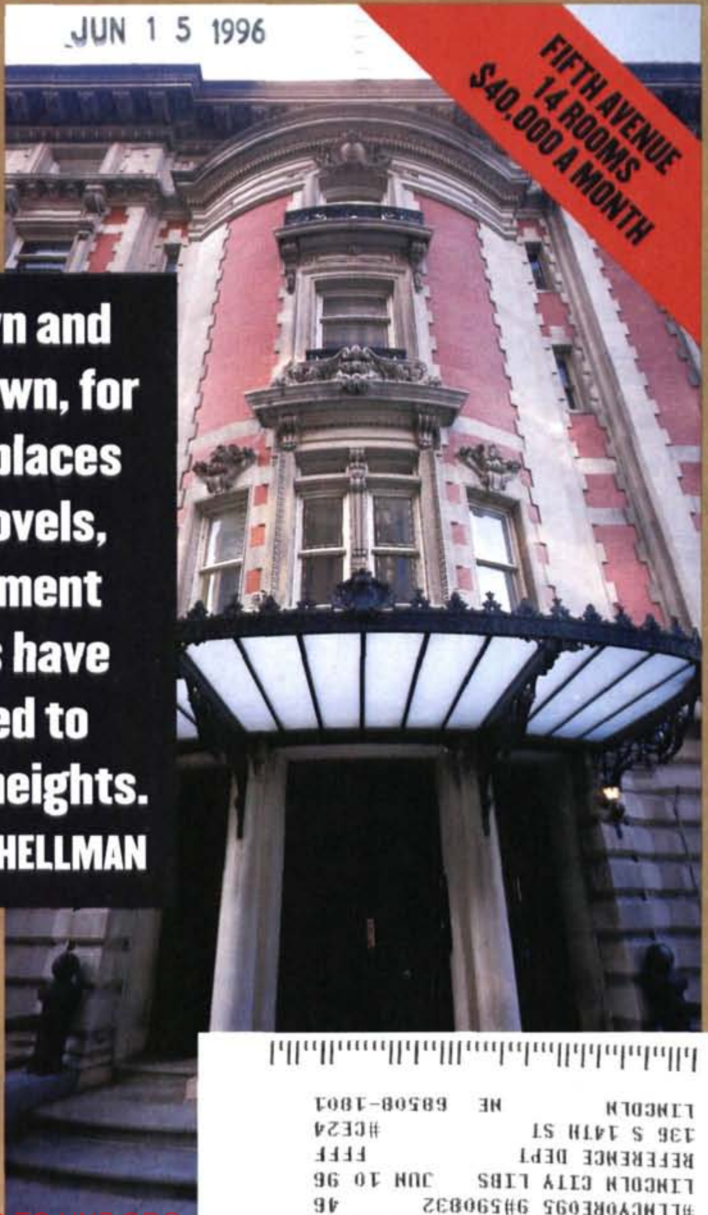
BY PETER HELLMAN



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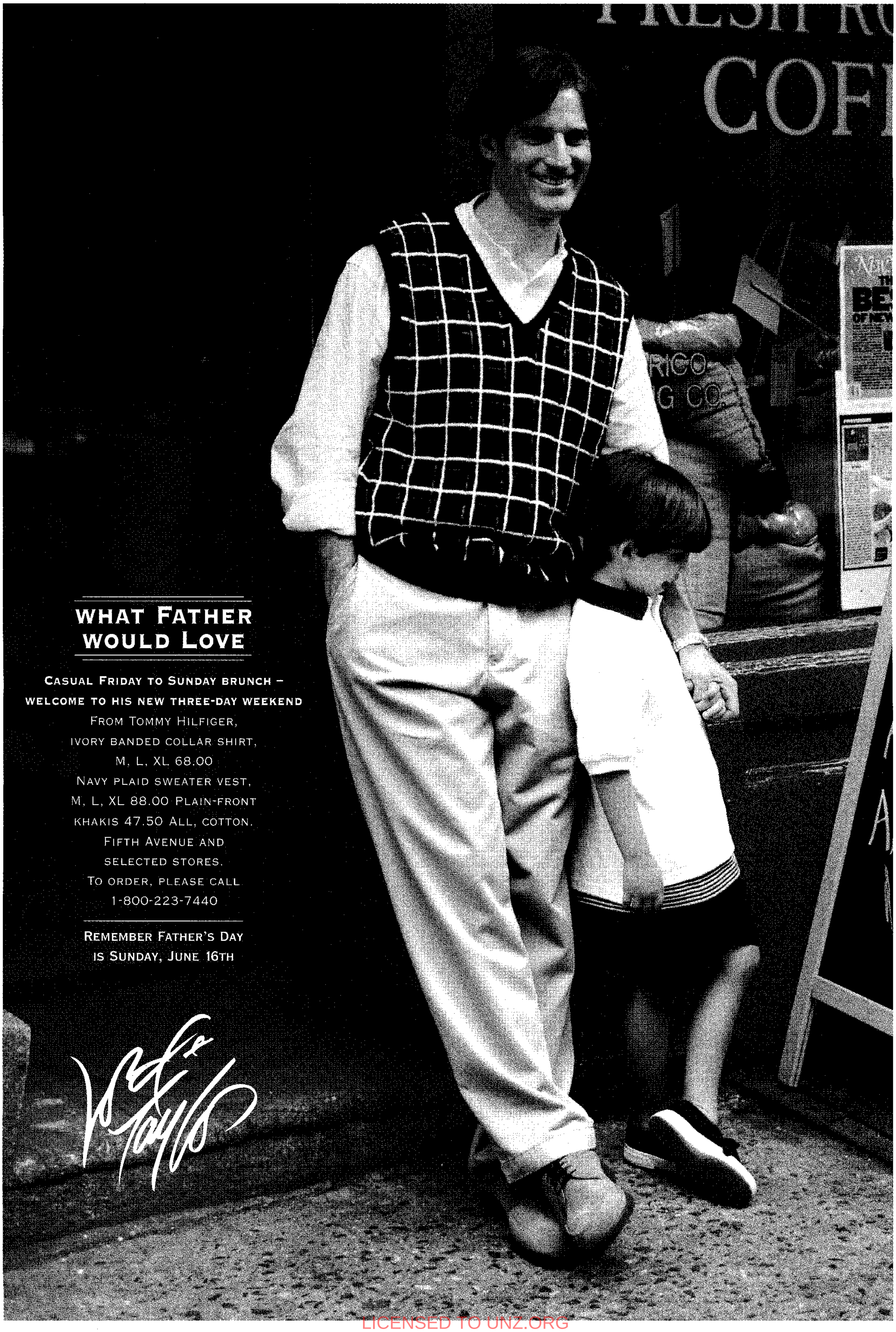

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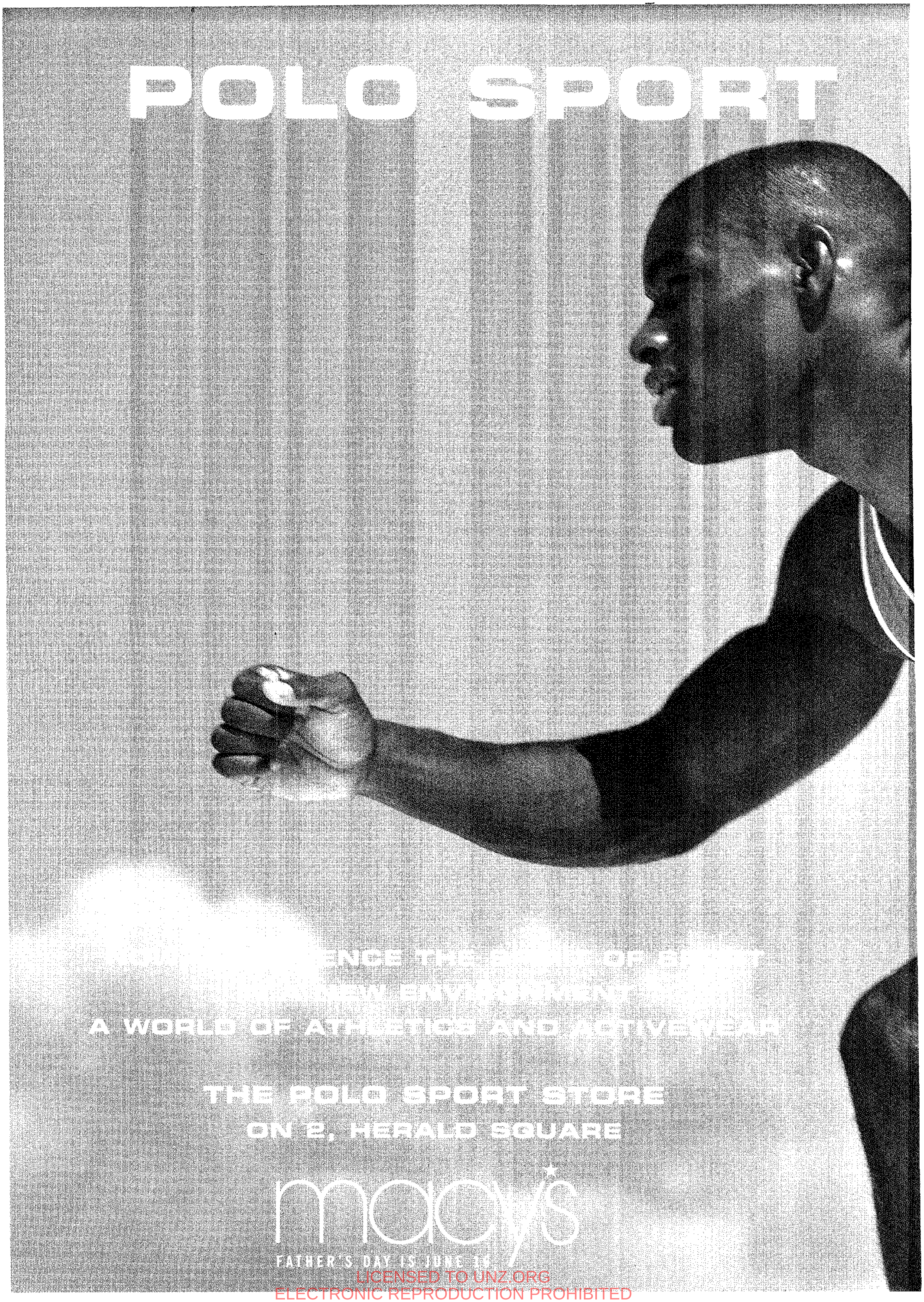
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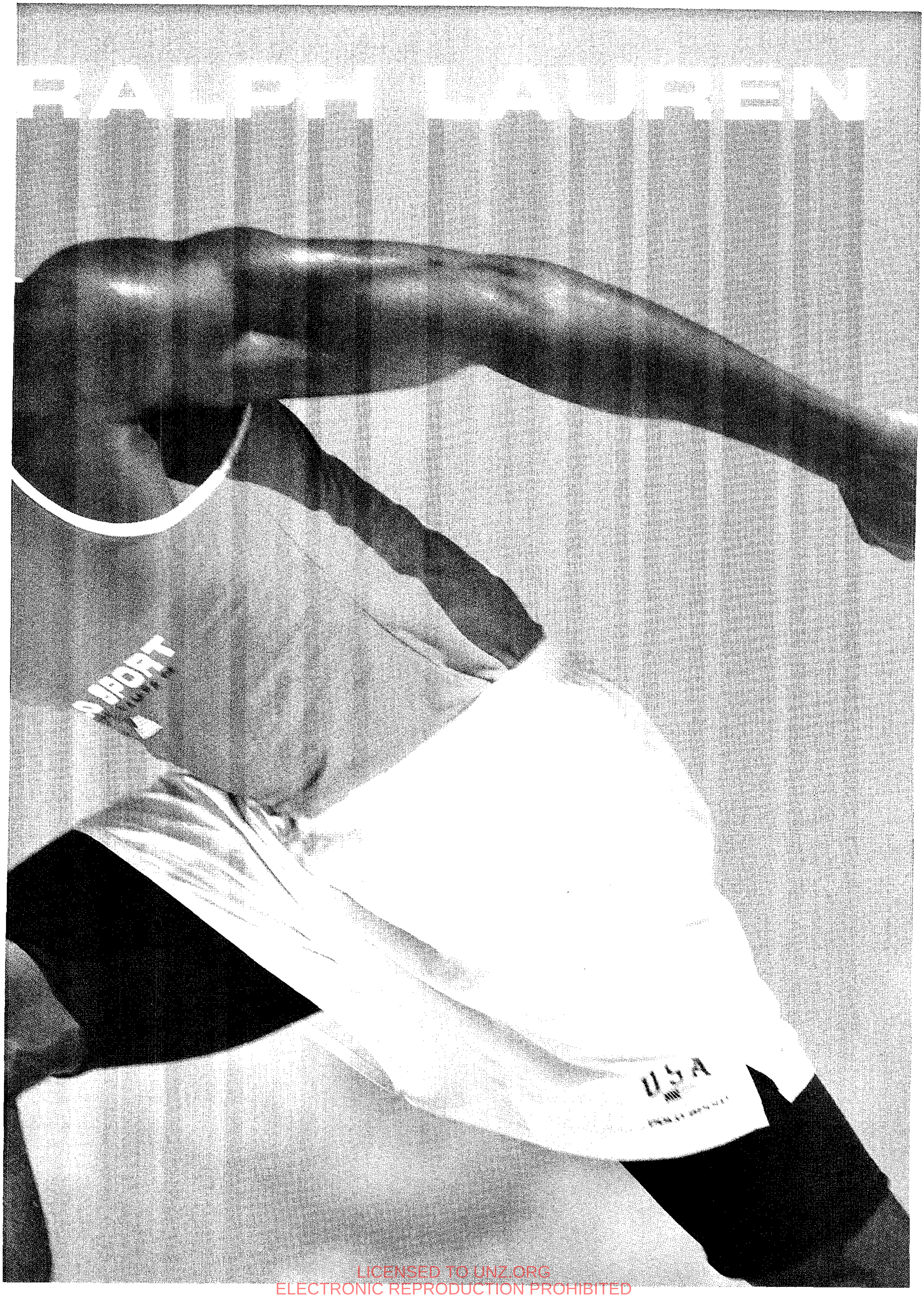
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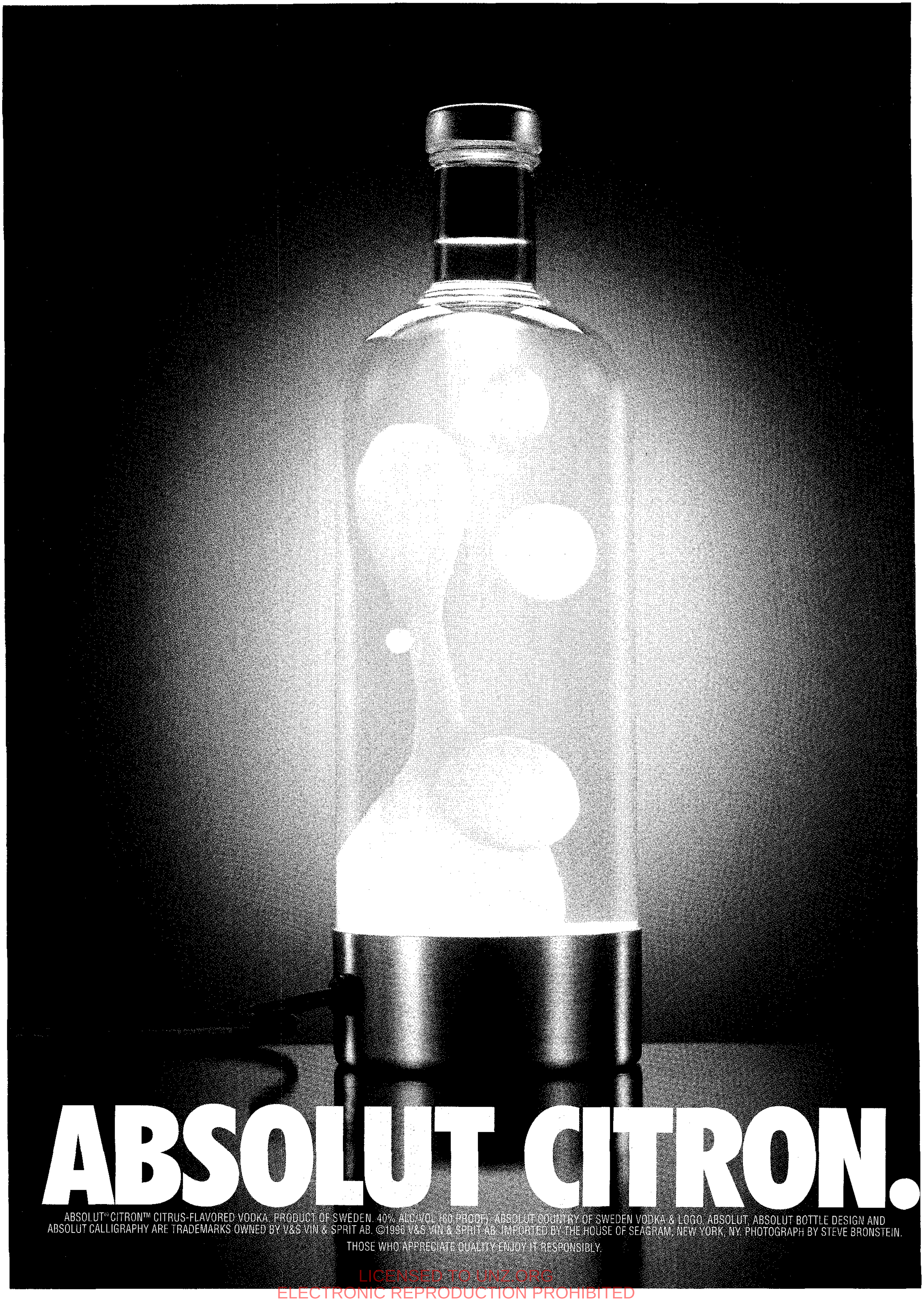

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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

Contents June 17, 1996

> *"I don't try to make excuses to my clients for the prices out there.*
> *I tell them it's crazy. But it's what they have to deal with."*
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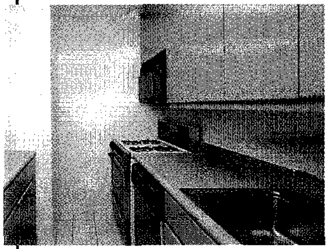
By Peter Hellman



Trying to find a reasonably priced, not-too-small apartment in Manhattan has always been something of a dispiriting exercise, but never so much as it is right now. Rental prices have increased an average of 35 percent since the market low of three years ago, and owners are routinely asking for—and getting—more than $1,800 a month for one-bedrooms in marginal neighborhoods. And if you want something good? Well, there's a very nice place on the East Side overlooking the Met that can be yours for just $40,000 a month.

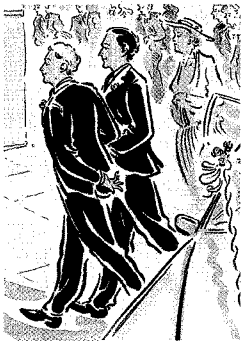
30 L.I. Law

By Alex Williams

If Long Island has become the nation's carnival show of sleazy crimes and sex scandals, 261-pound lawyer Dominic Barbara can take some of the credit: He represented Jessica Hahn and Joey Buttafuoco, and he's a regular guest on the Howard Stern show. But now the most famous attorney east of FDR Drive is in deeper waters, representing a new suspect in the vicious beating of a black man outside the Club Marakesh in Westhampton Beach. After only a week on the case, Barbara has succeeded in clouding what looked like a clear bias attack by invoking a Johnnie Cochran–style confusion of conflicting accounts. "This has polarized the Long Island racial thing," says Barbara. "This is big, the next Joey."

38 A Gay Old Time

By Henry Alford



With government-sanctioned same-sex marriage looking like a distinct possibility, gay couples might soon be counted on to elevate the institution of matrimony to a more fabulous, if not necessarily higher, plane. Our writer pretended he was engaged to his boyfriend, checked out a variety of Manhattan's blue-chip spots, and found that with very few exceptions, one *can* throw a gay wedding here—circus performers and everything!

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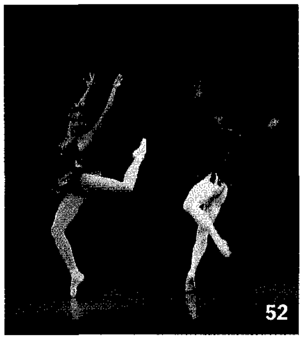

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Online

Join in on the debate over the legal recognition of gay marriage all this week in the *New York* Forum. On CompuServe, *go* NYMAG.

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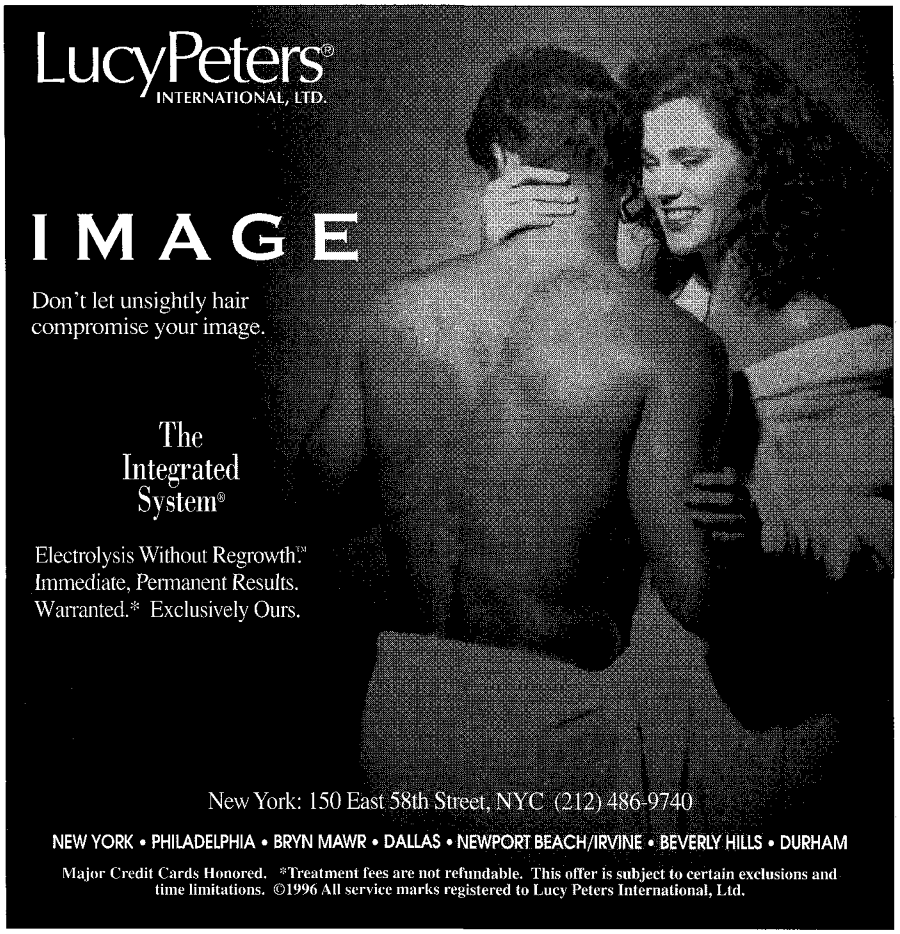
Cover: Photographs by Scott Frances.



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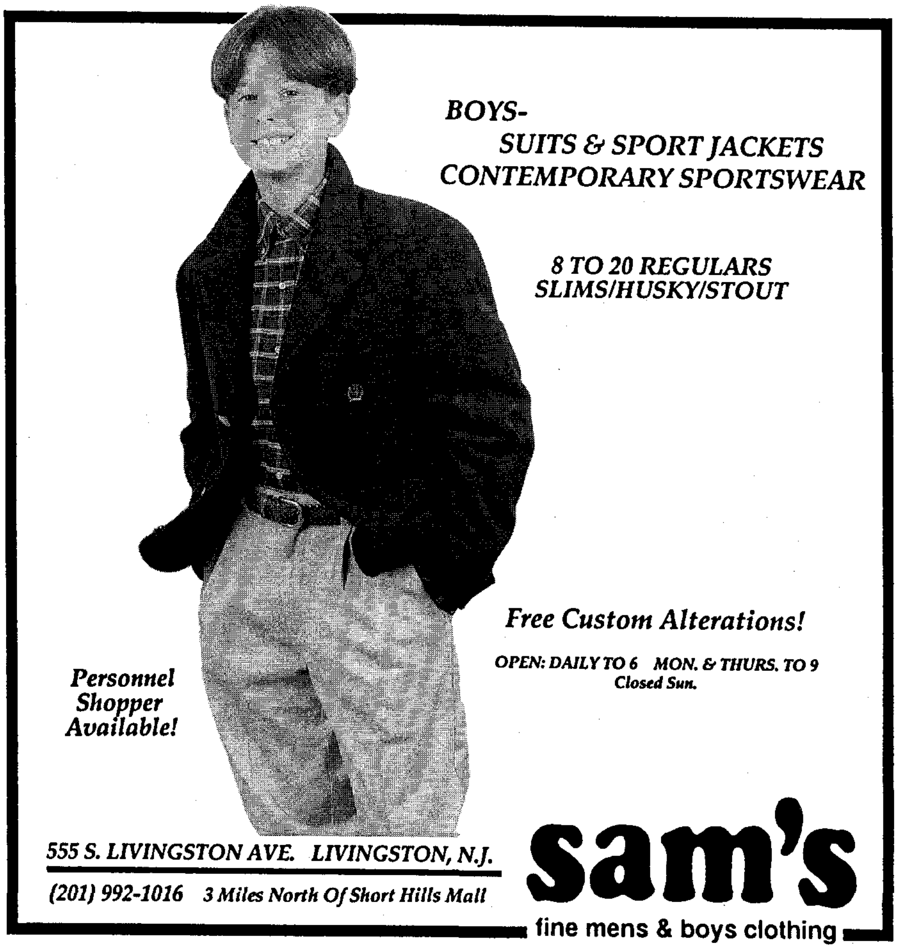

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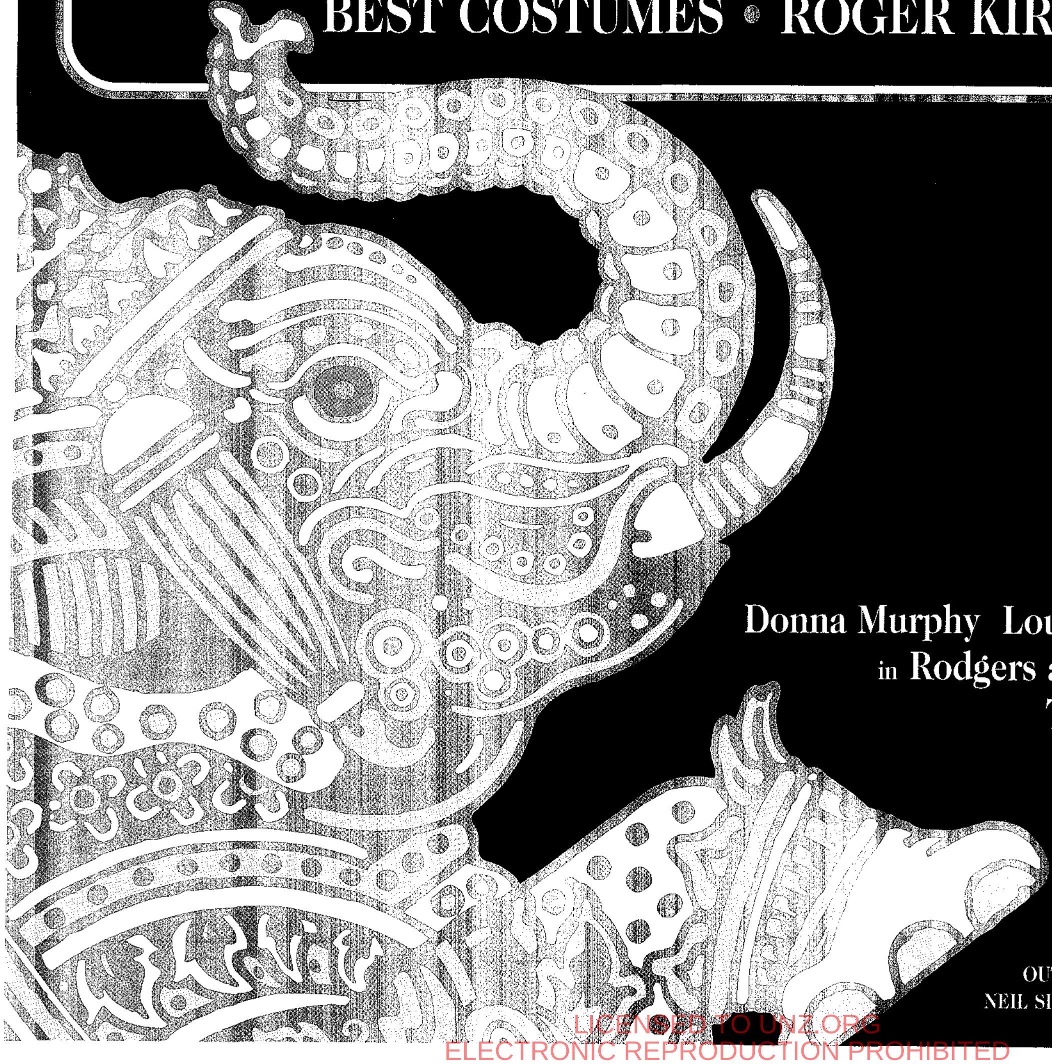

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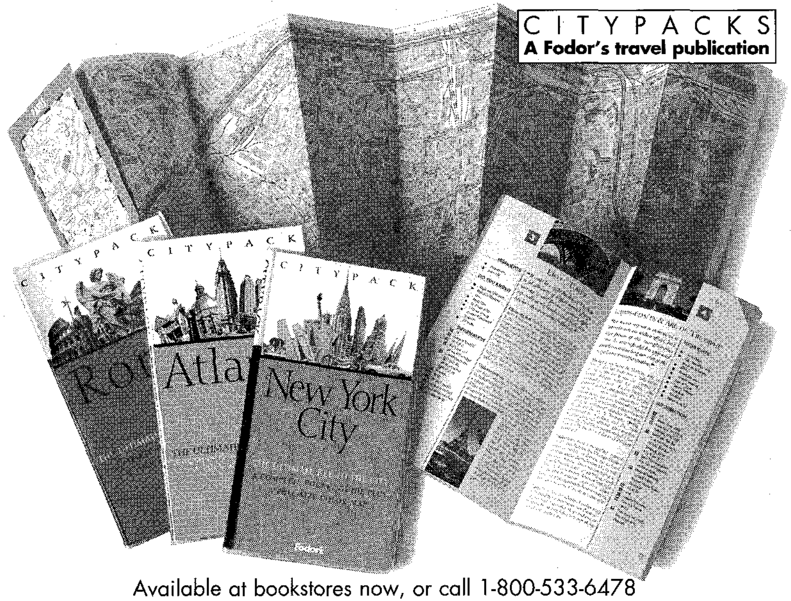

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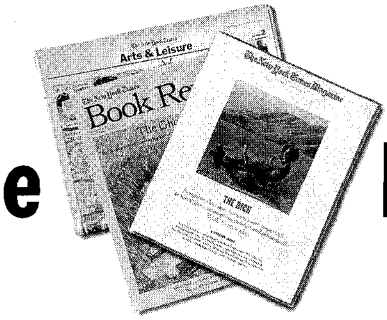

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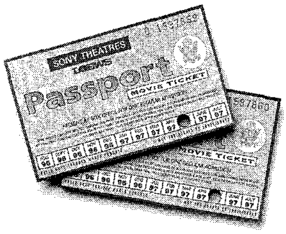

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The New York Times

Standards Time

Rewriting history with Lynne Cheney; extended adulation for a best doctor; Walter Wriston says he didn't dis John Reed.

IN "OLD BALL AND CHENEY," JACOB WEISberg uses a technique commonly relied upon by writers who do not have the facts on their side: Instead of engaging the argument, attack the people making it ["The National Interest," May 27]. But defaming me does nothing to improve the national history standards, and it forces Weisberg into some truly ridiculous assertions—that as NEH chairman, for example, I approved "much of the egregiously p.c. material" in the standards. This will certainly come as a surprise to all the leftist academics who used constantly to complain that I was killing their p.c. projects.

In fact, as a reading of the application to develop the history standards shows, the applicants promised to create a document that would present America as a nation where people from around the world have come together in a society whose legal, educational, and cultural institutions are Western in origin. Over the next two years, however, there was a sea change; and when the standards were published in 1994, they not only minimized our Western heritage but disdained the West as the source of most of the world's problems. So inaccurate and unbalanced were the standards that 99 senators and the president of the United States have denounced them.

Mr. Weisberg contends that I hoodwinked all these people—a truly preposterous charge—and seems concerned that I am about to do it again with my criticism of the revised history standards. But the original standards met their fate because of their substance, not their critics. And the revised standards will as well.

Lynne Cheney
WASHINGTON, D.C.

JACOB WEISBERG'S COMPLAINT THAT FORmer NEH chair Lynne Cheney "won't shut up about left-wing bias in the proposed national history-teaching standards" would have readers believe that her accusations have no basis in fact. One need only read the section on the American Revolution, described as a "civil war" that transformed social relations, to sense how desperate the standards are. If Weisberg had done his homework, he would have read standards director Gary Nash's books on the subject and then compared them to Hannah Arendt's *On Revolution.* When the standards ask students to "show how the ideas that inspired" our Revolution "influenced the 20th-century revolution in . . . Russia, China, Cuba, and Vietnam," are students to believe that Locke influenced Lenin? The standards are not only idiotic but suffer from "infantile leftism."

John Patrick Diggins
MANHATTAN

WHENEVER AN OP-ED PIECE BEGINS WITH VIcious name-calling, a red flag pops up in my mind. So it was with great interest that I read Jacob Weisberg's attack on the "disingenuous or dumb" Lynne Cheney. While he never proves to me that Ms. Cheney is either, he does a remarkable job of outlining the paranoid and defensive nature of Democrat-liberal thought that has supplanted anything resembling a well-founded argument. This neoliberalism is not based on furthering any agenda for the country but on stopping the Republican-conservative agenda, whatever it may be. The neoliberal nonargument is developed like this: First, the agenda to be attacked is defined. Then it is radicalized, its proponents dehumanized. The argument always ends as an apology for all other alternatives, no matter how flawed.

Mr. Weisberg's article is a blueprint for developing such an argument. The evil agenda: The radical right is trying to supplant a reasonable national history curriculum with racist, sexist, elitist Western propaganda. Lynne Cheney is now unemployed, obsessive, fixated. She hates the left so much she'll do anything to stop them. She's "disingenuous," "dumb," "noxious," "stupid," "zealous," and she "wants her kind of propaganda, conservative propaganda" taught to your children: "Cheney now touts standards [that] veered much farther to the right than the national standards ever did to the left."

Two wrongs don't make a right, Mr. Weisberg. Maybe next time you can ask why the education Establishment, majority Democrats and liberals, representing very little diversity of thought, is developing a standard curriculum for the incredibly diverse minds of America's children.

Christopher Ward
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Heal Thyself

AS A PATIENT OF DR. ROY GERONEMUS, I was delighted to see him featured in your May 20 issue, "The Best Doctors in New York." What distinguishes Dr. Geronemus from so many other, cold, callous, and insensitive physicians is the compassion he dispenses to all of his patients. Just last week, Dr. Geronemus successfully performed delicate Mohs surgery on my arm. At the conclusion of the procedure, I was given ample time to ask questions pertaining to my condition, which were answered kindly, respectfully, and intelligently. I was also given detailed instructions as to how to care for my post-op wound. Before leaving his office, I was urged to call Dr. Geronemus's office "anytime, 24 hours a day." Later, members of his staff called me several times to see how I was progressing. To Dr. Roy Geronemus and his entire staff, I say, "Thank you!"

Esther J. Cooper
JAMAICA ESTATES, N.Y.

Goof

SINCE PUBLISHED "FACTOIDS" GET EMBEDded in data bases, I write to correct an item in your June 3 "Intelligencer" ["Wriston's Exile on Park Avenue"]. Contrary to your item, I was not quoted in Phillip Zweig's book as saying I "goofed" in the selection of my successor. Zweig quotes anonymous "friends"—always a suspect source—who aver that I said that. I did not. Additionally, anyone who knows me knows I would not use that word. What is a fact is that Citicorp under John Reed's leadership is now the world's preeminent global financial institution.

Walter B. Wriston
MANHATTAN

Correction In last week's issue, the fashion feature "Fear of Friday" was produced by Jade Hobson Charnin.

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

WILL IT BE A RUDY THREE-WAY IN '97?

Is Rudy ready to roll over? Political insiders claim that Republican mayor **Rudy Giuliani** will not only commit the apostasy of endorsing **Bill Clinton** this fall but is also angling to run on three party lines—Republican, Liberal, *and* Democrat—when he seeks re-election in '97. "[Giuliani adviser] **David Garth** still thinks he's running **John Lindsay,**" notes a well-placed political player old enough to remember Garth clients Lindsay (who switched to the Democratic party in 1971) and **Ed Koch** (who ran on both major party lines in 1981). "To have endorsed Cuomo and now to endorse Clinton, which I believe he's going to do—that's setting him up to change parties or to run in all the parties." This argument was strengthened last week when Giuliani gleefully refused to accept a ticket to the Republican National Convention that had been, uh, Doled out to him in exchange for a presumptive endorsement of the presumptive Republican presidential nominee. Instead, he took the opportunity to bash state Republican Party chief **William Powers'**s "exclusionary" politics. Evidently, the Clinton campaign in New Jersey is already boasting about a secret weapon "that will really hurt Dole with Italian voters," according to one source. For his part, Giuliani, who was nearly exiled from the party after his Cuomo endorsement two years ago, has announced that he is tired of all the partisan bickering. "I've driven the city in a bipartisan way," Giuliani said last week. "And I'm very proud of that." Spokeswoman Colleen Roche says the mayor hasn't made up his mind *whom* to endorse, so it's all "pure speculation at this point."

TALK ISN'T CHEAP FOR JOAN COLLINS

Joan Collins learned long ago *never* to give it away for free. When Court TV pressed to interview the wigged-out authoress for a *Trial Story* special on her notorious suit against Random House, Collins's publicist, **Jeffrey Lane,** insisted his client wouldn't do it unless she was paid. Not surprisingly, Court TV passed on the offer. Collins's lawyer, **Ken Burrows,** *did* agree to talk, but his Random House counterpart, **Robert Callagy,** backed out of the project because of a pending appeal. Meanwhile, the whole schlocky imbroglio continues to be an embarrassment for the publishing house—and became more of one when a security team at the Random House building kept Court TV's camera crew waiting in the pouring rain for almost an hour. The finished piece, which will air August 20, includes a memorable line from Burrows explaining Collins's reluctance to participate: "[Joan] considers it a performance, and she wants to be paid for it."

Joan Collins:
Cash and carry

KATHLEEN'S BODY IS NO LONGER DOUBLE

Kathleen Turner has been struggling with more than just a standard midlife thickening, and as it turns out, repeated efforts by filmmakers to get her slim again missed the real reason for her rapid weight gain. The actress, who went from a steamy vixen in *Body Heat* to a psychopathic matron in *Serial Mom,* says the problem was actually the result of medication she took to combat rheumatoid arthritis. Looking svelte at **Larry Gagosian's** Planned Parenthood fund-raiser in East Hampton last weekend, Turner confessed, "I didn't tell anyone what the problem really was because I was afraid I wouldn't get work. But now it's in remission. I'm off the medication that blows you up, and I'm back to work." Though her TV pilot for Disney was quickly shelved, Turner is now said to be closing a deal to star in a new feature that insiders claim will significantly boost her career.

Kathleen Turner:
No more cereal mom

SCOTCHED TAPES; A RESTAURANT ROW

L.A. EX: The lucrative partnership between **Ian Schrager** and **Brian McNally** seems to have hit a rough patch. McNally, who runs two high-profile restaurants in Schrager's hotels—"44" in the Royalton and the Delano's Blue Door—was to open a third restaurant, in Schrager's L.A. Mondrian Hotel, next November. But word is that differences between the two persuaded Schrager to turn to the prickly **Pino Luongo** (Le Madri, mad.61) instead. "Who knows? Pino *could* be doing it, for all I know," shrugs McNally. Says Schrager: "Our intent was for Brian to do the Mondrian, but it hasn't been finalized."

EXPLETIVE DELETED: What, if anything, does the government owe **Richard Nixon** for seizing the famous Watergate tapes (and his presidential papers) in 1974? That question will finally be addressed on December 2, when U.S. District Court judge **John Penn** presides over the latest round of a suit first filed by the late president in 1980. Nixon's estate is demanding "just compensation . . . plus interest"; the government says it owes zilch.

Additional reporting by Matt Pincus.

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Steve Sands/Outline; Lydia Criss/Star File; Mark Peterson/Saba.

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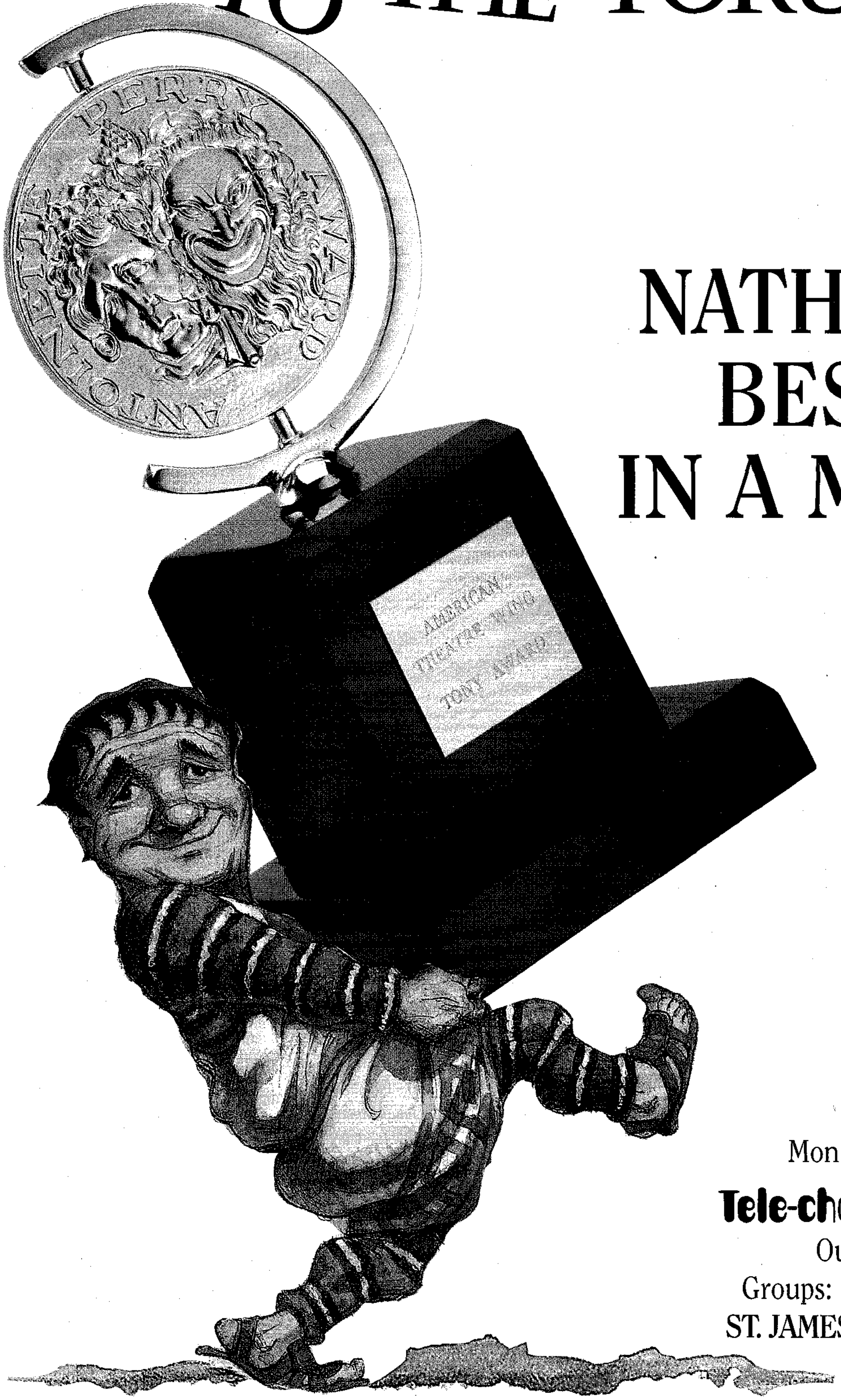
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illustration: Peter de Sève

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GOTHAM

A person who speaks good English in New York sounds like a foreigner—*Jackie Mason*

THE FRONT PAGE

Maintaining Standards

Science be damned; Americans are set in their weighs.

Every good American knows this familiar old set of numbers: 1, 16, 16, 100, 20; 1, 12, 3, 1,760; 1, 3, 2, 8, 2, 2, 4, 31.5; 1, 1,728, 27, 1.48; 1, 144, 9, 30.25, 160, 640. It is, of course, our system of weights and measures (unit conversions for weight, length, liquid and dry volume, and area, natch); it's the system that built this country inch by inch and pound for pound, the system that has served and guided every American since Noah. Oh, sure, it requires know-how, elbow grease, and occasional long division, but that's what makes it so uniquely American.

Anyone, after all, can go 1, 10, 100, 1,000 . . .

And you know what *that* is: the metric system, invented by French guys. You have to wonder about a country that has only one unit of measure and no simple way to order a cup of coffee, but we digress at our peril. For now it appears that France's newfangled metrics, having been beaten back as early as 1866 and as recently as 1992, again threaten to infect our roadways and grocery shelves.

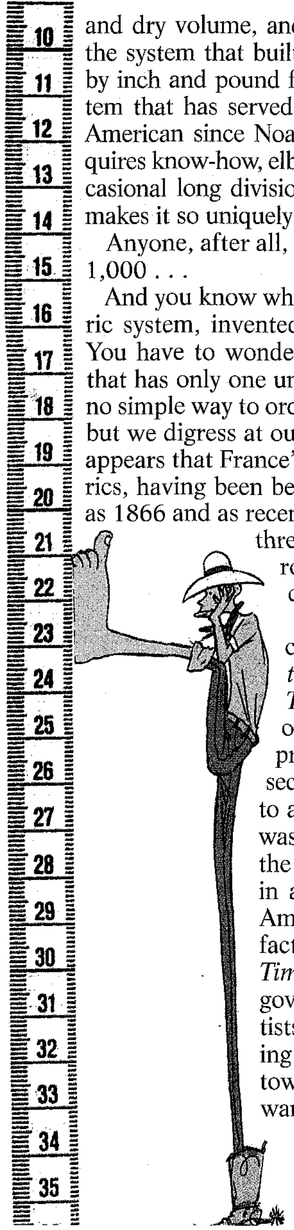
Last week, the increasingly *international* New York *Times* ran a piece of metricious agitprop on its "science" section that appeared to argue that the U.S. was somehow *behind* the rest of the world in adopting a system Americans had, in fact, rejected. The *Times* revealed that government "scientists" were quietly going from town to town, holding "Toward a Metric America" indoctrination sessions. Smug "science writer" Malcolm Browne all but chortled over people who might oppose the effort, such as Americans for Customary Weight and Measure, whose head, Seaver W. Leslie, vowed to revive his newsletter to "respond to the government's new propaganda campaign."

"To some," Browne wrote, "it has seemed as insidious as the supposed dangers of creeping communism or water fluoridation."

But of course, as every good American knows, the danger of fluoridation is real, and the battle to combat it is ongoing. As of last year, the fiftieth anniversary of compulsory fluoridation, Americans drinking 40 percent of the nation's water supply had managed to fight off the government additive. "If somebody believes fluoride is beneficial in their water supply, they can put it in their own supply," a defiant John McManus, president of the John Birch Society, told one reporter. "There is almost a Hitlerian attitude about it: Government knows best, and you will do what you are told."

Government scientists, it should be noted, also think evolution is a fact, despite clear evidence to the contrary in any Bible you care to open. Here, too, good Americans are resisting. In Alabama, textbooks will now begin to carry a disclaimer that evolution is a "controversial theory"; New Hampshire is considering requiring parental permission before teaching monkey science; this past spring, the Tennessee Legislature tried valiantly to pass (and only narrowly defeated) a law making it illegal to teach evolution as fact. Pat Buchanan, who may yet be president, declared only a couple of months ago, "[Parents] have a right to insist that godless evolution not be taught to their children."

So let those French monkey-men have their meters; as Noah himself could tell you, God is a cubit guy.



Photograph by Mitchell Levy/Globe Photos; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! For the past few weeks, the Taxi and Limousine Commission has been testing an automated-voice-announcement system that reminds riders to take their belongings. But there have been a couple of glitches. "One of the meter shops was clearly not eager to see this experiment go forward. They were turning the volume up all the way and they had some secretary with a very, very thick accent make the recording. We've asked that to be changed. The idea is not to annoy the hell out of people," TLC spokesman Brice Peyre told *New York.*

THE ABE HIRSCHFELD ITEM "I didn't demand it, but since [the hotel manager] recommended it, I am very honored. My picture is not going to be in the rooms, because I want people to do whatever they want with whoever they want in the hotel, not with me."—Abe Hirschfeld, explaining why some rooms in the Hotel Pennsylvania (which he owns) were renamed the Abe Hirschfeld Suites

REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY "It's not like we wanted a bunch of people coming from uptown to beat the hell out of stockbrokers. It's more like, here's a place even [brokers] can go to get this incredible workout and take out their aggression on like-minded people."—Marty Donahue from the Hill, Holliday advertising agency, on its ad campaign for the new Wall Street Boxing gym that starts with the lines *They're Smart. They're Wealthy. Need Another Reason to Punch Them in the Face?*

City

IN THE DOG HOUSE

AROUND LUNCHTIME LAST WEDNESDAY, Morris the Cat, who was sitting languidly in a director's chair, hosted a small publicity event at New York City's Center for Animal Care and Control shelter on 110th Street. Maybe ten reporters were there, and they ate cookies and drank coffee in the center's tidy backyard while a couple of young dogs barked at Morris from a chain-link dog run.

Four television crews zoomed in on Martin Kurtz, the smiling 52-year-old executive director of CACC, as he stepped to a podium to accept a two-by-five-foot check for $5,700 from the Heinz Pet Products corporation. "I'd like to thank Morris and Heinz for this generous donation," he began.

It was an unusually sweet moment for the city's animal shelter. There were no sick cats or bewildered pit bulls being hauled through the front door by police officers, the morning killings had been completed, and most noticeably, there were no angry employees confronting Kurtz. Perhaps that's because many of them have already quit.

Scotlund Haisley, the former head of the Manhattan shelter, took a job in San Francisco two weeks ago. "I couldn't get even the most basic problems fixed," he says. "The building is falling apart. The cages are falling apart. Nobody in there is doing anything about it." The CACC's former coordinator of volunteers and fund-raising, who asked that her name not be used, took a new job in March. "We were taking in money in donations and not spending it," she said. "Not even on immediate problems." CACC's former public-relations director, Pamelyn Ferdin, quit a month ago. "Imagine," she said, "an office that basically does not function."

When the ASPCA announced three years ago that it would no longer be the city's animal catcher, many saw an opportunity to improve a notoriously bungled system and to find an agency that would better handle the staggering job of taking in the nearly 60,000 pets that turn up in the city's shelters each year. But their excitement did not last. In late 1994, when no outside agency was willing to do the job for what the city was willing to pay (around $5 million a year, roughly the same amount paid to the ASPCA, which relied on donations to make up the remainder of its roughly $6.5 million annual animal-control budget), the city created a semi-independent, nonprofit company and placed it under the supervision of the Department of Health. And since January 1, 1995—amid protests by animal-rights activists at City Hall, complaints about cronyism, and even allegations of negligence—the center has moved into the old ASPCA facilities, hired a staff, and taken over the basic service of capturing, accepting, placing, and destroying unwanted pets.

"What really ticks me off," says Martin Kurtz, CACC's executive director, whose previous job was with the city Department of Health, "is that we've only gotten bad press since the beginning, and that ultimately just hurts the animals. CACC had less money than the ASPCA, but our adoption and capture rates are higher." (New York has a slightly better than average euthanasia rate: Last year, 24,263 dogs, 26,120 cats, and 574 other animals were taken in; 14,560 were successfully placed in homes; 40,421 were killed.)

The CACC rates are only marginally improved, though—less than 1 percent more adoptions—and as former shelter director Haisley points out, "The ASPCA was doing a lousy job." Haisley and the others said they were far more concerned with how the agency's resources are being allocated. "What is the organization doing with the [donation] money?" Haisley asked. "It's certainly not going to the animals."

A half-hour after the Morris event, down at the center's cramped and stuffy headquarters near City Hall, Kurtz and the center's general counsel, Douglas Mansfield, steadfastly maintained the agency was doing the best it could with what it had. "We're a new business," said Kurtz. "We're trying to save up for big projects, like in-house spay-neuter facilities for the Brooklyn and Manhattan shelters."

Last year, CACC spent only around $21,000 of the $76,000 of public donations it collected. Meanwhile, Haisley and the others charged that the shelters lacked basic equipment to care for the animals. "I requested rubber mats so the animals wouldn't have to lie in their own urine, new cages, sanitary towel dispensers," said Haisley. "But I couldn't even get basic sanitary equipment to stop the spread of disease."

Kurtz replied, "I've never denied anybody equipment that would help the animals. That's ridiculous. Why would I?"

Asked why, then, he thought his former employees were so upset, Kurtz suggested, "People get impatient, especially people who work in the animal-care industry."

That Kurtz separates himself from the animal-care industry is perhaps telling. "What people should really be looking at is the way CACC, a supposedly independent company, is set up," says another CACC source. "Next year, the city wants to cut its budget by $200,000. The board of directors should be organizing protests, but three out of five of them are senior city officials who were placed by the mayor." NORMAN VANAMEE

Theater

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

PERHAPS SOME PREADOLESCENT GIRLS REmain snug in their beds at 8 A.M. this Sunday morning, but you wouldn't know it at Macy's, where the line of patent-leather Mary Janes snakes well around the block: Five hundred girls, all bright-eyed and many bushy-headed, all hoping to be chosen for the title role in the upcoming Broadway revival of *Annie*.

The first pack of twenty is led to the cosmetics counter; on cue, it launches into an exceedingly emphatic rendition of "Tomorrow." Reaching that last high note, it hangs on, come what may.

"Now we're going to have to do what's the most heartbreaking thing of all," says Martin Charnin, the show's director and

175
174
Macy's

Aspiring Annies at last Sunday's tryouts at Macy's.

Photograph by Barry Munger.

lyricist. A few smiles fade. “I know—but I can't have 500 orphans, can I? Five hundred Annies? I mean, *realistically.*”

The cycle is repeated 25 or so times. Ninety-seven of the initial 500 are then handed T-shirts and led upstairs to the piano department.

Along the way, 10-year-old Marissa Pontecarvo tries to console her little sister, who feels left out. Having recently won a local beauty pageant (“Thirty-three percent interests, 33 percent appearance, 33 percent poise,” her mother chimes in), Marissa has learned the secrets of composure. “I hope I get the part of Annie, but it's a really good experience anyway.”

Up on the seventh floor, finalists are clustered again. The smallest girls in the first group are thanked and invited back to try out for supporting roles. “Wait, this isn't for Annie?” asks Mother No. 21, indignant. “Just for an orphan? Forget it,” she says, tugging her daughter out of line. “We're out of here.”

REAL ESTATE

A Share to Remember

LAST SUMMER, THREE FRIENDS AND I SPENT ROUGHLY $9,000 each for fifteen weekends in the Hamptons, so that we might feel the Atlantic Ocean crash at our knees and the sand between our toes.

The lawsuit didn't come until later.

My first inkling of future legal proceedings should have come the previous summer, when I first ventured into sharing the house, which was in Bridgehampton. Early on, when we needed some toilet paper, one of my housemates, a 47-year-old psychiatrist who owns a townhouse on the Upper East Side as well as a very nice home in Palm Beach, Florida, drove 25 miles to a discount store in Riverhead, where he purchased a 24-roll family-size package of generic toilet paper. In divvying up the $9 cost amongst his bunkmates, he suggested that naturally I would be paying more, since, as he pointed out, “women use more.”

The psychiatrist, it turned out, had a keen interest in economy, which he passed on in the form of “house rules”: Don't use the “dry” cycle in the dishwasher (it uses up too much energy); likewise, use the “warm” rather than the “hot” cycle in the washing machine; don't turn on the pool heater (it's an unnecessary expense); keep the hot-water thermostat turned down (who needs that much hot water?); and—one he exclusively seemed to follow—flush only when absolutely necessary.

The doctor also preached his lessons of frugality to anyone who would listen. He once advised a fellow Hamptonite to take giant-size Hefty bags full of garbage back to Manhattan, garbage rates in Suffolk county being what they are.

Unbeknownst to the rest of us, the psychiatrist badgered the landlords all summer long. A wicker chair in the master bedroom had been removed (apparently it was there when we first saw the house in April), and a door latch to one of the bedrooms in the 200-year-old farmhouse didn't shut properly—defects he felt we should somehow be compensated for financially. After he had repaired a tire of one of the bicycles the owners had kindly permitted us to use, he left them a $15 bill for the inner tube. And when the remote control for the TV stopped working and we had to buy a new one, he asked the owners to refund the $20.

That September, after haggling over such bills and the return of the security deposit, the owners were so incensed by the psychiatrist that they told us they never wanted to talk to him again. We were welcome to rent the house for the next summer, as long as we promised they would never have to deal with the doctor.

And so we did, with hopes that we could find somebody else to share the cost. But the psychiatrist insisted on being included—he had as much right as any of us to be there, he said. And we acquiesced, as we had about his “house rules,” because it was easier to give in than to put up a fight.

We thought we had already experienced the full scope of his frugality. But our second summer together revealed that his fervor ran deeper than any of us had imagined. Early last June, a mutual friend was invited out for the weekend. While helping to set up for lunch outside, he accidentally broke a plastic table. Naturally, he offered to reimburse us, and naturally we declined. Later, the members of the house decided that we would split the cost of the table, $50 each. We did not find out until the fall that the psychiatrist had gone behind our backs and forced our guest to pay him his share, plus interest.

Given the owners' prerequisites, and the fact that I held the lease, it was my job this time to collect everyone's money and send the owner a check. That also meant that the security deposit was returned to me. The landlords saw fit to keep roughly two thirds of our $3,500 security deposit in the fall, mostly deducting for utility bills, as well as for the broken table, a damaged lampshade, and the like. One might have quibbled about some of these things, but the landlords also neglected to deduct for others, and so I concluded that the deductions were fair.

But that offended the millionaire psychiatrist's sense of justice. In a four-page, single-spaced typewritten document he sent me, he claimed, among countless other things, that we were overcharged $20 by Frogboy Pools. He further alleged that we shouldn't pay the full amount of the water bill because the “considerable expense of filling up the swimming pool at the start of the season [is] an expense which is not [our] responsibility.” And, of course, he disputed the gas bill. He had actually spoken to “Patte” from Pulver Gas, who confirmed his suspicions that the bill was only an estimate and not an actual measurement of gas used. The $15 lampshade was also not broken, he contended.

And so on July 2, I have to appear at small-claims court, 163 West 125th Street. My former housemate is suing me for $242.96, claiming I failed in my fiduciary responsibility to get that much of his deposit back.

Oddly, my suit is not that unusual. Court Supervisor Joseph Gebbia estimates that there are about 50 to 75 such cases every year, some even more trivial than mine. “Sometimes,” he says, “there's a refrigerator, people will label their food . . . and somebody will eat somebody else's food.” J. W. Lee

Illustration by Scott Menchin.

Marissa sits down next to her mother and starts to cry. “I don’t want to be an orphan,” she sputters. Charnin tries to console her, even manages to coax a smile. She leaves with the others.

Addressing the next group of undersize finalists, Charnin is careful to keep it vague. But it is no use: They saw Marissa’s tear-stained cheeks, and they call his bluff. “Others have said that the second audition’s just for orphans,” one mother says, feigning nonchalance. The director does his best to stay calm. “Sarah Jessica Parker started out as an orphan,” one of his assistants repeats several times, straining to be heard.

Those who remain, he says, will face a few more hours of trials: singing (“Tomorrow,” again) alone and in various groupings, and dancing a brief combination that they learn as they go. Despite her not-quite height, Harley Anne Mott, a red-headed dumpling with a Mason Reese smile, makes the cut.

“What are you here to have?” her mother asks, encouraging her to speak freely.

“Um . . .”

“To have . . . ?” she prompts again.

“Fun,” Harley remembers at last.

“And tell her what Mrs. Newman says about you. What you’re able to do onstage.”

“Smile,” says Harley, proving it.

“The other thing . . . ?” A nudge.

“Ad lib.”

During her first solo effort, Harley gets flustered and fails to find that high note at the end of the song; by the second time around, she’s so shaken that she gestures wildly from her place in formation for her mother to come hold her. Finally, she breaks rank and lands, sobbing, in her mother’s lap. Despite his best efforts, not even Charnin can convince her to open her mouth again.

The girls are divided once more, with one group thanked and dismissed. Then everyone sings “Tomorrow” another time, and a further cut is made. Finally, seven hours after the auditions began, 25 hopeful girls remain. Those in charge go into a final huddle. Each has his favorites, but everyone agrees that all the remaining girls should be photographed, congratulated, and called on the phone, though only some of them will be invited back. “We don’t want a riot here,” Charnin says.

The girls behave like they’ve all been picked, fluttering their hands and catching their parents’ eyes. But Charnin is thinking of the four regional mass auditions yet to come, as well as the disappointing phone calls half these girls can expect. “What can I say,” he says, apologizing to the kids for the lack of narrative closure. “Life is not like *A Chorus Line*.”

ARIEL KAMINER

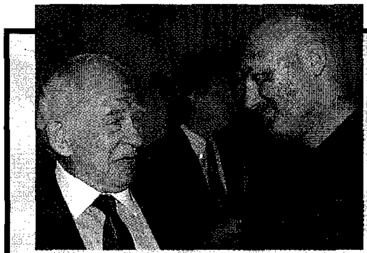
THE SCENE

Just Like Old Times

At the consulate of the Russian Federation to benefit ‘The Paris Review’ and New York Philomusica.

By Ariel Kaminer

Photographed by Patrick McMullan



Above (top to bottom), Norman Mailer and director Gregory Mosher at the Russian Consulate’s *Paris Review*–New York Philomusica benefit; Alice and Lorne Michaels at Larry Gagosian’s East Hampton home, for a Planned Parenthood of Suffolk County benefit; Philip Johnson, Martha Stewart, and Roy Lichtenstein at the Museum of Modern Art, celebrating Johnson’s ninetieth birthday.

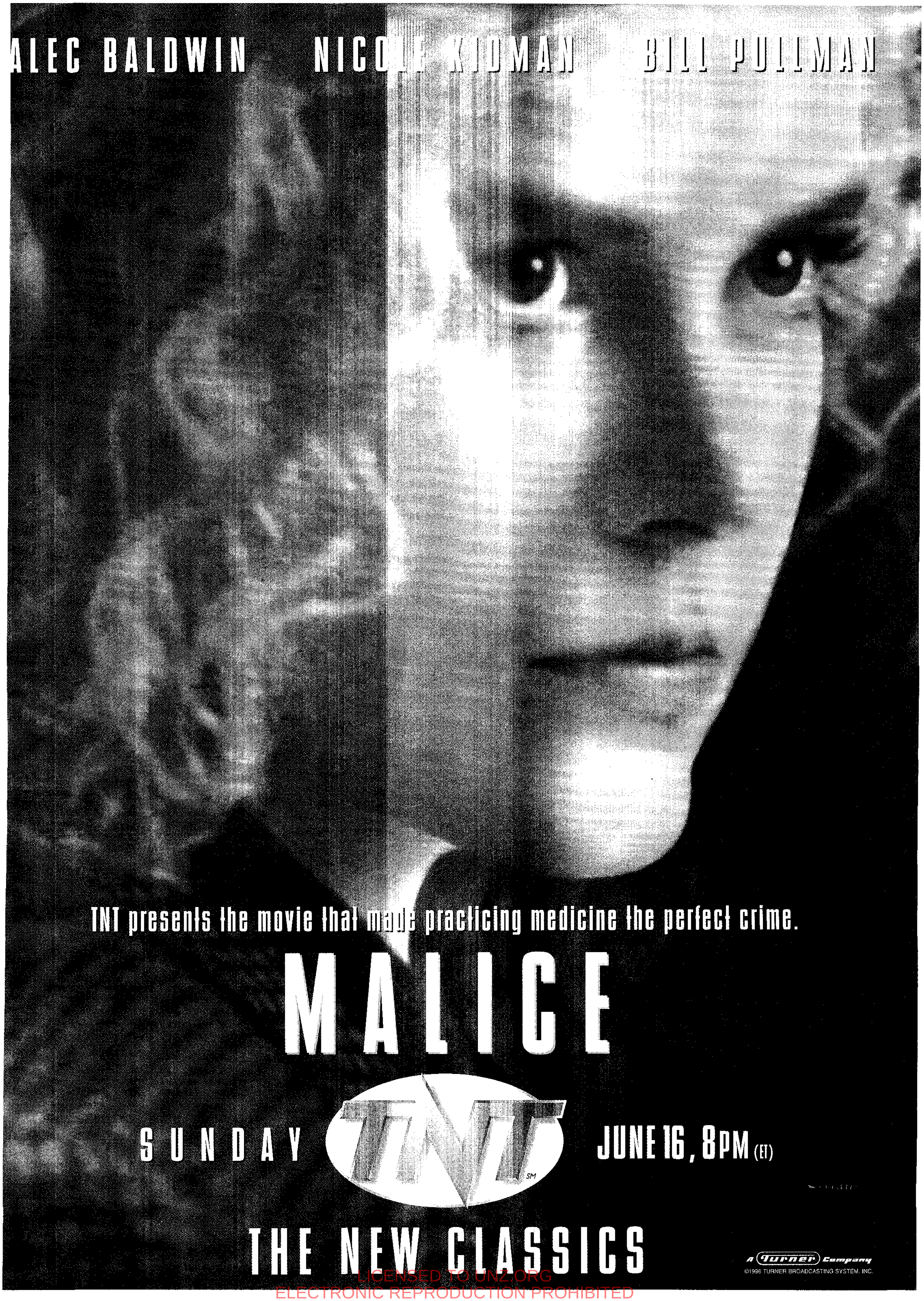
“I AM NOT MAYAKOVSKY’S DAUGHTER,” yelled Tammy Grimes, loud enough to convince everyone in the audience. Not that her relationship to the poet was actually in question. Nor even was that of Francine du Plessix Gray, who had put the question well to rest in the essay being read aloud—one of a series that *The Paris Review* had printed, and now staged, by contemporary authors about their Russian forebears. Less clear, given the layers of identity confusion at play, was how to read the relationship between Melissa Errico, on hand to read an essay by Olga Carlisle, and John F. Kennedy Jr., a member of the audience: The character played by Errico has been stalking the character based on Kennedy all season long on *Central Park West.*

“The way these authors wrote about the Russians, you really get a sense of how much they care about them,” said George Plimpton, the journal’s founding editor. “And as for the Russians in the audience—well, it’s not unfair to say the most memorable evening belonged to them.”

Irina Pantaeva—not only Russian but a supermodel—was quick to agree. “It brought me back to my culture. It’s important . . . to let people communicate better than they do, to make exchanges into other countries start finally, because I’m sure it’s going to be a long conversation,” she said, giving a taste of what she had in mind.

By another perspective, however, the most memorable evening belonged to Stephen Clark, the editorial assistant who, when the evening’s big-ticket caterers failed to show up, was forced out into the rain to cobble together however lavish a spread the local bodega could provide—“God knows how many hundred dollars of carrot sticks,” as Plimpton put it. Sniffed one guest, who’d paid $150 to attend the event, “An authentic Soviet-era banquet.”

Far left, Rosie Perez and Tyra Banks at Pravda to toast HBO NYC’s *Subway Stories.* Left, Nicole Miller and her son, Palmer Taipale, at Lauren Ezersky’s luncheon at Indochine.



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MALICE

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The Budget Beast

It devours schools, bridges, bureaucrats, and any politician who dares to stand in its way. And the only way to beat it is to sneak up behind it—by creating jobs.

It's always been a pleasant anomaly that despite the gargantuan and faceless beast that is New York City's government, the place from which that government is directed, City Hall, is so tiny and quaint. The scale is human, the security gentle; any citizen can stop in just to have a look or, if he knows where it is, use the john.

The intimacy of the building is tested every June, when the mayor and the City Council must negotiate and pass the budget. Council members and agency heads walk in and out while lobbyists and activists, their not-for-profit equivalents, lolling about in the portico, wait for the right moment to pounce and importune the relevant official about the obvious priority of funding their program instead of someone else's. Every year, it's the same dance, with the same gallows humor amid the carry-out sandwiches and cigarette smoke, and every year, it's the same grim results.

Mayor Rudy Giuliani and the City Council, if they follow the statutes—which, quite unlike their Albany counterparts, they actually tend to do—will agree on a budget this week. It will be in balance, and it will require terrible cuts. The schools, focal point of one current crisis, will take a hit of about $100 million, on top of the $2 billion Giuliani and David Dinkins sliced away in previous years. The city hospitals, focal point of the next big crisis, will swallow a huge cut—the administration proposes a $37 million contribution to the Health and Hospitals Corporation's general operating fund, down from $200 million two years ago.

Libraries and cultural institutions, under the mayor's proposed budget, would take $45 million and $24 million hits, respectively. The city's recycling program, under Giuliani's proposal, would be cut nearly in half (the council won't let this happen; Dinkins used to propose the same thing). This jeremiad could fill pages, but you get the idea. "It's so bad, there's almost no opportunity to do anything," says one council Democrat.

Depending on how you count, this is at least the sixth year in a row of such budgets. The mayor announces a gap in the billions and the extensive cuts needed to fill those gaps. Advocates bewail the harshness. The City Council tinkers around the edges and restores money for a handful of programs.

But the deficits continue, and they will continue. They'll continue because of a problem that can be summed up in one word: jobs. Jobs create workers and taxpayers and homeowners, which raises property values, which creates revenue, which solves fiscal problems.

Right now, more than a million New York City adults don't have jobs. Who's to blame for that is a different conversation, but the fiscal bottom line is that when the revenue base is that denuded, there will always be billion-dollar gaps to fill. "The only way to get out of this crisis is to have the economy grow," says Bill Stern, a former state official who writes for the Manhattan Institute's *City Journal*. "And for eight years, our economy hasn't grown."

Giuliani would dispute that. The city has gained about 34,000 jobs since he took office. Although that doesn't begin to make up for the 330,000 or more jobs lost in previous years, at least it's movement in the right direction.

But in budgetary terms, the city is still in recession. That's because the city government's ability to spend money is based on a five-year rolling average of property assessments. And since property values fell in the late eighties and early nineties (while all those jobs were disappearing), and some of those years are still factored into that rolling average, the ability to make a budget hasn't caught up with even the tentative turnaround the city has experienced. "It's bottomed out now," says Dean Mead of the Citizens Budget Commission. "But it'll take a couple of years for the increases to overcome the decreases."

Mead provides a few illuminating numbers. The fiscal wonks call it the "unused margin," which is the difference between how much the city is allowed to levy in property taxes and how much it actually does. In 1994, for example, the city had the constitutional authority to levy $13.8 billion in taxes. But property values were so depressed that it actually levied just $5.9 billion. Why? Well, the alternative would have been to raise property taxes to hit the $13.8 billion limit—an increase of 134 percent. Sure. "It's much easier to cut [spending]," says Mead, "than to change the way things have been done for years and years."

The situation is no better with respect to the capital budget—the money the city spends on new buildings and infrastructure. There's a constitutional cap on how large a debt the city can carry—based, again, on property-tax assessments. The amount the city spends on servicing its debt—paying back the bonds that pay for capital projects—is climbing fast. "We're due in about two years to bump up against the constitutional limit," says the CBC's Chuck Brecher. What happens then? Potentially, the city gets shut out of the bond market. The last time that happened was the mid-seventies. I trust you remember those days.

Illustration by Eric Palma.

And, of course, the city's capital needs are immense—we're still playing catch-up from being unable to borrow during the last fiscal crisis twenty years ago. City Council Speaker Peter Vallone wants to spend $1.4 billion on school construction. His plan is terrific; it's a real priority; it must be done, with so many schools in such poor shape—and, by all accounts, the administration and the council will in fact work something out. But something else—roads, bridges, you name it—will thus be neglected. And politicians would always rather build new things than repair old ones, since you can't cut ribbons in front of fixed old things.

Bleak, eh? But there are ways out. First of all, as Mead suggests, we might start to get out of the woods in the next few years if the economy doesn't falter and property assessments continue to rise.

Second, the city must try to do a few things to ease the crunch. Harvey Robins, an official in the Dinkins and Koch administrations, calls them the "third rail" issues, which suggests how hard it will be to get them done. But it's nothing short of scandalous that private universities and elite nonprofit institutions don't pay property taxes (they make negotiated payments in lieu of taxes, but these are negligible). And consider this: Federal employees work 40-hour weeks and contribute around 30 percent of their health-care costs. City employees work 35-hour weeks and still pay nothing for medical care.

Third, the city has to make the screwing it takes from Washington and especially Albany a major issue. "New York City is now totally on its own," says NYU's Mitchell Moss. In Washington, tax-reform talk includes discussion of doing away with exemptions for state and local income taxes and on municipal-bond interest income. Those moves would simply ruin New York. From Albany, the education shortfall alone amounts to around $300 million a year. A mayor—this one, or his successor—simply has to wage war.

But in the end, it's the economy, stupid. The city's economic strategy of the past 30 years—invest in the service sector and push everything else out—has been disastrous. If the city doesn't encourage a more diversified economy emphasizing small-business growth and as many manufacturing jobs as are possible (and they are), nothing will change.

Giuliani seems to understand this better than Dinkins did, but he hasn't made it a major issue—in political terms, fixing the economy is a much bigger risk than fighting crime. And unless he, or someone, does, the current crisis will turn into the permanent crisis. ▬

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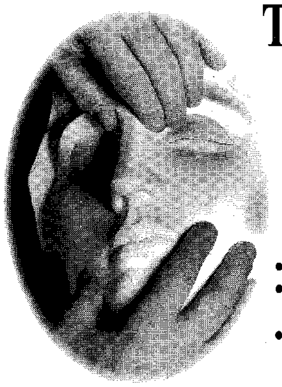

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MEDIA RICHARD TURNER

Hyping Type

Today's book publishers understand, better than the old tweed-and-elbow-patch crowd, that to save literature, you've got to get it on TV. But they're not doing enough.

THERE IS A SPECIAL KIND OF HELLISHNESS, MOST WRITERS will tell you, about having a book published. Some of it is unavoidable, of course, a postcoital depression built into the process. The creative part is finished, the years of agony wandering through the wilderness—then what? Instead of being hoisted on a crowd of tweedy shoulders and carried to the Algonquin, it's bad Chardonnay in plastic glasses, a couple of radio interviews, and silence. And/or the remainder bin.

Disappointed authors often complain about their publishers, whose job it is, after all, not to write the books but to finance, manufacture, and, most of all, market and distribute them. Which they do, once in a while. It's the central enigma of the book business that the practice of publicity is both its biggest opportunity and, in some cases, its greatest failing.

You probably haven't heard of Mark Arax, which is partly the point here, but he describes himself as a "stubborn Armenian."

Arax's father, Ara, a bar owner from a prominent family in Fresno, was mysteriously murdered in 1972, when Arax was 15. The boy obsessed over the murder for years, and in 1988, as a reporter for the Los Angeles *Times,* he pitched the book idea so he could take a few years off to settle his unfinished business. These were flush times, and a pleasant little bidding war erupted. He wound up with a handsome $300,000 advance from a Simon & Schuster imprint. Arax moved back to Fresno and went undercover, producing a complicated tale about his search, his family, Armenian-American history, life in California's San Joaquin Valley, the drug trade, and municipal corruption. *In My Father's Name: A Family, a Town, a Murder* was an ambitious, highly personal undertaking, hard to categorize as "true crime," exactly, a bit like Nicholas Gage's *Eleni,* a bit like Mikal Gilmore's *Shot in the Heart.* This was part of the problem, along with the book's taking some years to deliver, and as often happens, by the time the book was ready it didn't have an editorial champion at S&S.

Or something, because when Arax looked at the winter list, he saw the chilling lines about promotion. Regional publicity, Los Angeles and Fresno. "I couldn't believe it," he said. "Regional? It was like deciding to promote *In Cold Blood* in Kansas." The print run was only 10,000 copies, which can be self-fulfilling: When the bookstore chains see a house's lack of commitment, they tend not to order many copies.

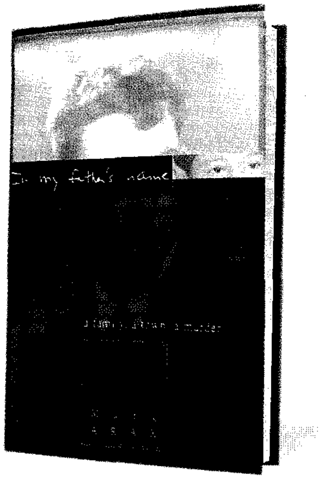
So Arax took matters into his own hands. "I'd been living with this book for 24 years, and I wasn't going to let it go," he says. First, he began working his hometown. He arranged a signing at the local independent bookstore, the Fig Garden. Six hundred people showed up. It sold close to 1,000 copies in two weeks. But the biggest store in town, Barnes & Noble, had ordered only about a dozen books. Arax told the manager, "I have a dozen *aunts* in Fresno who will buy these things." Apparently, no one had flagged Barnes & Noble about the book.

Then he went national. He drew on his newspaper contacts all over the country, sending out copies, following up. He did a little ethnic marketing, contacting Armenian-American organizations. He rented a Windstar van, packed his wife and his two kids in it, and hit the road, driving 9,600 miles, hitting 25 states. The Armenian groups welcomed him—200 people showed up for a reading in a Boston church the night of the Oscars—and he'd sell copies out of the back of the van. He'd check into the local Residence Inn, and immediately open the Yellow Pages to the bookstore section. Then he'd call and set up a signing. He booked himself onto the Tom Snyder show. He set up a book party in Washington and that very day, *The New York Times Book Review* published a warm, full-page review. But there were no books in the stores: He had to fish some out of the back of the van to bring to the party. Many big-city papers reviewed it, some raving, some calling it exhausting, but all of them liking it. Crown Books wasn't even stocking it; he badgered them into it. By the end, he'd spent $8,000 of his own money and coaxed the publisher into four small additional printings, another 10,000 copies.

Arax doesn't want to blast Simon & Schuster. He knows as well as anyone that some writers chase a brass-ring delusion and simply become a nuisance. "I recognize I'm only one book in a thousand, and they have to call their shots. I don't want to sound like a whiner," he says. "But I think they threw away a possible best-seller." The paperback is due next summer. "They seem really excited about it," he says hopefully.

Illustration by Stephen Kroninger.

The growth in the importance of book publicity is paralleled by how many writers feel compelled to circumvent the infrastructure and engage in what some call BSP, or blatant self-promotion. Authors now routinely send out their own mailings, set up their own bookstore signings, or hire freelance publicists. When Paul Slansky, now a screenwriter, wrote a book about the Reagan era, he spent $2,000 to hire PMK, the movie industry P.R. firm. "They got me on the *Tonight Show,*" he says. "My publisher couldn't even get me on the Larry King radio show."



> *"...The growth in importance of book publicity is mirrored in how many authors feel compelled to* **engage in BSP**: *blatant self-promotion..."*

All of this is ironic, because the ability to attract free P.R. is the secret weapon of the battered book business. The crowded media marketplace has made other forms of entertainment groan under the weight of marketing costs—it cost $15.4 million to promote the average movie last year. Readers are smart. An ad blitz won't necessarily sell books, but NPR can, or Oprah, or Charlie Rose, or Brian Lamb. Books are uniquely suited to attracting free P.R. and feeding the new talk-show culture. Writers tend to be more articulate than, say, speed-rock musicians or Keanu Reeves, and each has a distinct story to tell. What can a twentysomething actor say about the umpteenth franchise movie?

The publishers realize this. It has helped save them from the doom everyone was predicting for the industry six years ago. Back then, there was much gnashing of teeth after Alberto Vitale replaced Robert Bernstein at Random House and hazarded that it might be a good idea to start making some money. Paramount had taken a $140 million write-down at Simon & Schuster, sales were off, imprints were being closed. People wondered whether the book-publishing business could avoid being crushed by its new media-conglomerate owners, not known for their sentimentality about literature. But the business survived, advances are still out there, lists haven't been cut, sales are up, books of literary merit are being published. There are myriad reasons: hardcover discounting, superstores, aging baby-boomers, better inventory control. And publishing has managed this even now that it shares corporate ownership with the movie, music, and television businesses. The owner-moguls I talked to said book publishing was a nice little asset to have in their bushel basket. Very little "synergy" exists with the other businesses, as we all know, but some houses eke out double-digit profit margins. The executive overlords seemed bemused at book peoples' over-anxiousness about proving that they could be good capitalists, their tendency to be *too* conservative, wary of big-bet advances, resistant to new media.

The book business is blockbuster-driven, but well-tailored P.R. can make many middle-level books profitable. It was no coincidence, Simon & Schuster will tell you, that the specter of Harry Truman was chasing Bill Clinton around during the last election (the David McCullough book), or that, in kinder times for Hillary, a few weeks went by when an Eleanor Roosevelt analogy was part of the public discourse (the Doris Kearns Goodwin book). Bill Clinton's endorsement of Norton's Walter Mosley was only the beginning of a carefully calibrated success. Random House did regional spadework in Savannah to build buzz on John Berendt's *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil.*

It's unfair to expect the book-publishing industry to perform crackerjack public-relations services on every book. And anyway, demanding streamlined efficiency from underpaid, elbow-patchy book folks raises uncomfortable issues. The major publishers turn out 1,000 books a week, many of which have literary merit and most of which lose money. Despite complaints in *The Nation* and elsewhere that book publishers sold out long ago, the industry is still the last bastion, the one media business (aside from a couple of essentially family-owned newspaper companies and a magazine or two) where excellence and quality are regularly a legitimate topic for internal discussion. So when publishers do a shoddy marketing job, it seems peevish to compare them to their completely rationalized brethren in Hollywood, coolly arranging *Time*-magazine covers for *Twister* and spending millions loading up on ad spots during *Seinfeld.* They're churning out too many books to have the time. They're in meetings a lot.

But why publish all the non-blockbusters if they're going to die on the vine? It's a taboo-ish question. "You could say that it's a good idea to publish fewer books more effectively," says one executive, "but when you say that, there's a small part of your blood that's gonna chill, because guess which books won't get published?"

Better to bolster publicity operations on the mid-level books like Arax's, if only to grind out small, regular profits. The distributors of independent films have been doing it for years with low budgets, counting nickels and dimes while waiting for a blockbuster to break out. Publishers say their unsuccessful books are cheap to produce, and an investment in a writer's future. But the writers aren't contractually obligated to stay (as they are in the music business, which also floods the market with relatively-cheap-to-produce product). Trying to take more books from 10,000 copies to 30,000 may be the best way for publishers to bulletproof themselves from the prospect that someday a bushy-tailed MBA at the parent company will get a bright idea. He decides he doesn't buy the publishers' argument that all their authors are John Grishams or Jim Stewarts waiting to explode. He asks, "Why are they publishing all those money-losing little books?"

Book publishers freely admit it's nearly as important to be photogenic and well-spoken these days as it is to word-process in the English language. Sue me for philistinism, but I'd vouch that David Foster Wallace's slackerish headband was as important as his ideas and prose style to the success of *Infinite Jest.*

The mid-level authors are somewhat hurt by book publishers' obsession with "selling through" and avoiding returns. The publishers print conservatively, send out a few review copies, book a local radio appearance, move on to the next book, and count on those few times when lightning strikes. This happened with Jane Mendelsohn's *I Was Amelia Earhart* when it unaccountably started getting plugged on Don Imus's radio program. Knopf tried not to be caught too flat-footed with a printing of only 20,000 and no national tour. It scrambled, printed another 230,000 during the past four weeks, and put the author out on the hustings. One former publishing executive says cynically, "A marketing campaign for a book is a first printing."

But why wait for Imus-like flukes? Mendelsohn turned out to be personally charming, and even Imus couldn't have caused this phenomenon if the book didn't have some appeal. You have to *work* a book, or it won't get discovered. Just because it stands no chance of getting displayed next to the cash register at B. Dalton's doesn't mean it has to be dumped.

I'm the last person to take the position that more flacks be put on the planet. But in the case of publishing, it just might be the right thing to do. ■

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

THE BOTTOM LINE JAMES J. CRAMER

It's Time to Take Cover

Our ever-bullish columnist has a case of the yips over the prospect of the Federal Reserve Board's acting soon to contain inflation—not in the economy but in the stock market itself.

IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, I AM AN optimist when it comes to the stock market. I've been this way, pretty much unrelentingly, ever since the Dow Jones Industrial Average (now around 5,700) was at 870, when I was recommending stocks on my answering machine at law school under the name "Mr. Bullish" in the early eighties. For as long as I can remember, I've ignored the doom-and-gloomers and rationalized the prices paid for stock shares, no matter how inane the product.

But I'm pulling in my horns, for a couple of months anyway, letting others invent reasons for making big bets on stocks. There was a crystallizing moment the other day, surreal even for Wall Street, which snapped me into reality.

At 6:10 A.M., my usually sensor-sharp research director strolled into work ready for a new day of trading. As I am not given to small talk when I am on the desk, I greeted him with "When's Ray back?" He wondered—did I say RAYBAC? No such company, but afraid that this was something he was supposed to know about, he impressively bluffed his way through, looking up from the *Journal* to say, "Luncheon's next week. Pricing Thursday for Friday. The deal's red-hot. Should open up at least ten points. Got Internet. Doubt we'll get much."

By which he meant that a new Internet-related company was going public. The company would make its case, then set a price for the initial public offering, then go to market, at which point the shares will go crazy. And be scarce.

"Whoa," I said. "I *meant,* 'When's Ray Cameron [our excellent Morgan Stanley broker] back from vacation?' " We burst into maniacal laughter. For him to assume I was talking about the latest hot underwriting was fitting. There have been so many fly-by-night deals, all with titles like *Inter-* this, *Com-* that, or *Ray-*something or other. But it was clear that we were beginning to lose our grip.

At the risk of sounding like an old fogy, let me say: It's not supposed to be this way. There was a time when stocks were sold to institutions based on actual underlying value. There was a time when it mattered how much a company earned. There was a time when speculators lost money when they bought hot technology stocks with no track records and no profits. But that time ended more than a thousand points ago.

We may, just in the past few days, be seeing a backlash against the wild price-earnings ratios, the reckless emerging-growth funds, the insane Internet equities, the silly IPOs, the funds run by amateurs with no memory of losses.

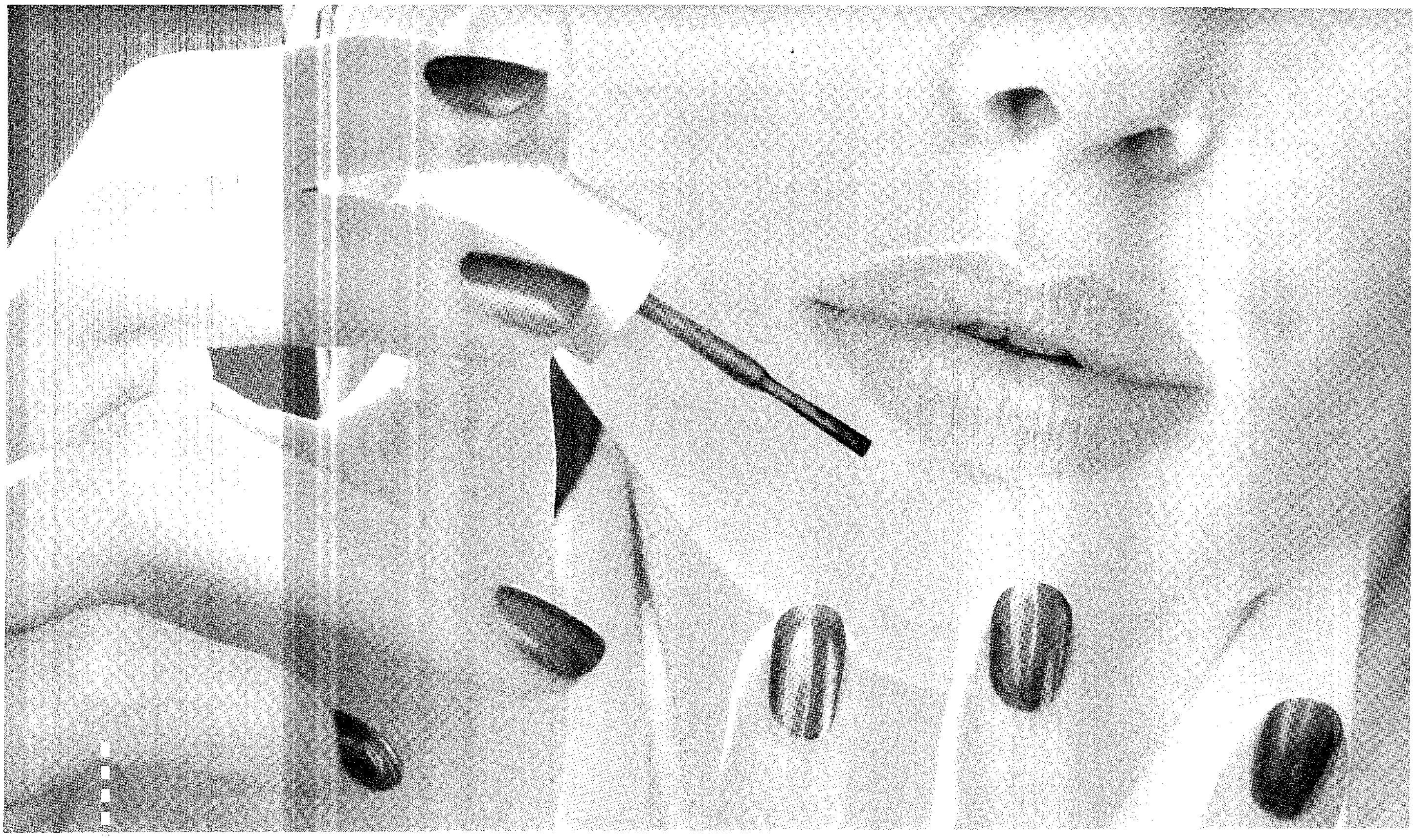
We could use such a backlash, because nowadays, all you need is access to AOL's Motley Fool message board and CNBC, and a couple of thousand borrowed dollars, and you're on your way to being rich. Get in on some new hot deal with Internet exposure, and you can outperform Jeff Vinik, the former Fidelity Magellan chief now reviled after years of spectacular performance because he sold stocks—fearing just this type of behavior—a few months too soon.

The What-me-worry? boys will no doubt dismiss this column as one more enriched gambler trying to close the doors so nobody else can make any money at the casino—and make no mistake about it, playing the virtually random moves of some of these stocks is no different from gambling. But I think somebody important is watching this insanity and shaking his head at the 40-point-weekly companies with not a prayer for real earnings, the 500 percent gains for penny stocks of dubious ancestry and nonexistent revenue. That someone is Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. He controls the money supply, and therefore interest rates, and by tightening that supply he can raise rates and slow the entire economy. This is traditionally what the Fed does when it feels the economy is vulnerable to inflation.

We've heard a lot of talk lately in the press about the potential for inflation. The bond traders have listened and reacted accordingly, selling off bonds—moving interest rates higher—in a self-corrective move before the Fed does it for them. But there is, in fact, no inflation in the economy itself. Oh, sure, periodically some scare shoots up. About three months ago it was copper, a key barometer, that was off-the-charts high, but that came crashing to a two-year low soon after. Next it was the grain complex, sending off alarms that food inflation was back. But then the rains came, too many people planted corn, and that fear faded. Then it was oil, spiking to $24 a barrel, only to be defused by *(continued on page 73)*

James J. Cramer is a professional money manager who may have open positions and may trade in the stocks he writes about. He can be reached via e-mail at jjcramerco@aol.com.

Illustration by Michael Klein.



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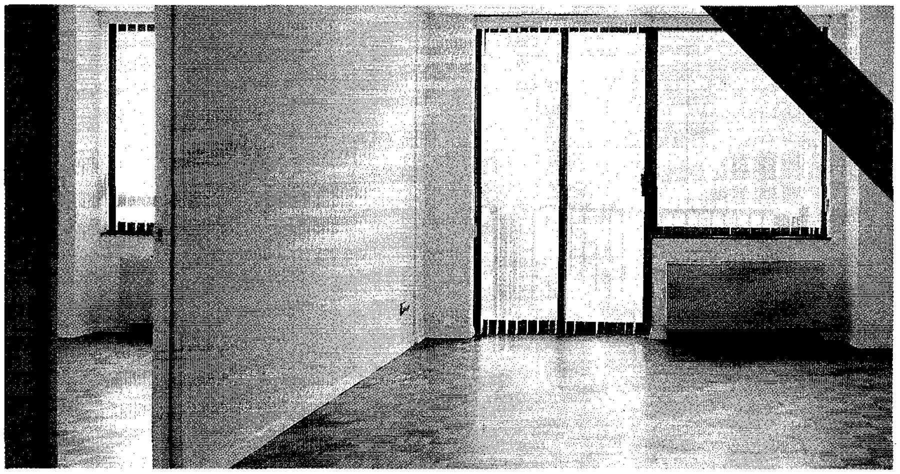
A MIND-BENDING RISE IN RENTS—30 TO 40 PERCENT SINCE 1993—IS TURNING MANHATTAN INTO ANOTHER TOKYO. WHAT FRESH NEW YORK HELL IS THIS? BY PETER HELLMAN

RENTS RUN AMOK

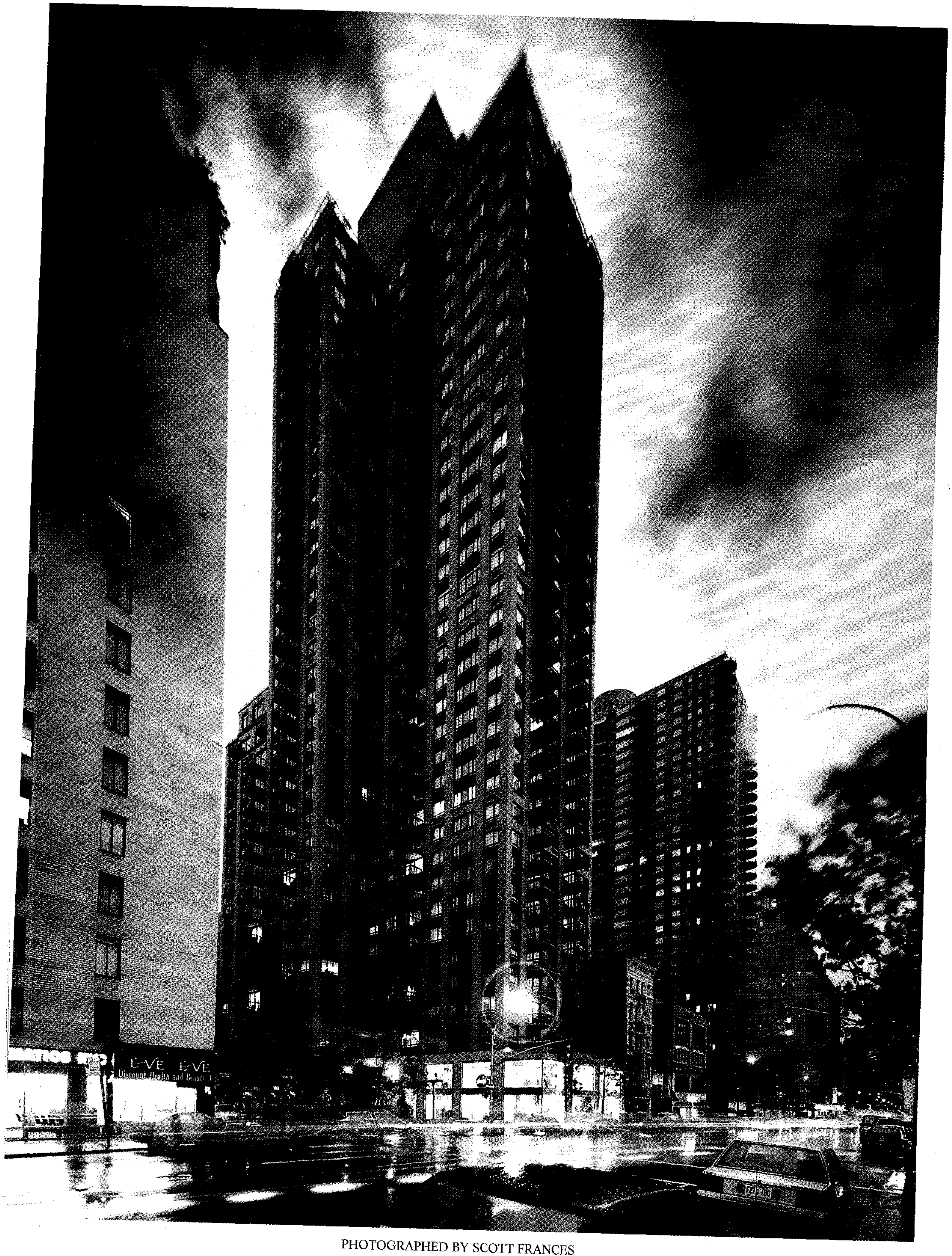
ON WEST 70TH STREET, A TOWNhouse duplex apartment goes on the market for $5,700—pricey for a three-bedroom pad on the Upper West Side. But four hours later, it's rented. On East 84th Street, two bidders vie for the right to pay $2,100 for a one-bedroom in a flashy but unremarkable new condo (see below). They're told that the first one to pass a credit check gets it. On East 14th Street, three young women are told they must pay three months' security in advance if they want to rent a two-bedroom fifth-floor walk-up for $1,595 in a drab building. They pool their few resources and pay up. All of these transactions occurred on one recent weekend.

Not since the bubbly boom days before October 1987 has the Manhattan rental market been so tight. And never has it been so expensive. Prices have risen an astonishing 30 to 40 percent from their recent nadir in 1993. As of



171 EAST 84th STREET

This is the sort of personality-free, Upper East Side one-bedroom in which young post-grads tend to wind up. Only, at about $2,100 per month, it takes two to afford it. That's because landlords often require a tenant to be earning a salary of at least 40 times the monthly rent, or about $84,000 in this case. (With sky-high rents, clearing this bar gets progressively more problematic. In the East Village, a public-school teacher had to ask his principal to write a letter, inflating his salary to $40,000, so he could rent a one-bedroom.) A fun game for our new roomies: Flip to see who gets to have privacy.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCOTT FRANCES
FOR NEW YORK

the end of 1995, reports Feathered Nest, the city's largest rental agency, prices were at all-time highs, averaging $1,830 for one-bedroom apartments, $3,001 for two-bedroom apartments, and $4,523 for three-bedroom apartments. But dry numbers fail to convey the near-lunacy of the market at all levels, from overpriced student sludge in tenement buildings near the universities right on up to a $10,000 apartment in an Upper East Side tower that has 37 windows but not a single decent view. Or the $15,000 apartment on Central Park South with great views but an awkward layout because it's been gerrymandered from three smaller units.

"I don't try to make excuses to my clients for the prices out there," says Eric Shammaa, owner of a small brokerage called Penelope & Whitman. "I tell them it's crazy. But it's what they have to deal with." Miriam Izsak, an associate broker at Douglas Elliman, simply calls the rental market "tragic."

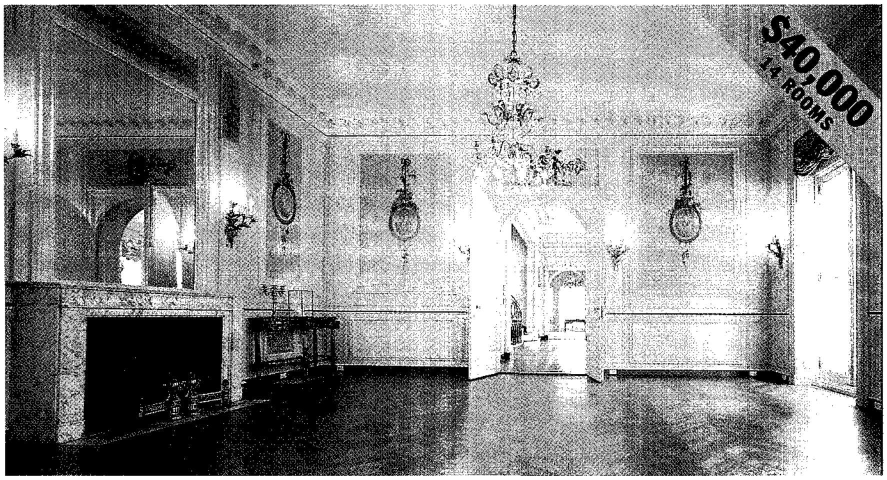
Tragic? "Because you get so little for your money." She had just brokered the rental of a tiny—*really* tiny, 434 square feet—furnished studio apartment on the nineteenth floor of 3 Lincoln Center for $2,400 per month. Many middle-class suburbanites have bigger bathrooms.

What's driving the market so hard? As this magazine has pointed out in the past ("Out of Control," May 8, 1995), rent control and stabilization, and byzantine eviction rules, have conspired to create a wildly unfair housing market in which bad housing stock rents for artificially inflated prices. Ironically, a halfhearted attempt to do something about these inequities is only making matters worse. A 1993 state law decontrolled stabilized apartments that rent for more than $2,000 monthly and are occupied by tenants who earn more than $250,000 a year. The law freed up a only few apartments initially, but savvy landlords are exploiting a loophole in stabilization rules—when a tenant moves out, the landlord makes improvements, part of the cost of which he is allowed to add to the rental price. Once the price is goosed up to the $2,000-a-month mark, the landlord then demands a market rate of, say, $5,000 from the next tenant.

On the brighter side, the NYPD has helped increase demand among middle- and upper-middle-class renters by cutting crime citywide by a third in the past two years. That made everyone feel better about living in New York—just as a small influx of jobs in finance and new media is beginning to give the long-stagnant local economy some perk. Consider also the scarcity of new rental buildings—given the low demand at the start of the decade, who would have been stupid enough (or farsighted enough) to build rental housing? "Back then, at least half the rental

3 LINCOLN CENTER

In the optimistic eighties, speculators built or converted thousands of usually undistinguished **condos, counting on boom times and big Wall Street money to provide a steady influx of buyers. But as the market rapidly weakened at decade's end, many of the so-called generic apartments proved unsalable. When this 40-story condominium on the back side of Lincoln Center opened in 1987, for example, nearly all of its 263 apartments went unsold and had to be rented. Now the rentals have all been sold off. "Demand was so strong during the sales campaign," says Adrienne Albert, who spearheaded the building's recent marketing drive, "that we raised prices seventeen times over three years." Owners, meanwhile, are turning around and renting the apartments for epic prices: A thirty-fifth-floor two-bedroom that rented for $3,500 in 1993, for example, recently went for $4,700. So has the two-bedroom pictured above, which is on the fifty-fourth floor. There's apparently a steady market even at these levels: Wealthy parents of Juilliard students like to put their kids up here so they can scoot between school and home without ever hitting the street.**



1009 FIFTH AVENUE

Is there a limit to the insanity? It may be reached shortly at this richly detailed seven-story Beaux-Arts mansion near 82nd Street, across from the Metropolitan Museum. The owners, descendants of tobacco magnates Benjamin and James B. Duke, resolutely refused to sell it in the seventies when the adjoining townhouses were demolished. With the family's backing, the house was landmarked in 1974—even as the family's personal use of the building diminished. The original billiards room, facing the Met, was last used by museum auditors. Now the house is being converted into three rental units and a pied-à-terre for the family. The smallest rental, on the fifth floor, is already taken. The second apartment, a Parisian-seeming penthouse duplex with a 46-foot-long living room and a cantilevered glass roof, is being shopped for $15,000 a month. Not sufficiently luxe? The third and *ne plus ultra* pad will be an 8,600-square-foot quadruplex. First listed at $50,000 per month, the apartment is now offered at a mere $40,000. Interest in the duplex is high, says broker Beatrice Ducrot of Stribling Associates. The quadruplex is a bit more ticklish. "At this price level," explains Ducrot, you have to vet credit references rigorously. "It can attract people who have *la folie des grandeurs*."

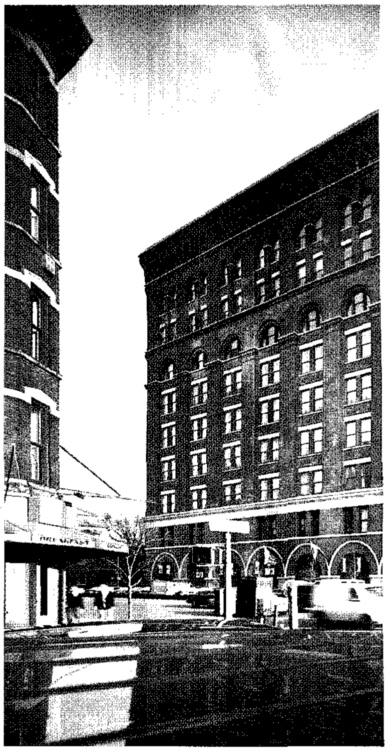
supply was unsold co-op and condo apartments that were being rented by developers and investors," explains Nancy Packes, president of Feathered Nest. "Now that the sales market is so hot, these units are being sold as leases expire. So you have a loss of rentals just when you need them." The most recent to go is the Mondrian, a prime building on East 54th Street that rented up after failing to sell when it opened six years ago during the recession. Last month, the Mondrian stopped renting and started selling again.

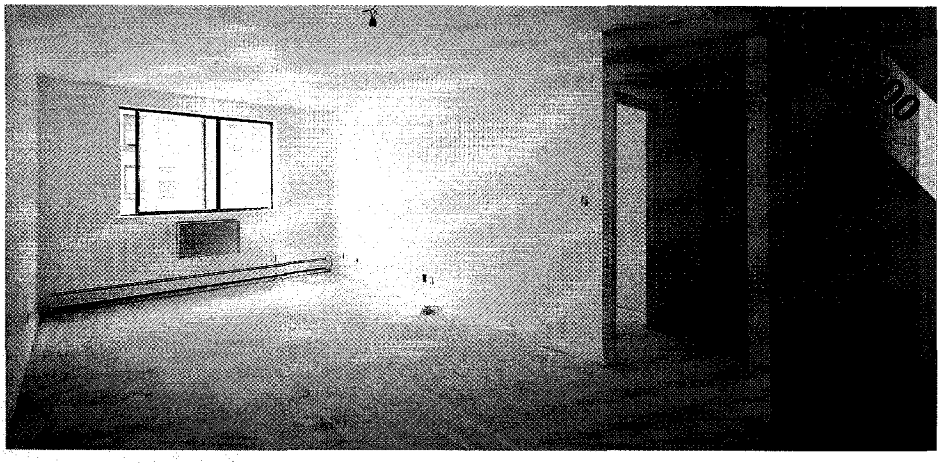
Even at stiff prices, the rare new rental building that does come to market is stampeded. The 103-unit limestone-and-brick apartment building at 300 East 64th Street opened in late May at prices ranging from $2,500 for a one-bedroom to $8,000 for a four-bedroom apartment—nobody's idea of a bargain. Yet in just fifteen days, 40 percent of the units were rented, according to Trevor Davis, one of the owners.

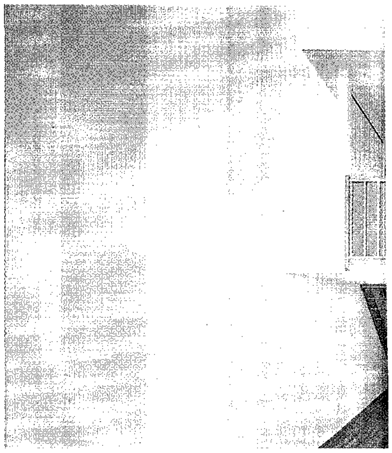
Savvy renters know they have to move it or lose it. Really move it, in the case of an English couple who wanted an apartment on the thirty-fourth floor of West End Towers, the big new rental project on the Upper West Side. The elevator wasn't working when they wanted to see it. "They understood that they could lose the apartment if they didn't act at once," says their broker, Karin Rathje of the Corcoran Group. The couple did what was required: hiked up 34 flights of stairs to check out the apartment and its view south to the Statue of Liberty before returning by foot to the rental office to sign the lease. They were lucky—another apartment hunter says she inquired after twenty different listings, ready and willing to pay those exorbitant finder's fees (usually about a month's rent), but couldn't even get a call back.

The Upper West Side, long a comfort zone for strapped tenants, is now as stress-inducing as a Saturday morning at Fairway. The new order was signaled just over a year ago with the opening of the Millennium tower on 67th Street. While attention focused on the fast sales of the project's 83 condominium units, the building's 100 rental apartments, reached by way of a separate lobby, filled up even more quickly, at prices averaging $3,600 for two bedrooms and $6,300 for a three-bedroom. The West Side had never seen prices like that. But they looked like bargains when, around the corner, Millennium Partners' next rental tower, One Lincoln Square, opened late last summer.

Apartments there were snapped up despite prices averaging $5,700 for two-bedroom units and $7,400 for three bedrooms. True, the best apartments face Lincoln Center, but from a high floor you mostly get to look down on mechanical systems. No matter. One Lincoln Square is fully rented, and Millennium Partners is beaver-busy erecting another rental tower across the street.







Amid such a typically New Yorkish feeding frenzy—*this* is why people move to Seattle—landlords can go too far. At the handsome old Apthorp, commanding a full Broadway block at 79th Street, an eight-room apartment was offered earlier this winter at $12,000 a month. The apartment ended up going for $9,000, still the highest rental price ever fetched there.

At these prices, who can blame members of the rentier class for considering once anarcho-syndicalist-only enclaves like the East Village (especially with those plucky squatters looking like they just took their last curtain call at *Rent*). Over at No. 9 Avenue A, a few steps north of Houston Street, the newly renovated building still has a grim, crack-house-style front door. But the last apartment available here—a top-floor unit—has just been snapped up for $2,500 a month. Its two bedrooms are eight-by-nine-foot cubbyholes that only a hunger artist could find appealing. Then there's the way-beyond-industrial black metal, sharp-edged stairway leading to the roof. It cuts diagonally across the living area from floor to ceiling, posing a genuine hazard to mad-dashing children.

42-46 AVENUE A

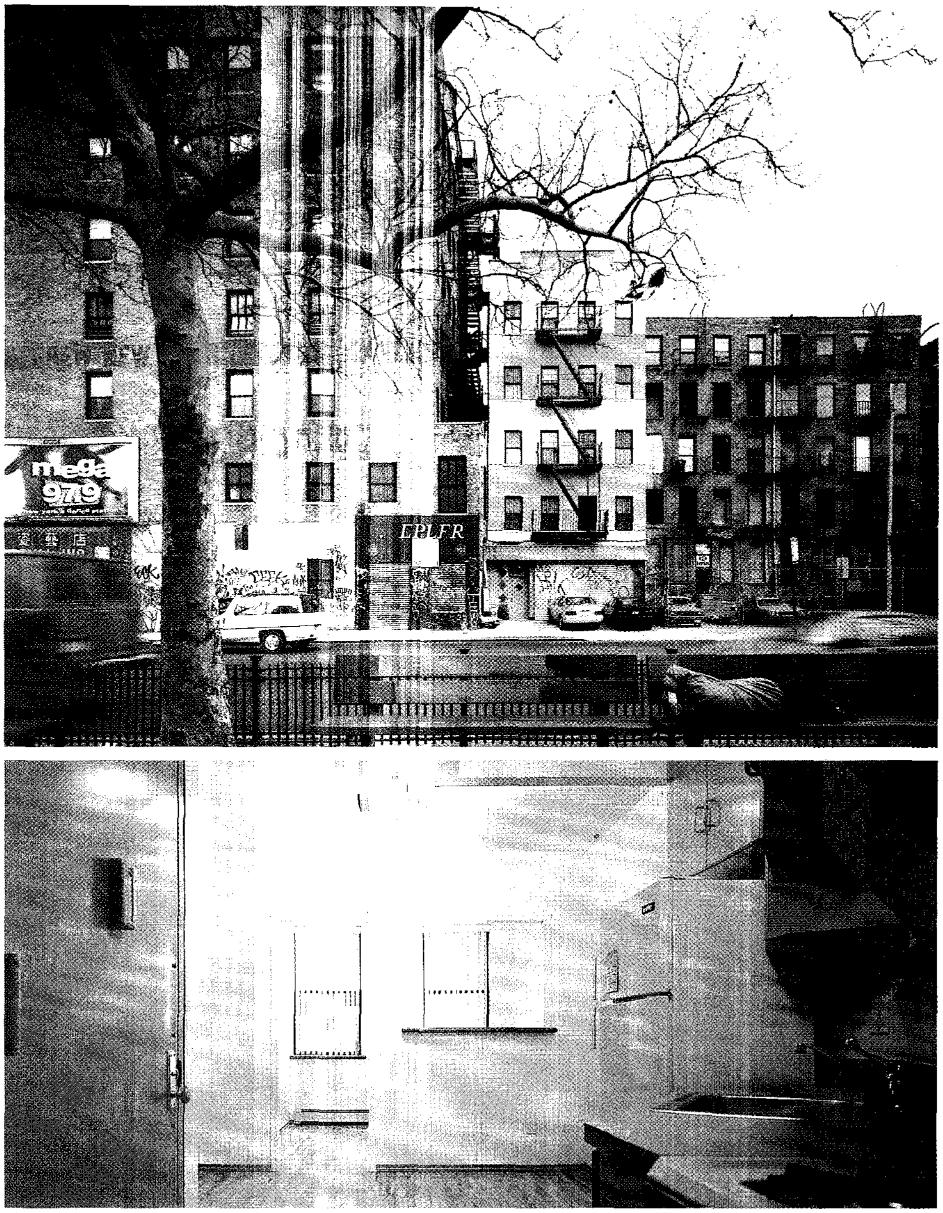
Not every new downtown apartment is a rip-off, but it is surely a sign of the times that this one-bedroom in the Information Building, around the corner from one of Loisada's most notorious drug blocks, is way beyond the reach of most people who would actually *want* to pop over to Robots at 4 A.M. for some jungle beats. But this building, newly constructed on the site of a former parking lot at the corner of 3rd Street, is not without its very of-the-moment charms. Bright-blue cable dedicated to carrying the ultrafast T-1 line gives all 28 apartments Internet access at 80 times the current 14,400-bps standard—this is the first residential building in the world to offer such a built-in amenity. All but two of the apartments are already gone, including a four-bedroom with two terraces that went for a stiff $4,400 a month.

It's not often that a human being gets to experience what a gorilla in a small traveling cage feels. But stepping onto either of the two heavily barred "terraces" in the so-called penthouse at the Golden Palace Condo at 306 Mott Street comes close enough. In order to prevent intrusion from the adjacent rooftop, the owner has completely enclosed these terraces with vertical bars, topping them off with rough-hewn cement slabs. This two-bedroom apartment is also notable for sloppy details—a cockeyed radiator cover, for example, and the tiny knobs on the accordion doors in the bedroom that cause your fingers to be squeezed from behind as you try to tug the doors open. Happily, the knobs already show signs of coming off. The place was rented for $2,600 a month.

On the high end, things are little better. Expect to fight for the right to pay in the range of $15,000 for a well-located three-bedroom prewar apartment. When two "classic nines" came available last month at 944 Park Avenue, near 82nd Street, they were snapped up—one of them in a

THE ARCHIVES

This studio in the century-old Archives Building in the far-West Village, has fourteen-foot ceilings and windows cut out of Romanesque Revival arches. But there's not exactly an efflorescence of sunlight. Still, these apartments—virtually all studios and one-bedrooms (they are billed as "loftlike")—are snapped up as fast as they become available.



100 ALLEN STREET

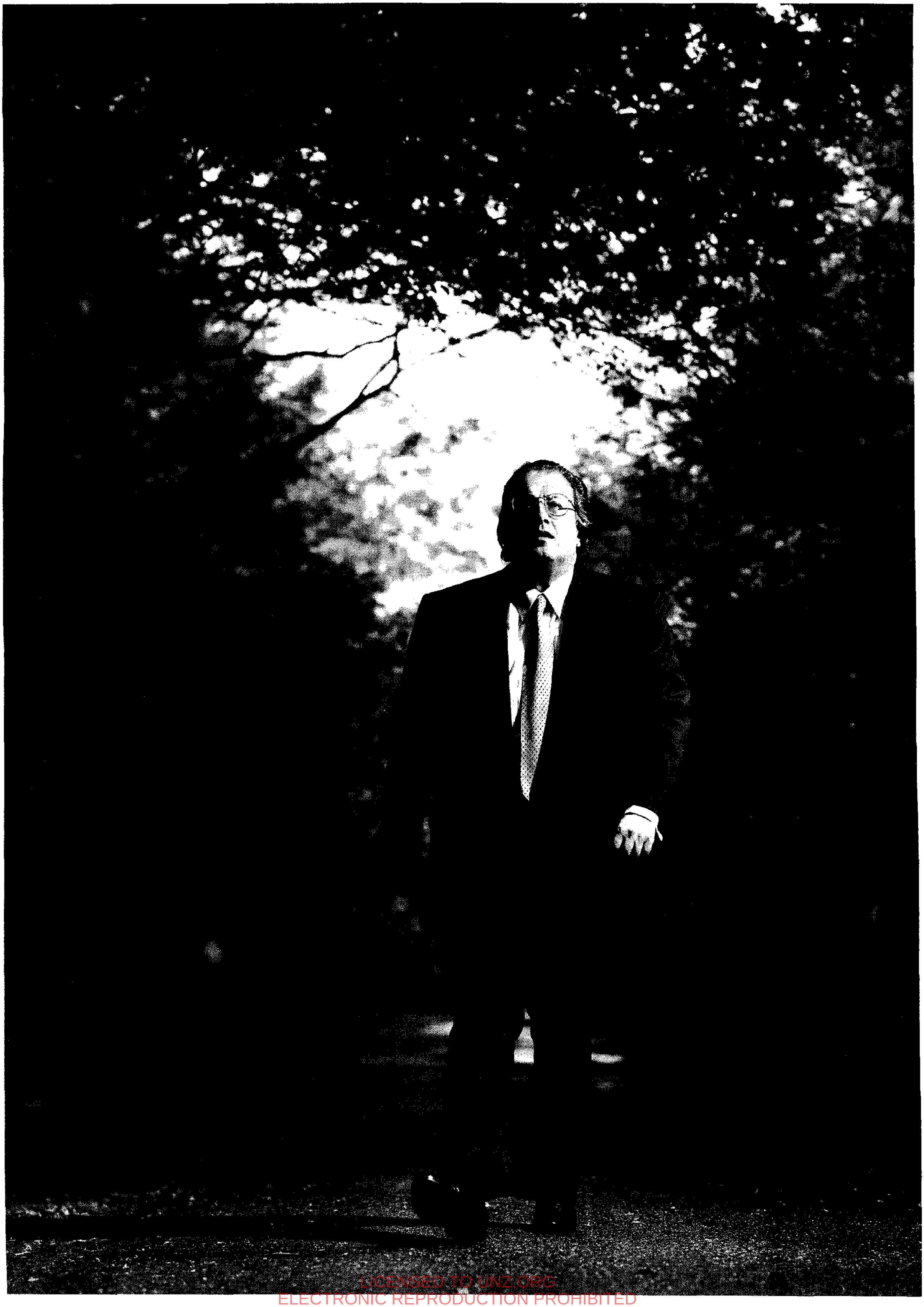
On the Lower East Side, renters have to accept a few design quirks as part of that super-authentic bohemian way of life. Consider the doorless bedrooms in this newly renovated tenement. But even the addition of a tasteful screen from Pier 1 wouldn't help, because bedrooms have rectangular "pass-throughs" cut into the walls, a less-than-*Metropolitan Home*-worthy way to let in a smidgen of light from Allen Street. At a mere 275 square feet, the "one-bedroom" pictured above is more than just a roof over your head—it's an in situ crash course in what life was like for your immigrant ancestors.

bidding war that ended with the winner paying well over the $15,000 asking price.

In a recent struggle for a full-floor apartment in a Fifth Avenue building in the sixties the owner demanded that the $16,000 per month rent be paid a year in advance—along with a three-month security deposit. That's an up-front bundle of $240,000. The owner also wanted a five-year lease, undermining a key reason for renting rather than owning in the first place: flexibility. When one bidder rejected this last demand and dropped out, so did the other two. No problem. Last month, the apartment was rented, without most of its big-buck riders, for $20,000 per month.

Will anything short of another Black Friday loosen up this tight rental market? Only more supply, new apartments. Yet there's just a handful of rental buildings under construction in Manhattan, mainly because lenders are setting far tougher terms for construction loans these days. "There hasn't been a grown-up construction loan in this town since God was a boy," says developer Jack Heller just a *touch* hyperbolically. The most promising prospect is the financial district, where generous tax benefits await developers who convert empty office buildings into apartments. At least 7,000 new units are already projected for the Wall Street area—but it will be the century's end before the TriBeCa effect really kicks in. And zoning changes in and around the flower district in the West Twenties could lead to a building-and-conversion boom there.

In the meantime, Manhattan remains Absurdity Central. Broker Valerie Delson is rapidly clearing out 260 newly converted apartments at the grim old former YMCA at 360 West 34th Street. One-bedrooms are going for "only $1,300 to $1,700," she says. "Quite reasonable." She breaks into laughter. "I've been in this business for 21 years," she says. "I remember when $600 for a studio seemed crazy. Now I can't believe what I'm calling reasonable." ■



DOMINIC BARBARA IS A BIG CHEESE

THE TOUGHEST, BRASSIEST LAWYER ON LONG ISLAND HAS JUST LANDED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MOST RACIALLY SENSITIVE CASE SINCE BENSONHURST. GREAT. BY ALEX WILLIAMS

IN THE BEGINNING, THE STORY BEhind the vicious May 26 beating of a black man at the hands of drunks, white cops, bodybuilders, construction workers, and/or community-college students in a Westhampton parking lot seemed pretty simple. The bloody scene outside Club Marakesh had quickly become a new media morality play, a dispiriting although maybe eventually redemptive parable of race and ignorance. It was the story of cartoon-burly white guys spending the evening smoking pricey cigars and drinking champagne, then descending on a group of younger black men in a parking lot, apparently because

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAX AGUILERA-HELLWEG
FOR *NEW YORK*

the white men didn't expect to see them there—certainly not with a white woman.

Suffolk County authorities alleged that the white men set on the black men, spitting racial insults, and that the mêlée climaxed with a New York City narcotics detective and bodybuilder named Constantine Chronis swinging a tempered-steel anti-car-theft lock down on Shane Daniels—21 years old, college-bound, a cross-country runner—until he crumpled to the pavement, his friends held back by another white man holding a gun. In short, the lead quickly edited itself down to the Next Bensonhurst. Is it any wonder that Al Sharpton was soon on the scene?

Yet less than a week later, that story slipped off its axis when a new suspect, Austin Offen, entered the scene. Or, more to the point, his lawyer did.

DOMINIC BARBARA IS A 261-POUND BULL MASTIFF of a man and a minor celebrity headquartered in Garden City, Long Island—his celebrity due only in part to his sidekick status on his friend Howard Stern's radio show. He has a deep familiarity with the workings of tabloid journalism, and his effect on the news coverage of the Daniels case was immediate. "Dominic Barbara maintains his client was the victim of a racial attack, not the perpetrator," *Newsday* reported. The New York *Post* weighed in, "A third suspect in the brutal bias beating insists the incident was a fair fight begun by a crowd of black adults and children, his lawyer told the *Post.*"

"[My client] is anything but a racist," Barbara told the *Post,* adding, inevitably, "Some of his best friends are black." He then laid out a scenario of Offen—who happens to be on probation for punching out an off-duty cop five years ago—Chronis, and friends being surrounded by some fifteen black aggressors tossing beer bottles and wielding clubs and baseball bats, although he does not maintain that Daniels was part of that group. He says that according to his own investigators, there was a large crowd of blacks, Hispanics, and whites drinking and possibly taking drugs in the parking lot, a crowd from which the aggressors emerged.

Whatever its merit, the new version of events immediately scuttled the tidy morality play. Subsequent stories were suddenly confused, conflicting. Even the New York *Times,* on June 3, sounded plaintive when it ran the subheadline, in the midst of a long, inconclusive report, AN INVESTIGATION GETS STEADILY MURKIER RATHER THAN CLEARER.

"Now there are stories out there that not my guy but the people my client was with somehow started saying racial epitaphs," Barbara said last week, with his oddly effective, malaprop-equipped street delivery. "I don't think that's what it is." He offers an alternative scenario, a confusing scene of Saturday-night carousing, testosterone flowing, and, hey, boys will be boys. "If you ask me, do I think steroids were involved, I'd say no, but think about it, all these bodybuilders. And there's your answer. It just flipped out."

So far, Barbara (last name pronounced like Streisand's first) is trying to contain the race issue. He paints a lurid picture of "white guys struttin' around," more guys—white, black, and "Spanish"—sitting in the parking lot drinking and smoking dope. "I wouldn't be surprised if there was cocaine out there," he adds ominously.

His client, Barbara says, was sitting in a car with one of the four white men involved in the fracas when it began. He maintains that two entirely separate brawls broke out; Austin Offen did not, Barbara says, even see a fight involving Constantine Chronis or Shane Daniels.

Offen "gets out of his car, gets beaten to the ground, seventeen stitches in his eye and a hole in his head about the size of two quarters," Barbara says. "My hope is that my client will never be arrested, and [investigators] will see that what he was involved in was a fight."

He adds emphatically: "But I have also said this does not defend in any way the way that this young man was beaten. Or a gun being drawn to hold people back. No one should ever be beaten like that. We pray that the boy's all right, and we want Sharpton to stay out of this. Let the community handle this."

THE FRENZY AROUND THIS CASE IS NOTHING NEW TO THE MAN who represented Jessica Hahn and Joey Buttafuoco, but Dominic Barbara knows that there could be consequences here of an entirely different order. "This has polarized the Long Island racial thing," he says with awe. "This is big—the next Joey."

Of course, in a sense, this case is anything but Joey—or it had better not be, as he well knows. "Even in the press conference, I'm trying to keep this on a lid," Barbara says. "Which is a good test for me, because this is real serious stuff. I'm trying to be a little different person. It's not easy for me. There's, like, a chomping at the bit always." Still, this has been a moment of self-actualization for the lawyer, this Island Avenger, the Senior Partner on a never-ending episode of *L.I. Law.*

Barbara arrived in the world with that street-lawyer gene that typically produces flamboyant, brutally effective attorneys destined for stardom on no greater stage than Mineola or Queens. But just as Roy Cohn slipped into the public consciousness as Best Supporting Henchman during the McCarthy hearings, Barbara transformed himself through the queasy televised spectacles of his day—Hahn and Buttafuoco being only his most notorious clients. Just in time for the tabloid-TV era, Barbara cast himself as robust ringmaster, lifting the tent flap for America to gaze in amused horror at Long Island's frauds, cons, big-hairs, and minor tragics.

Thanks to the New York *Post,* the great hinge between the city's overclass and underbelly, it wasn't long before Manhattan society started noticing his truncheonlike but quite effective techniques. ("I was worried that he might be something of a blunt instrument," says a recent client—a multimillionaire whose ex-wife had, with her husband, been seeking full custody of his son; the client's concerns quickly dissipated when Barbara uncovered a sex-offender history in the new husband's past and won his client full custody.) As they did with Cohn, those same Manhattan toffs have approached, checkbooks in hand.

Barbara has been called in to handle the quite social

"IF YOU ASK ME, DO I THINK STEROIDS WERE INVOLVED, I'D SAY NO. BUT THINK ABOUT IT, ALL THESE BODYBUILDERS."

Photograph by Lisa Rose/Globe Photos.

Buff suspect: Barbara escorting client Austin Offen, left, as he surrenders after the Westhampton beating.

Sharon Hoge's divorce from James Hoge, the former publisher of the New York *Daily News,* late of Buckley, Exeter, and Yale. But Barbara's pedigree was established when he won a $60 million settlement for Sylvia Weitz in her divorce from Melvin Weitz (two thirds of the $91 million Weitz cleared when he sold the Foodtown supermarket chain).

He's a national figure now, of a sort. He's starred on *Geraldo* and *Inside Edition,* and is a regular guest on his friend Howard Stern's radio show—in fact, he's something of a running joke now with Stern fans as "Dominic Barbara, bloated attorney." The lights grow ever brighter, the pixels swirl ever more furiously. Reality recedes, and the air grows thin. At 50, Barbara is always scaling a new peak. So what if some people see it as a mountain of garbage?

DOMINIC BARBARA IS IN HIS LINCOLN LIMOUSINE, coasting down the Long Island Expressway to his offices in Garden City, a modestly affluent town just past Queens, 45 minutes from midtown.

While much of Barbara's press comes from his criminal cases, matrimonial work is 60 to 70 percent of his business. He has nine associates, and every one is female. This gives the place a hard-boiled *Charlie's Angels* dynamic.

"I started adding more women lawyers, and I found out three things," says Barbara. "They didn't want to steal the business. They were very compassionate to the clients—matrimonial is the type of passage in life when you need someone who will hold you gentle, and all that. And then, the topping of the icing is, they don't have ego problems with me. They know how to play with me. We represented Fast Eddie, the cop who was in *Playgirl.* They took his centerfold and put my face on it and hung it up in the kitchen." He beams.

Outside his door is one of the few office decorations: a hulking vintage NBC television camera, from an era of very different broadcast standards. One wall of his office is papered with dozens of newspaper clippings: On each, his name is marked in yellow highlighting.

In person, Barbara has an infectious charm, which makes his psychic-hit-man persona all the more crippling. On the one hand, he'll say, "Part of my relationship with every client is friend, father, confessor. You've seen that. The key is, do I ever act better than anyone? I told you from the first, I'm not impressed with being a lawyer. Isn't that a real thing about me?"

On the other hand, "It's like my mother used to say, 'Dominic gets a little crazy.' You hurt me, you hurt my client, I will go after you. I will put my hand in your chest, and I will take your heart out. You might find people who'll say I'm obnoxious, I can't be trusted. But someone who can't trust me is someone who's fucked me and I fucked him better. That's an honest, true statement."

Today, the atmosphere around Barbara in the office is friendly and informal, if adrenaline-charged. There are some wry smiles in the hallway among the staff. A client, Peter LeMay—the former Army Ranger convicted of mailing a pipe bomb to his wife's lover—has sent a belated Christmas card. He was facing 40 years; Barbara got him a sentence of only thirteen months by giving up details about a bank heist LeMay's wife had pulled.

The case was typical Barbara, one with front-page allure and a chance to blare some fanfare for the common man.

"He took my case totally free of charge," LeMay says. "In the beginning, I think, he was just interested because it was in the newspaper. After he met me, he ascertained something about my character . . . you know, I'm not a guy like—what's his name?—Kaczynski, sitting in some castle cooking up bombs like a weirdo. I'm just a regular, normal guy who did something stupid."

Barbara doesn't advertise. He doesn't need to. Since 1983, his practice has grown from a simple partnership with his sister, Joanne, now retired, to one in which he sees a steady stream of potential clients. He charges $350 an hour. He takes perhaps one case in eight. And he has his standards.

He tells me about one would-be client who claimed she had been molested by her doctor—sometime after their third date and a visit to a motel. "What, am I gonna ruin some guy's life for a little thing in a motel? Did she *have* to go with him? To a *motel*? He wasn't being a doctor in that motel. You know, I didn't like her. She wanted attention.

THE CHALLENGE FOR BARBARA HAS ALWAYS BEEN TO FIGHT THE temptations of cheap celebrity, the intoxication of the pixels. Sometimes they swirl so furiously as to cloud issues, if not judgment. Which made his role in the Buttafuoco case strange, since he was the ultimate tabloid lawyer brought into the ultimate tabloid frenzy to contain the tabloids.

The moment Amy Fisher shot Mary Jo Buttafuoco in her Massapequa doorway, in May 1992, she unleashed a nationwide revisionism regarding lower-middle-class Long Island. No more was it simply the apotheosis of a certain middle-American dream, Levittowns reeking of hair spray. Now there was an added element, a skin-tingling creepiness rolling through the back streets of the subdivisions. It became an era of opportunity for Barbara, along with fellow Island masters such as Eric Naiburg (Amy Fisher's lawyer) and the father-son team of Sidney and Andrew Sibens (central in the Katie Beers case).

Barbara first appeared in the story as a face in the crowd—literally. Joey Buttafuoco was leaving a mobbed court appearance in June 1993 with his original lawyer, Marvyn Kornberg, when someone heckled, "What's your

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

next move, counselor?"

A local reporter recognized the heckler, who was brusquely ignored by Kornberg.

"What are you doing here, Dominic?" the reporter asked him. "How come you didn't get this case?"

Answered Barbara, turning back toward the courthouse: "I ask myself that very question every night, boys."

By September, he had the case.

When Barbara came into it, Buttafuoco—who allegedly was sleeping with 16-year-old Amy—faced charges of statutory rape and sodomy. Amy was already in prison. Barbara was ready to cut a deal, and by that point, so was an exhausted Joey, who had finally been charged after the district attorney had said he was not going to prosecute him.

Buttafuoco, who today is working on three movies in Hollywood ("I play a bouncer in a film, a comedy, I play a comedy Mafia guy, and the other one's a horror film"), waxes eloquent about Barbara's work, and blames the charges filed against him on Kornberg's media grandstanding.

"Kornberg went out there on a tear," Buttafuoco recalls bitterly. "He turned it into a horse-and-pony show. He was lining up interview after interview with every channel, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, PBS, *People*. Kornberg believed in throwing it to the press, and the press convicted me. Five months later, they started the investigation on me and indicted me. I'm just a guy who's listening to his lawyer. I was headed for hell. That's when we jumped to Dominic. Dominic saved my life."

Says Barbara matter-of-factly, "Had I represented Joey Buttafuoco from the day his wife got shot, he never would have got arrested."

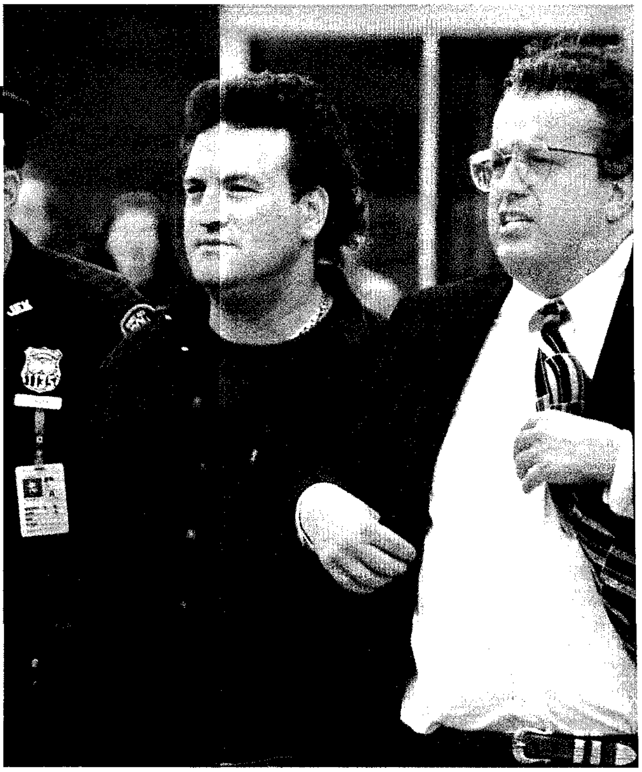
But the case brought to the surface the divisions between Barbara's telegenic criminal practice and his (usually) discreet matrimonial practice. A lot of Barbara's clients objected to Barbara's work with Buttafuoco. "Especially the Jewish ones," says Barbara. "Amy was the little Jewish girl, and Joey was the big Italian monster." (Never mind that Amy Fisher is half Italian.)

And Barbara himself had found his limit. "My client . . . got too caught up in some of this publicity and celebrity status," Barbara told the court long afterward, when Joey popped back up briefly as the john to a Los Angeles prostitute. "Me, too. And it's wrong. And I learned from it. My client learned from it."

To this day, Barbara considers his "lowest moment" the party he hosted for 200 people and cameramen at a Long Island nightclub following Buttafuoco's jail stint (he served 129 days on the statutory-rape charge). "My wife *hated* it. Even Howard couldn't believe it. He said, "Whaddya gotta do that for? That's no *celebration*."

WHATEVER HIS FRIENDS THINK ABOUT HIS PRACTICE, BARBARA'S high profile is extremely good for business. He gets first dibs on the most *Oprah* of cases. He is currently handling a lesbian-artificial-insemination adoption case, in which two lesbian lovers are adopting each other's children, both fathered by the same man. He was approached by the cop who got dumped from the New York Police Department for disrobing and drunkenly sliding down an escalator in a Washington, D.C., hotel—though he declined to represent him.

"A lot of his cases get nationwide media attention," says Edward McCabe, administrative judge for Nassau County, about Barbara. "Dominic is flamboyant . . . but he's a very good lawyer. It's not dramatics. It's not acting."



Body-shop owner/actor Joey Buttafuoco, left, and Barbara, in 1995: "I was headed for hell. Dominic saved my life."

Still, despite the gravity of some recent cases, Barbara has never been able to pass up his appetite for the opera buffa. "Limits have always been my problem" is the way he puts it. Back in 1981, there was the bus driver who charged his "beautiful red-headed wife" with "turning their Long Island home into a sex den for geriatrics" (or so said the *Post*). "My wife used her good looks to swindle seniors," moaned Barbara's client.

"Court trials," says Leon Friedman, Jean Harris's former attorney and a Hofstra University law professor, "have always been a very important part of our culture. They're good-and-evil. There's a beginning, middle, and end. And when all is said and done, there's a lesson." Thus it is the defense lawyer's role to stage the modern-day morality play, but once it has commenced, his duty is to push the moral questions offstage and attempt *everything* within the law to achieve victory for his client. It is this that Barbara excels at.

In the custody case involving the multimillionaire, Barbara set out to obliterate the man who had married his client's ex-wife, whose sex-offender past was the fulcrum of the matter. Barbara put the man on the stand. For three days.

"It was so powerful," Barbara's client says. "At one point, I wanted to crawl under the table."

THERE'S A DOOR EVERY DEFENSE LAWYER CHOOSES TO WALK through early on. The door sometimes shuts behind him.

Alan Shapiro was a promising young attorney, not unlike Barbara himself, back in 1971. Both were ambitious, at the start of prosperous careers. But when the two met, Shapiro was the defendant.

In May 1971, Shapiro got busted in North Massapequa for selling heroin to an undercover cop. The case fell to Barbara. The cop had the heroin and Shapiro. Barbara didn't have much. But with the cop on the stand, Barbara confronted him with photos of eight houses on the block where Shapiro lived. The cop identified Shapiro's house, where the heroin was allegedly sold, on the fifth attempt.

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

The judge dismissed the case, telling Shapiro: "You had the good fortune to be represented by a young but very perspicacious and dedicated and extraordinarily able attorney. . . . If this matter should serve as no other beacon for you, it should serve as a light along the pathway of your future."

A few days later, Shapiro was shot and killed in Brownsville on a reputedly drug-infested block.

"My wife, Irma," says Barbara. "She likes horses. Dogs. Cats. Flowers. But she *hates* lawyers. And Irma, she always says the Shapiro case was the moment I sold my soul to the Devil."

He does not dispute this.

IRMA IS PROOF THAT OPPOSITES ATTRACT. SHE IS A GENTLE-faced, petite woman with flowing curly hair who wears jeans and has a penchant for handicrafts. After twenty years (they married after Barbara divorced his first wife), she still winces at Barbara's war stories.

"Not whatcha expected, ah? Figured the Mafia lawyer, with the blonde-bombshell wife, right?" Barbara jokes.

Born in Jamaica Estates in Queens, Barbara was raised in Hewlitt Bay Park, one of the Five Towns. He bounced from high school to high school, and spent only three years at Penn State, Hofstra, and the University of Alabama before moving on to St. John's law school in 1967. "You could do that in those days," he explains, sort of. His father was a psychiatrist, his mother a psychotherapist, "which was a different thing," he says.

Born of Italian parents, Barbara chose to start practicing Judaism in his late teens. To this day, he borrows equally from the traditions of tummler and *consigliere*. In the car, he says, "I would have stayed with a criminal practice, but I didn't want to marry the mob." He unspools this line as if he's used it before.

"You could have been Bruce Cutler," I respond, referring to John Gotti's longtime lawyer.

"I could have been Bruce Cutler *easily*. Those guys woulda loved me. Can'tcha just see me down there on Mulberry Street, eating pasta, talking with the guys? But it's not worth it. Barry Slotnick got his arms broken; I'll tell ya, I don't even do o.c. [organized crime] cases. I got one o.c. case right now—my guy's the only one who's not o.c."

Barbara was invited to read for a role in the film *City Hall*, starring his friend Danny Aiello. The part he wanted—Aiello's—would have been perfect: a corrupt Italian borough chief, a little bit joker, a little bit wiseguy. But so far, he has yet to take Hollywood.

SITTING IN HIS GARDEN CITY OFFICE, BARBARA INHABITS A THIRD of the leather sofa. In front of him, a television rises like a monolith. He keeps a video scrapbook in an office drawer, and onscreen is a vintage *Current Affair* episode chronicling the Voodoo Doc case, when he first met Howard Stern.

The Voodoo Doc was one of those cases where truth was so much stranger than fiction that it was reducible only to punch lines in the press. In 1987, Barbara represented Alvin Olesh, an East Hills dentist, in his divorce from his wife, Ronni Auerbach. They were seeing a marriage counselor named Allen Cooper, a fiftyish black man and former janitor with a scraggly silver beard, who eventually moved into the Oleshes' basement. Barbara's investigators tailed Auerbach to a motel, where Cooper was practicing "therapeutic linguistics," a therapy of singsongy noises. "I am considered a wizard," Cooper explained at one point. The arrangement got tangled when Barbara's investigators discovered that Cooper was sleeping with Auerbach.

"In the courthouse, he circled me three times and chanted," Barbara says. A grin on his face, he presses the remote. The pixels begin to swarm.

He offers up his own quick history of TV tabloid journalism: "These scandal shows all started with *Current Affair,*" he explains, his smallish hand clutching the remote. "What happened was, these guys left the *Post*, and they started *Current Affair*. And Peter Brennan, who was the producer of *Current Affair* and the creator of it—I represented him in his divorce—he left there and started *Hard Copy*. Then Bob Young, who's a friend of mine, left *Hard Copy* and started *Inside Edition*. Now, before Jessica, America hadn't had anything like that for years. We had stories about movie people. But nothing that"—he searches for the words—"destroyed a religion."

The tape rolls. A shock of orange cotton-candy hair comes into view. It's 1987, and Jessica Hahn is scurrying through a pack of cameras behind Barbara, who's out in front like a pulling guard in football.

"Jeez, *look* how fat I was."

It was with Jessica Hahn that Barbara first stepped into a cartoon.

"I went to South Carolina with Jessica to testify before the grand jury. There were 30 or 40 trucks at the airport with shotguns facing up out the windows. That was to let us know the danger we were in, because Jessica was about to wipe out the second-largest employer in the state of South Carolina, which was Praise the Lord ministries. PTL at that time was doing $2 million a week, coming in from contributors—it was a $100 million industry."

Jessica Hahn was the church secretary from Massapequa, Long Island, whose motel tryst with PTL evangelist Jim Bakker brought about the demise of PTL and extortion allegations for Hahn.

In *Playboy*, Hahn recounted how she hired Barbara as her lawyer. At a point when she was broke and "close to ending it for myself," she "picked up the closest thing to me—the New York *Post*" and saw Barbara's name in it. "I liked his style," she said.

"She was never indicted. Granted immunity in the five jurisdictions," Barbara says, beaming. "I remember Jim Bakker's lawyer saying when it was all over, poor little Jessica would have nothing and Jim Bakker would be proven innocent, and of course, when it was all over, Jim Bakker was in prison."

In 1987, Barbara brokered topless shots of Hahn to *Playboy* for $1 million.

He presses a button. There is a *Current Affair* "reenact-

BARBARA HAS NEVER LOST AN APPETITE FOR THE OPERA BUFFA: "LIMITS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MY PROBLEM," HE SAYS.

ment" of the famous motel encounter. We see, in soft focus, the naked back of a male actor; he's facing a young woman in aviator shades who looks both stoned and orgasmic as she sips a glass of red wine.

"Jessica, by helping the shepherd, you're helping the sheep," the actor coos.

"What I think he said was that he likes to *do* it with sheep," chuckles Barbara, leaning back into the sofa.

BARBARA HAS HAD HIS OWN SHARE OF BAD PRESS, some of it charging him with craven opportunism. A couple of years ago, he was riding the success of a $1.5 million settlement he won for a client who said she was duped into having sex with her psychiatrist during therapy. Then what looked like a similar case arose. A woman named Pamela Shankar alleged that her psychotherapist had touched her during "experimental" hypnosis sessions meant to work through her sexual hang-ups, and Barbara, who had originally come into the case representing Shankar's husband in the couple's divorce, filed a $10 million lawsuit against the therapist.

It soon became public that Shankar had signed a contract assuring Barbara 20 percent of the proceeds of any future media deals. There was also a clause in the agreement suggesting that Barbara might have entirely financed the woman's suit, which is unlawful. (The New York State Bar Association's Code of Ethics notes that a lawyer "may be tempted to subordinate the interests of the client to the lawyer's own anticipated pecuniary gain.")

The therapist's attorney, Frederick Fagelson, assailed the agreement in court, saying it showed "pure, unadulterated greed" and that Barbara and his client had "visions of sugarplums dancing in their heads."

For his part, Barbara maintained in a 1994 interview with *Newsday* that there was "absolutely nothing unethical or wrong about my media agreements. I am one of the first attorneys in the country to prepare these agreements." He adds, "What I can't do is, I cannot represent them in a civil or criminal manner and sell the media rights without their knowledge."

The agreement was referred to the State Supreme Court's grievance committee; all charges were dismissed. "I've never been disciplined in any way. I've only had three complaints against me as a lawyer," says Barbara. "And the type of practice I have, that's *minutiae.*"

IN 1989, BARBARA OPENED A MANHATTAN OUTPOST ON SECOND Avenue. If the rewards of New York hold promise for him, however, the trappings of New York do not. At the sleek Gramercy Tavern downtown, Barbara shows up for dinner. He wears an expensive blue pinstripe suit and lets a busboy carry his overflowing cardboard box of frayed newspaper clippings to the table. The box gets an extra seat.

Each nouvelle-minimalist course incurs increasing amusement. "*Six* gnocchi!" wheezes Barbara. "Next time, we go to Il Mulino. *There* we will eat."

An all-female team of associates, plus a few men: "Women are compassionate to the clients. They don't want to steal the business, and they don't have ego problems with me."

After teasing the waiter about suing the chef, he extends his hand.

"My name is Dominic Barbara," he says, adding as a kind of verbal business card, "I'm an attorney *JessicaHahnJoey-Buttafuoco.*"

Barbara tells a family seated nearby that he's going to have the waiters sing "Happy Birthday" for the daughter.

"That's really *quite* all right," says the uptown mother, squirming uncomfortably in her chair.

Barbara wanders over to the table and chats with the husband. He returns.

"He's all right. He knows me from Howard. He's a listener."

DISPATCH FROM THE SET OF *Private Parts,* HOWARD STERN'S movie now in production:

Le Grande Bloatee Attornee: Dominic Barbara is a good fat friend. Anyone who knows him will tell you his heart is as big as the great outdoors, and his stomach is bigger than the great outdoors. He is generous to a fault (one of many) and word has it he is a most successful divorce attorney. As a matter of fact, if Alison and I decide to divorce, Dominic will represent Alison and I'll buy Dominic off and make a really good deal. Treat him right in this interview, he's my man.

Like most satellites in the Stern universe, Barbara's in on the joke even as he *is* the joke. And like Stern, Barbara con-

"DOMINIC IS FLAMBOYANT," SAYS ONE JUDGE. "BUT HE'S A VERY GOOD LAWYER. IT'S NOT DRAMATICS. IT'S NOT ACTING."

siders himself an anti-fashion moralist: Both believe that by striking a nerve, they are necessarily speaking the truth.

On some Friday nights, the anti-fashion moralists retire to Barbara's house in Huntington for cards. Sometimes, Howard's acolytes show up, and occasionally, Alfonse D'Amato, the anti-fashion amoralist, joins them. "Played cards Friday night. I won eleven hundred bucks," Stern tells commuters one morning. "Poker the way I like it, straight poker, no wacky games or anything. And when's the last time ya heard *this* happen . . . ?" In a game of seven-card stud, Stern is dealt four consecutive aces, and he makes $1,100. Just like that.

Then, five hands later, Dominic gets four aces. A few hands after that, Howard does again.

"I had seen Dominic looking through the cards," Stern says. "Dominic swears on the life of his children he didn't touch the cards."

"He's a *lawyer,*" shoots a skeptical Scott the Engineer, in the studio.

"Dominic *eats,*" adds Robin Quivers. "He doesn't do card tricks."

Barbara calls in, and refuses to swear on his children, on his wife, or, as Howard requests, "on the bullet lodged in Mary Jo's head" that he didn't fix the deck.

In disgust, Howard hangs up on him.

"Is Dominic the only one who cheats to lose?" wonders Scott. "You're supposed to give *yourself* the four aces."

But maybe Barbara played the best hand of all, if you consider his share of the $1,100 a marketing expense.

"Next morning," Barbara tells me, "I walk into court, and the judge says, *Did you fix the deck?"*

BARBARA'S LOW, VAST, MODERN HOUSE IN WEST HILLS SITS AT THE end of a 1,500-foot-long tree-lined driveway, next to which spreads a one-acre horse paddock. He has lived in the house for 25 years, and has steadily expanded it from a hunting lodge. Inside, the house is a collection of slick, modern surfaces, its glassy expanses looking out over a large pool. There is a feel of icy modernism, reminiscent of a villain's hilltop retreat in a Hollywood action movie.

Out here, a relative sobriety descends. It's where Barbara retreats for his nightly rehab from his media habit, his twenty-step program of silence. And an unexpected faith in hoodoo comes clear. "My wife did your charts the other night. And your birthday? Same as Ramona and Sapphire's, swear to God," he says, referring to his pet Lhasa Apsos. "I know you didn't believe me, first time I told you about what my animals mean to me. This big animal who likes animals, right? I love my dogs, probably more than my kids," he says, referring to his son and two daughters, all in their twenties (in fact, he dotes on his children with an almost old-world intensity).

These are interesting times for Barbara. Through his friendship with Howard Stern, he's gotten to know Stern's editor, Judith Regan, who made a literary star out of another provocative big man, Rush Limbaugh. A book would freeze-frame Barbara as a founding father of the *Inside Edition* culture that swallowed the dinner hour. If he wants that.

"When *Current Affair* bought the story from me, or Joey, it was the highest-rated they ever did—five days in a row the country was glued to their sets." He stiffens. "But it was also the end of *Current Affair*. They never recovered from that ratings slump after that. Why do I think? In my opinion, America became disgusted at its underbelly."

Such confessions come with intensity, but don't last for long. In late May, Joey was back on Howard's show, accusing Amy Fisher's father of having sex with her and then bragging to Joey about "the statute of limitations being up." Fisher calls in and threatens to sue. Later, Barbara calls me, excited. "Hey, did you hear Howard this morning?"

LAST WEEK, BARBARA WAS ON THE TELEPHONE WITH ME, DIScussing the Westhampton case. *Geraldo* wants him tonight. He's not sure if he wants *Geraldo.*

"I'm waiting to decide. I'm thinking maybe not. Because I'm thinking I want to keep this thing calm," he says.

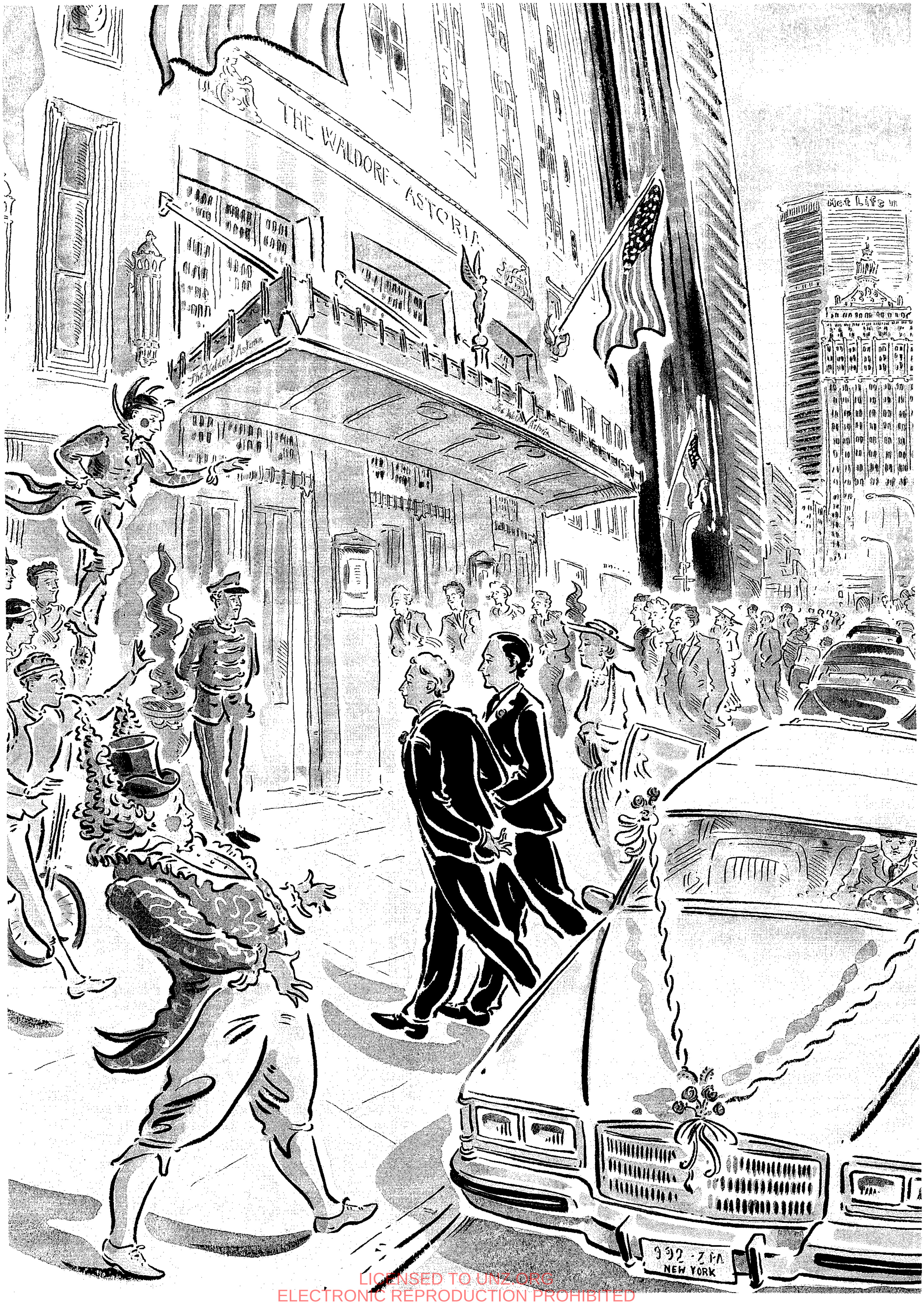
A nice idea, but the gravity of the case, and the dignity of the victim's family, will require a Barbara considerably less, shall we say, improvisational than usual. "Investigators tell me, what happens at these bars is that the blacks tend to stay outside and drink, come inside and dance, then go back out and drink, so they don't have to buy the booze inside, and we know—*Marlene!* [he shouts to his secretary]—we know they had . . . *Try to find that guy who cut my hair tonight; I look like a crazy man. See if you can find Richard, tell him I need a favor. No, Richard.* My *Richard . . ."* (In the end, he skips *Geraldo.*)

"Um, so what happens," he continues, running through the scattered details of the case, "is when the police come later and find this guy on the floor, they also look around and find bottles and beer cans."

The details are a safe place to be, since the larger issues get so, well, large indeed. They are, in a sense, too large to deal with at present. Barbara, after all, walked through the door 25 years ago with the Alan Shapiro case. He's a lawyer now. He's got a lawyer's worries.

"Now, I have been criticized already by a lot of my divorce and negligence clients: 'Why are you getting involved in a case like this?' And I've always said to everyone, I don't take what's most popular. Joey wasn't popular. Jessica wasn't popular. But that's my job." ■

Photograph by Max Aguilera-Hellweg.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MY GAY WEDDING

In which our writer (who is not *actually* marrying his boyfriend) pretends to be, and tours some of the city's big-time wedding and reception sites with his mom in tow. The moral? New York's a nice place.

By Henry Alford

On the road to equality, we may encounter pebbles. In my case, it went like this: I was trundling briskly toward the Waldorf Astoria, where, in my capacity as journalist and interested citizen, I was about to claim that my boyfriend and I were getting married soon and that we were interested in holding our ceremony and reception at the hotel. At my side was my 66-year-old Republican mother, a willing accomplice whose presence I hoped would inject my scenario with realism. Sev-

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL COX
FOR *NEW YORK*

The legalization of gay marriage would inject the institution of matrimony with an invigorating dose of fabulousness.

eral blocks away from the Waldorf, I shared with Mom my long-held opinion that a truly resplendent wedding would include a performance by Cirque du Soleil. Mom said she was unfamiliar with that group; I explained that it is a Franco-Canadian circus troupe that performs without animals. Mom looked slightly concerned. "With 'out' animals?" she asked.

"Without animals," I clarified.

"Oh, I thought you meant with gay animals," she said, relieved. "That sounded very interesting."

Moments later, on meeting our Waldorf contact—a clean-cut, polished corporate fellow in his early thirties named Jim—I asked him whether, when I had called and set up our appointment to inspect the hotel's wedding facilities, I had explained that the ceremony was to celebrate the union of two men. "No, you didn't," he said, somewhat haltingly. An awkward pause. I asked, "Is that okay?" He said it was. Indeed, on our ensuing tour of the hotel, this charming gentleman made every indication that it was. To dispel all doubt, however, I was moved to ask him whether he had ever booked a gay function before; he said he had not but that he had a friend who worked at the Yale Club, where a recent party had celebrated the life partnership of two women.

When we stopped in at the Starlight Roof to marvel over its Art Deco splendor, Mom took one look at the room's 24-foot ceilings and announced, "This would be good for your circus performers." As the words *circus performers* had not yet come up in the conversation with our man from the Waldorf, it was with a certain amount of curiosity and suspicion that he looked to me for an explanation; I sheepishly told him that I planned to have Cirque du Soleil perform during the reception's dinner. The man tried to process this information aloud: "So you're marrying your boyfriend. And then the circus is coming to town." I nodded in a way that I hoped was reassuring; I was suddenly glad that earlier that day Mom had appraised my outfit as "very Potential Big Rentals." The man continued, "Next you're going to tell me that there'll be contortionists."

"No—no contortionists," I wanted to say, "but possibly a kick line of slightly nelly elephants and tigers."

NO, MY BOYFRIEND AND I ARE NOT, IN FACT, about to wed. I am not actually going to broker the Waldorf's introduction to the Danskin crotch panel. But given the likelihood that within the next year or so, lesbian and gay couples in Hawaii will be marrying legally—a prerogative currently denied in all 50 states—I have started my advance work.

The case that is working its way through the Hawaiian judiciary—*Baehr* v. *Lewin*, in which three same-sex couples are suing the state for the right to marry—was returned in May 1993 to the lower courts by the Hawaii Supreme Court, which ruled that the state's refusal to marry the couples appears to violate the state's constitutional guarantee of equal protection. The state must now prove that it has "compelling interest" in its discrimination—historically a point difficult to prove, rarely met except in instances of national security or public safety.

Hot on the tail of Hawaii, 35 states have considered legislation against same-sex marriage, 11 states enacting bans and 17 refusing to do so. More doom-tinged was President Clinton's announcement a few weeks ago that he would sign the Defense of Marriage Act in the highly likely event that it is passed by Congress. The bill defines marriage exclusively as a union between one man and one woman—at last: something for homosexuals to talk about when they meet Mormons!—and would deny federal pension, health, and other benefits to same-sex marriages. That the bill is, to many legal minds, a blatant violation of the Constitution's "full faith and credit" clause, which requires states to recognize one another's laws, was made worse by the timing of Clinton's announcement: It came only two days after the Supreme Court had struck down Colorado's Amendment 2, which barred cities from passing their own anti-discrimination laws.

The legalization of gay marriage is a good idea. Indeed, though the civil rights that same-sex marriage would bring gays are paramount—among them the right to visit a spouse or his sick child in the hospital; to file joint tax returns; and to qualify for Medicare, pensions, and job benefits, most notably insurance coverage—there are myriad potential social benefits as well. It would inject the hoary institution of matrimony with an invigorating dose of fabulousness. It would provide role models for young gay people, thus curbing their tendency to derive unhealthy amounts of sustenance from the Edith Piaf songbook. It would help erode the perception that marriage is the bellwether to long-term sexual inactivity. It would usher in a new era of wedding high glamour—scented pew cards, leather garters, receiving lines that erupt into a frenzy of precision dancing. It would provide a new forum for emotional release for those whose anima has heretofore been in thrall to the legacy of Antoinette Perry. It would allow gays and lesbians to finally *understand* Lester Lanin.

It is time for those of us who support same-sex marriage—particularly those of us for whom the institution of marriage is not, as it is for many gays and lesbians, inextricably linked with the phrases *patriarchal values* and *obsessive lawn care*—to take up the fight. Some early indications are propitious: Each year, an ever-increasing number of same-sex couples are united by unlicensed, non–legally binding marriage ceremonies (or, as they are more accurately called, commitment ceremonies). Meanwhile, the state of Vermont, along with more than 30 cities and counties across the country, including New York City, has adopted domestic-partnership programs. In legalized marriage's stead, many gay people would prefer a more rigorous domestic-partnership policy. But while it is easy to prove a domestic partnership's first two requirements—shared living quarters and financial interdependence—it is more difficult to prove its third, a commitment to mutual caring. To do so, Andrew Sullivan has argued, might lead to an invasion of privacy. And which couples would qualify—members of a fraternity? Prison inmates? The cast of *The Real World*?

A NON-WEDDING TO REMEMBER: THE AUTHOR, LEFT, HIS MOTHER, AND HIS *FAUX*-BETROTHED, JESS.

CLEARLY, I AM READY FOR GAY MARRIAGE. BUT IS the world? Eager to find out, I set out on a series of quests. The first was a search for a site in which I would feel comfortable holding a supposed commitment ceremony honoring my boyfriend and me. Mom and I headed to the delegates' dining room at the United Nations, shown to us by two personable young women employed by Restaurant Associates, a company that books and plans events at various Manhattan locations. I told these women—as I would tell all of our contacts at sites—that I wanted to have my wedding on a weekend a few months hence; at all locations, our event would be the only one scheduled.

As Mom and I took in the room's handsome East River views, the women reacted enthusiastically to the details of my proposed nuptials. I mentioned plate-spinning; they did not flinch. When our conversation turned to the topic of wedding videotaping, I said that that irritating practice would not be necessary: "One of our guests is a performance artist, sort of a gay Anna Deavere Smith, and he's going to re-enact the wedding Off Broadway." One of the women responded, "He's going to re—he's going to re-enact the wedding Off Broadway?! *Wow!*" Her colleague exclaimed, "We'll want tickets to *that*!" The first added, "That's *adorable*."

When I asked one of the women whether it would be "okay" if my male friends danced with one another to loud disco music, she assured me it would; she said, "It's your party, and dance how you want to," adding that the U.N. se-

Photograph by Ken Collins.

curity guards would tell us to turn down the music if its volume became oppressive. When her colleague subsequently took Mom and me across town to look at the lovely Sea Grill at Rockefeller Center, I asked what would happen at that location if my friends, as often occurs at clubs where there is a preponderance of gay men, took their shirts off while dancing. Our Sea Grill contact allowed as how this would not be a problem, particularly as the wedding could be thrown only on a Sunday, when there wouldn't be "many people around."

Having decided, during the course of our visits, that my boyfriend, Jess, and I should travel to our hypothetical ceremony by carriage and dress as Amish farmers, I told our contact at the Equitable Center that the theme of our wedding was "Pennsylvania Dutch–meets–Cirque du Soleil." I asked whether we could decorate either of the function rooms she showed us; she said, "You can't staple or glue anything." When I explained that my decorating plans involved the dramatic display of a large, slightly rusted nineteenth-century farming implement, she said simply, "As long as you don't touch the artwork."

Four locations seemed especially gay-friendly. Although Mom and I did not visit the town house that the National Society of Colonial Dames runs on 71st Street—our party of 100 was much too large for them, and they prefer not to host weddings—the colonial dame I spoke with said she had no problem with a gay event: "It probably doesn't include children, which is usually one of my objections." Mom and I were greeted warmly in the East Village at Lucky Cheng's, whose jaunty director of operations, Rusty, assured us that although her transvestite wait staff had never "done Amish" before, they had much experience in highly elaborate theme weddings; Mom said of the more elegant, gay-owned Townhouse restaurant on East 58th Street, "Not the Waldorf. But a bargain."

The location I felt most comfortable in—indeed, the location I would choose were I actually getting married—was aboard the *Honey Fitz,* a 92-foot-long yacht that has served five presidents, many of whose photographs adorn the yacht's cabin. Mom and I boarded near the World Financial Center; while descending the boat's staircase, Mom announced that she was pretending to be Marion Davies. I told our contact, John, that I was marrying my boyfriend; he earnestly uttered, "Beautiful." When I asked, somewhat disingenuously, whether a gay-themed event would discomfit any of the ship's crew, he said that the ship's captain had grown up on Fire Island and thus had "seen everything." My "Pennsylvania Dutch–meets–Cirque du Soleil" idea seemed as nothing when we learned that the yacht had picked up twenty drag queens in Weehawken for the premiere of the movie *Wigstock.* I was thrilled by the yacht and its pedigree; Mom was more cautious. "Stormy weather is a big possible worry," she said. "And it's hell on the circus performers."

My wedding enjoyed a less-than-enthusiastic response at only two locations. One we did not visit: On a whim, I had called the throbbing nexus of gay New York—the Chelsea Gym—and asked whether I could throw the wedding amid the weightlifting equipment; I was told, "We can't accept that proposal . . . I'm sorry, hon." The other was a place where I once attended a fun bachelor party—New York's oldest steakhouse, the Old Homestead, located on 14th Street at Ninth Avenue. As we sat in the restaurant's dark foyer with our contact—a better-looking Joe Pesci—I asked him whether "the gay aspect" of the wedding made him uncomfortable. He responded, "Can I give you some advice? Don't ask that." I apologized; Mom, clutching her Metropolitan Museum of Art gift bag as if she feared that it might be ripped from her arms by a fast-moving vehicle, asked, "Does that offend you?" He said, "Well, yeah. It's just not an issue. I'd be happy to do your party." But would he be, really? Our subsequent tour of the premises was tense in the extreme; I would not have told him about my little friends in brightly colored leotards even at gunpoint. Mom, once we had departed: "I would say, 'Definitely no.'"

I told the people at the Equitable Center that the theme of our wedding was "Pennsylvania Dutch–meets–Cirque du Soleil."

WHO WOULD BE THE OFFICIANT AT MY same-sex wedding? Although I am, at heart, agnostic, and thus would be most inclined to have a civil ceremony, I can imagine a scenario—particularly one in which my wedding was bankrolled by my family—wherein I might be disposed to call upon a person of the cloth. In this second quest, I turned, as I always do in moments of religious doubt, to the Yellow Pages. I called all three of the Episcopal churches listed in the NYNEX community directory for Chelsea, Greenwich Village, and Vicinity. Only St. Peter's in Chelsea was willing to perform the ceremony—I was told that the rector at St. John's on Waverly Place "does not perform unions," because "he would get in a lot of trouble with the mission"; Mother Rockman at the Church of the Ascension on Fifth Avenue said she could not because "there isn't any service outlined by the church for that." Both parties apologized profusely; both parties suggested that I contact either Dignity or Integrity, the organizations for gay and lesbian Catholics and Episcopalians.

To their credit, none of the church people with whom I broached the possibility of my friend's Off Broadway re-enactment of the wedding were bothered by the idea; one interfaith minister, when asked, "Would it make you uncomfortable if my friend 'did' you?," responded, "Only if it were unflattering." I also contacted several clergypeople listed in the Manhattan phone directory not under CHURCHES but under WEDDING CHAPELS and WEDDING CLERGY. "First of all, let me say that nothing legal is going on here," the first of these, a Unitarian clergyman, cautioned me rather sternly. He then read me a proviso that he said would have to be read at the ceremony—a statement of the wedding's nonlegality. "I don't want to have some enterprising D.A. who's trying to make a name for himself hear about the wedding, show up, and then decide to prosecute," he told me. I explained that I was thinking about having the ceremony on a boat; the clergyman said he would have to raise his $300 fee "because you're taking me out of circulation." However, it became clear that he would rather not go on a cruise around Manhattan if he didn't have to; his conversation was heavily peppered with the phrase *hop off.*

"One of our guests is sort of a gay Anna Deavere Smith, and he's going to re-enact the wedding Off Broadway," I told our contact at the U.N. Dining Room.

"What do you mean 'a commitment ceremony'?" an interfaith minister asked me; I explained, "Between two men." I told him that the ceremony was to be on a boat off Manhattan; he said, "To be very truthful, I'm not interested in this. It's too much time for me." However, when I explained that I had budgeted $500 or $600 for the officiant, the minister's spirits rallied. He told me that he had once married a pair of transvestites on a TV talk show. "You know how I did that?" he said. "I did that by not looking at them." I asked him what the significance of his not looking at the couple was; he said he couldn't because he might have burst out laughing. "The way I see it," he told me, "it's in the genes. People have those desires because they were born that way. It's not your fault."

"It's not a fault," I said.

"It's *not* a fault. It's a characteristic of their nature because of their genes. . . . Society frowns, but I don't have to. I accept people for who they are."

"So—you're tolerant?" I tried to anticipate his point. He continues, "Yeah. And I mean, you're not going to be dancing in drag at the wedding." I replied that no, in fact, we might be, particularly as we know many "show people." He said, "That's okay. But not at the ceremony. Once you're at the reception, that's another story. But at the ceremony, it's going to be straight."

"I don't like the word *straight.*"

"I'm sorry for *straight.* I meant *serious.*"

FOR OUR LAST INVESTIGATION OF THE PREREQUISITES of union, I called the St. Moritz hotel and actually booked a honeymoon suite ($295) and an additional room for our best man ($125). When we arrived, it was unclear whether the thirteen minutes it took for our harried clerk to check us in was a result of the fact that I wanted the best man's room to be on the same floor as the honeymoon suite, or of the fact that our best man was our lesbian friend Adrienne. He was unable to give us rooms on the same floor; he did, however, hand me something labeled HONEYMOON DREAM PACKAGE COUPON KIT. Empowered with this booklet of three coupons, I felt like Charlie Bucket in *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory.*

The three of us assembled in the honeymoon suite—a pageant of various hues of green whose provenance Jess pinpointed as "émigré Eva Gabor." Adrienne noted, "A great big bed for having sex in!" Jess, however, remarked that the presence of a television in each of the honeymoon suite's two rooms denoted the management's lack of optimism. Jess called room service to exchange our first coupon for a bottle of champagne and petits fours. The kitchen was out of petits fours—would we take cake? Jess asked for "something savory." Potato chips were offered. We took potato chips. Later we ordered room service. I told our waiter, "We just got married!" He looked first at me, then at Adrienne; I pointed at Jess and said, "No, *we* just got married!" He smiled in a confused manner and threw himself into his duties with a somewhat manic vigor.

Later that night, unable to sleep, I went down to the lobby at 4:10 A.M. and, holding out my second coupon—the one labeled A LOVELY SOUVENIR GIFT FROM THE ST. MORITZ—told the clerk that I was in the honeymoon suite with my new husband. "I don't think the marriage is working out," I said. "My husband is—well, he's ignoring me. Nothing's happening. So I thought maybe a gift would perk me up." The clerk asked somewhat sternly, "What is it that you want, sir?" I told him, "The gift. I'd like to get the gift." He told me I would have to wait till morning. (I did, and received mugs.)

Jess and I awoke five hours later, whereupon we tangled with the epistemological question posed by the third coupon: whether to have "complete breakfast for two in bed" or "breakfast as [*sic*] Rumpelmayer's." The second choice, of course, was the more alluring; and so, imagining ourselves in the tourist-clogged restaurant of a large midtown hotel, we went downstairs, where we ate both as and at Rumpelmayer's. "We just got married," I told our Latin waiter. "Hey, it's a free country!" he said, throwing his arms up in the air in bewilderment. "You do what you want to do!"

I HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE, AND IT IS TOLERANT. FABULOUSness will prosper. While traditionalists will always claim that gay marriage is both frivolous and threatening (the former because it blesses unions society has no vested interest in, particularly given the high rate of childlessness among gay couples, and the latter because it thus makes folly of the institution of marriage itself), I would argue that this folly-making is chief among its strengths. To wit: Good-bye, blurry wedding videos shot by your out-of-town cousin with the shakes . . . hello, videography that screams "Dorothy Chandler Pavilion." Good-bye, Pachelbel's Canon and endless selections of *The Prophet* . . . hello, "It's Raining Men" and a sound collage of Thelma Ritter backchat. Good-bye, alcohol-fueled anomie and 37-year-long silences over the breakfast table . . . hello, kimonos and sobbing in a foreign language.

To many minds, the gay community and its supporters were not well enough prepared for the 1993 debate about gays in the military. On the issue of legalized marriage, we have more lead time. We must assemble, don berets, and demand that if gay people can't marry, then straight people can't decorate. We must, in short, even the score. Because it's our turn to be deluged with a torrent of Uncle Ben's. It's our turn not to do the catering. ■

BEST BETS

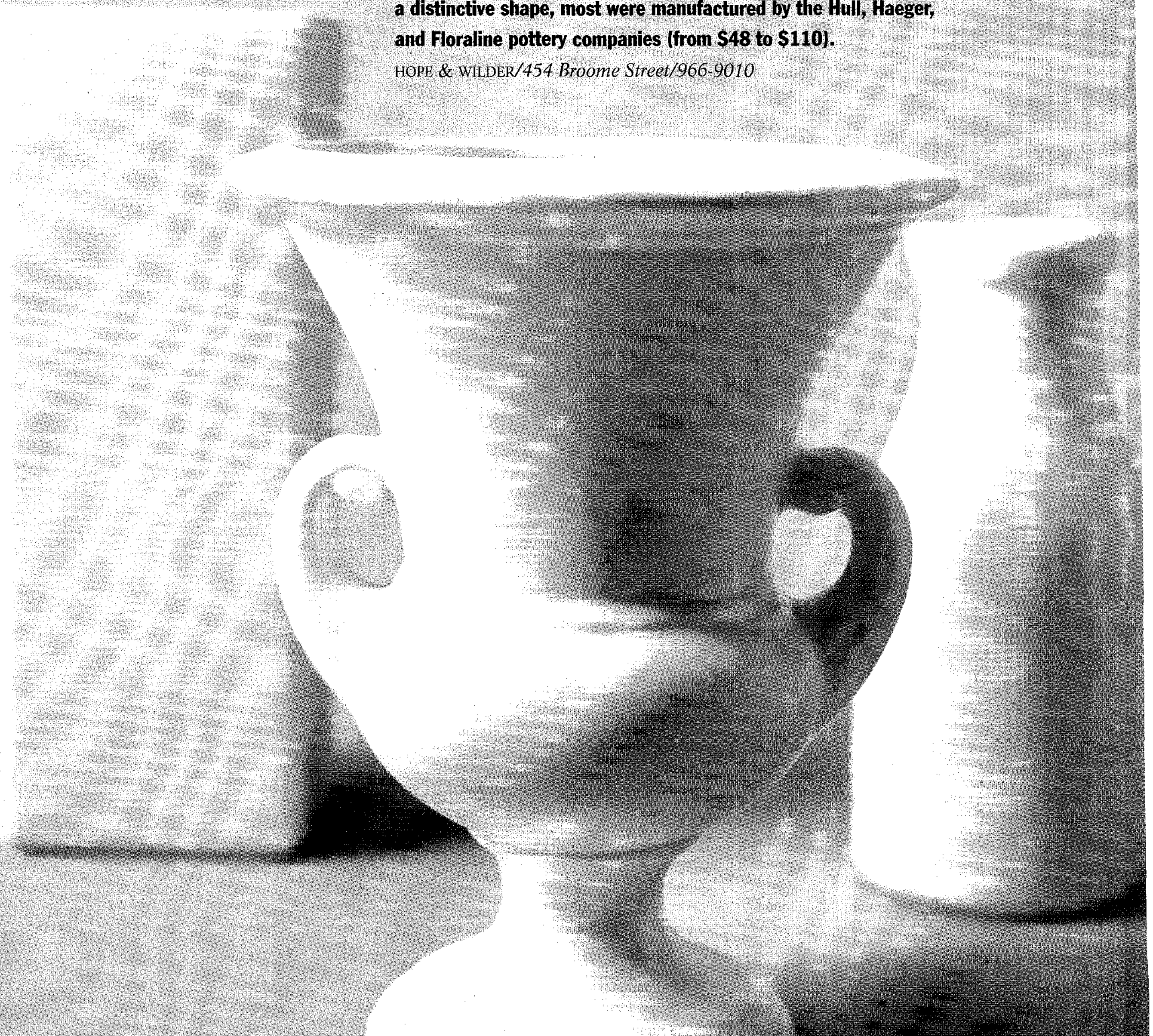
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Ode on a Matte-White Urn

Michael DePerno of Hope & Wilder has been collecting pottery for years. His criteria? Ceramics with the purest, simplest silhouettes. His matte-white vases are from the thirties, and though each has a distinctive shape, most were manufactured by the Hull, Haeger, and Floraline pottery companies (from $48 to $110).

HOPE & WILDER*/454 Broome Street/966-9010*



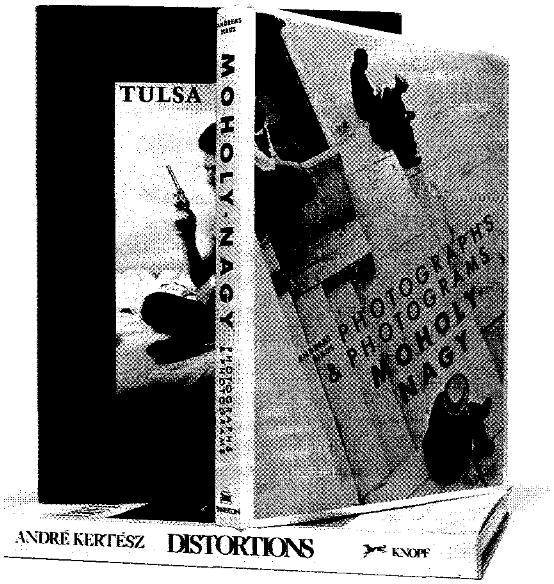

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Photo Stock

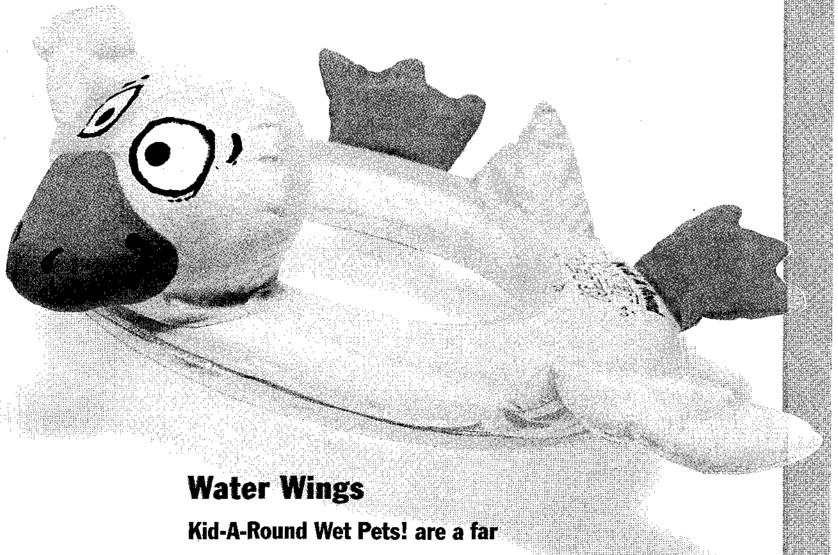
So many photography books, so little room. Lawrence Lesman's creative solution to this dilemma was to open a store. Lesman—a photographer, former teacher, and technical adviser to Nikon—has been collecting rare and out-of-print photography books for the past fifteen years; his partner, Joyce Hoffman, is a marketer and lover of books. Their tidy, closet-size store is stacked floor to ceiling with hard-to-find nineteenth- and twentieth-century photography titles, along with related historical and technical texts. The collection includes a limited edition of *Walden* with photographs by Steichen, Larry Clark's *Tulsa,* and André Kertész's *Distortions* (from $45 for a current title to $975 for *Tulsa*).

MONOGRAPHS LTD./*124 West 25th Street/604-9510*

Unruffled Duffels

North Face Base Camp duffels were designed to be stepped on by yaks, dragged across rivers, lugged up mountains, hoisted from helicopters. Never mind trekking in Bhutan: These practically indestructible bags can survive even the Hampton Jitney and Denver International's baggage carousels. They're made of waterproof PVC tarpaulin and have double-layer bottoms and triple-reinforced webbed handles, and can be transformed into backpacks with a simple repositioning of the straps ($95 and $135).

EASTERN MOUNTAIN SPORTS/*611 Broadway, near Houston Street/505-9860*



Water Wings

Kid-A-Round Wet Pets! are a far cry from the sober, Depression-era inner tubes kids once swiped from the spare tires on their dads' De Sotos. The animal head of this ditsy nineties swim ring is filled with poly-foam beads; the ring is Styrofoam and has a removable zippered polyester cover ($22.50; for ages 3 and up).

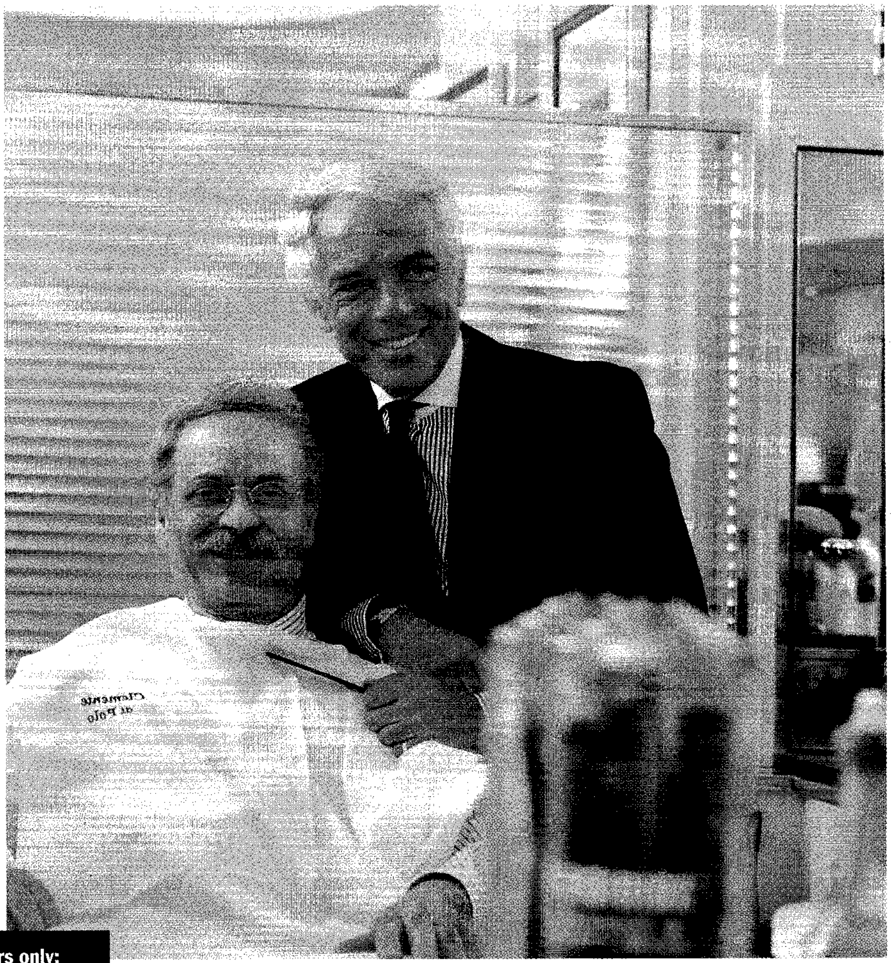
E.A.T. GIFTS/*1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street/861-2544*

A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York* Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, *go* NYMAG.

THE GOODS **RENE CHUN**

The Men's Club

Clemente DiMonda coifs Seventh Avenue CEOs at the in-house barbershop Ralph Lauren built for him. Just don't call him a stylist, or expect to get an appointment.



Members only: Clemente, seated, and Ralph in their private salon.

THE TOUGHEST HAIRCUT TO book in this city isn't with Oribe or Fekkai or Garren. It doesn't involve designer leopard-print smocks, or require $300. It takes place in a midtown office building, and it is administered by Clemente, better known on Seventh Avenue as the guy who cuts Ralph Lauren's hair.

Clemente DiMonda, a 62-year-old Italian immigrant, plies his trade with just scissors and straight razor. He scoffs at mousses and gels, doesn't believe in blow-dryers, and won't keep an electric razor on the premises. When one celebrated New York designer sent some male models over for makeovers, Clemente wouldn't even see them. Call the shop and you'll get the standard brush-off: "Clemente is fully booked." No vague promises to be put on a waiting list. No *We'll call you back if there's a cancellation.* Unless, of course, you happen to know Clemente's patron, whom he calls "Ralphie." Only then might you expect an invitation to join this elite tonsorial fraternity.

Since he arrived here from Naples in 1961, Clemente has been shearing some of the fashion business's biggest players. His very first customer was the designer Don Robby, who was so impressed with his work that he spread the word. Soon, the lion's share of Clemente's clients were garmentos, many of them CEOs: Paul Stuart's Clifford Grodd and Paul Ostrove; Garrick Anderson; Brioni's Joe Barrato; Saks Fifth Avenue's John Fresco; Sulka's Neal Fox; Tommy Hilfiger's Joel Horowitz; Allen Questrom of Federated Department Stores; and, of course, his grandest fan of all, designer Ralph Lauren.

When the lease on Clemente's 47th Street storefront expired five years ago, Lauren made an offer he couldn't refuse: a rent-free parlor on the eighth floor of his headquarters at 650 Madison Avenue. In exchange, the designer acquired a rather singular status symbol: his own personal barber, and a consummately old-fashioned barber at that. Clemente's quarters, designed by William Sofield (founder of the ultra-stylish Aero Studio), don't so much resemble any particular barbershop as they do Ralph Lauren's *idea* of what a barbershop should be. There are such extravagant details as Italian glass mosaic tiles, original Art Deco lighting fixtures (from the old Century Theatre movie palace in Rockefeller Center), French-polished mahogany, custom-made furniture, and lots of chocolate-brown leather. Hurrell-type portraits of well-groomed old-movie stars line the walls. One customer described the place as "the sort of barbershop you'd expect to see on an ocean liner in the thirties."

Located though it is in Ralph's inner sanctum, Clemente's parlor has an open-door policy regarding certain rival designers. Alexander Julian won't entrust his beard to anyone else, and Tommy Hilfiger defected from Frederic Fekkai six years ago. "Tommy likes me to cut the back so that the hair dances as he walks down the runway," says Clemente. "The trouble with most barbers is that they'll make you look like an insurance salesman from Omaha," says Hilfiger, who explains that, for the mature man, an appointment with Clemente is a rite

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEWART FEREBEE
FOR NEW YORK

of passage. "Once you hit a certain age, you don't want a trendy haircut with lots of layering and sharp lines," says the man who dresses Coolio. "Bottom line, I didn't want to be a 40-year-old guy trying to look 20."

AT 5:30 ON A TUESDAY AFTERNOON, MARVIN Traub, Bloomingdale's former chairman, is sitting in Clemente's chair getting his substantial eyebrows trimmed. Silver hairs flutter down the front of Traub's apron like metal shavings, settling on the *Wall Street Journal* in his lap. Traub's left hand rests at his side, fingers splayed for the manicurist. Clemente, meanwhile, is calibrating sections of hair not by touch—as most hairdressers do—but by sight. Where lesser talents must run their fingers through a client's hair, then pull it up in sections before snipping away, Clemente hardly even *touches* your hair. There are no hard lines, no layering, no tapering.

The technique may be old-world, but Clemente's wardrobe is not. Aside from the clogs on his feet, he is totally Ralphed out: violet shirt with French cuffs and silk knots, plaid vest, gray flannel slacks. Even the music is a compilation CD of romantic standards—available at the Polo/Ralph Lauren store—called *Black Tie Collection.* "We do classy work here," says Clemente. "No stylist haircuts." The way he pronounces *stylist* makes the word sound vulgar. "That's just for taking pictures. You wake up the next day and the haircut disappears. I guarantee my work for four weeks." Clemente's heavy-lidded eyes flash behind his wire-rim glasses. Traub smiles as hot shaving cream is dabbed onto the back of his neck.

With the props of gracious living—fountain pens, windup watches, hand-rolled cigars, bespoke clothing—enjoying a renaissance of sorts, it's hardly surprising that the services of a gentleman barber are in such high demand. "Stylists are trendy, barbers are traditionalists," Clemente says with conviction. "The fancy cutters with the fancy prices stay in business five years. I've had my clientele for 35 years. Sixty percent of these families I've been servicing for three generations." He does about 50 cuts a week, and his price list is a somewhat nebulous concept. A standard haircut ranges from $40 to $80, but certain CEOs are said to shell out more. "I've got 400 customers and 400 different prices," he sighs. Shaves ($30), manicures ($20), and suspiciously voguish-sounding mud-pack facials ($50) are all available. An office call is $200.

> *"...Call the shop and you'll get the standard brush-off:* **'Clemente is fully booked.'** *Unless you know Clemente's patron, whom he calls "Ralphie..."*

But aside from the comparatively low prices, what exactly is the difference between a stylist and a barber? "A stylist cuts men who want to look like male models," says Clemente. "I cut men who want to look like men. There's also the personalized services we provide. I use a straight razor on the back of the neck. It's the only way to get a clean line—electric razors are no good. And there are hot towels, neck massage, good conversation—if you come in for an appointment, you don't have to read *DNR* [*Daily News Record,* a men's fashion trade]. There's a lot of networking that goes on here." But that's not all: Clemente gladly goes where others wouldn't dare. "I trim eyebrows and ear hair," he offers. "Sometimes you have a customer who has a mustache growing out of his ear. It needs to be cut. A stylist won't do that."

(John Sahag, one of the city's prominent stylists, confirms this: "Ear hair?" he asks with a chuckle. "You're kidding me. I had no idea. I guess I'd do it for my father. But in general, I'd have to say no. I'd be far too embarrassed. Anyway, that kind of thing falls under the jurisdiction of the facialist or makeup department . . . would that include nose hairs?")

It is Clemente's chief benefactor, Ralph Lauren, who best understands his barber's allure: "Aside from being a great artist, Clemente is a great friend. It's enjoyable to share his company. He's funny, gracious, charming, and incredibly stylish. He's very much like my father, who was also an artist. I remember Clemente once showed me his scissors and equipment. I was so touched by that, these beautiful old instruments. It reminded me of when my father showed me his paints and brushes. That kind of passion is hard to find these days."

It is mentioned to Lauren that there was a rumor floating about that Hilfiger had attempted to poach Clemente for his ever-expanding empire. Lauren didn't flinch. "He's already stolen my clothes," he replied playfully. "It really doesn't surprise me that he's trying to steal my barber." Not that Clemente would leave anyway. "Ralphie is everything to me," says Clemente with no small trace of affection. "He's my boss, my brother, my friend . . . You should see him when he comes back from Colorado with a tan. The silver hair, the Steve McQueen cut. It's unbelievable." ▬

Ralph's fantasy of what a barbershop should look like: Old-style accoutrements accented by stylish touches.

Sixth Annual Rogosin Institute
Charity Golf/Tennis Invitational
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Nassau Country Club
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1996 GOLF/TENNIS INVITATIONAL

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BY JADE HOBSON CHARNIN

CRIMES OF FASHION

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but for many Seventh Avenue designers, it's the costliest as well. Thanks to technological advances, copycat clothiers can now snap up designer garments minutes after they appear on the runway and re-purpose them as populist chic—coming soon to a Strawberry near you. These designs sell at slashed prices, allowing even the most cost-conscious consumers to look suitably fashion-forward. Unauthorized knockoffs cost major fashion houses hundreds of millions a year, and though the industry has started fighting back—led by Chanel and Barry Kieselstein-Cord—it has merely been able to dent the problem. But the line between converging fashionability and outright larceny is as thin as Kate Moss. **SHADY BUSINESS:** Richard Morgenthal's futuristic Bruno sunglasses, available at Bergdorf Goodman, offer chic UV A and B protection for a steep $320. *Outside* Bergdorf's, nearly identical Korean-made plastic replicas are on sale for $10, tax included. But Jamaican peddlers aren't the only ones Morgenthal purports to worry about. Morgenthal claims that his eyewear has also been knocked off by mainstream manufacturers. Last year, he even threatened to sue Anne Klein over a pair of goggles he claims were strikingly similar to his own, but he says he dropped the suit after he learned that Klein had only 100 pairs left. **ARSENIC AND BOLD LACE:** Gucci's plunging black lace-front top was the highlight of its heavily hyped spring season. So it was no surprise that a month later, department stores were overrun with less-expensive riffs reminiscent of Tom Ford's inspired original. A recent casual survey of Saks Fifth Avenue turned up no fewer than twenty Gucci *hommages*, from item's $56 entry to Jill Stuart's pricier $198 version. With its spring merchandise almost sold out, Saks Fifth Avenue reports that only a single authentic $598 Gucci garment remains in stock, not on the sales racks but, appropriately, on iconic display. **LADIES WHO LUNGE:** It turns out that some of those Upper East Side ladies may not be spending as much money as one would think, at least not on their intensely voguish Prada bags. Some of the trend-conscious street vendors who sell the ever-present fake Louis Vuitton luggage sets and fake Rolex watches on Madison Avenue are now featuring a cache of look-alike Prada backpacks, totes, and handbags—with the label MOSARIA. But many customers make a point of asking specifically for "the Prada version." Quicker than you can say "fraud," the vendors whisk a bag into their van, and it comes back looking like an authentic Prada—with trademark triangle, screw-heads and all. Prada's secondary line, Miu Miu, is facing a different sort of competition. The company's best-selling sandal, at $215, is very like a men's slipper for sale at Chinatown's Pearl River (277 Canal Street). The Chinatown version, which has a different heel, sells for $2.75. **FAN-FARE:** For the past few seasons, of course, Seventh Avenue's top fashionistas have gone rummaging through the past for inspiration, blithely borrowing from the Balenciaga of the fifties, the Cardin of the sixties, and the Saint Laurent of the seventies. The Fan Club, a shop at 22 West 19th Street, has become a regular hunting ground for designers like Donna Karan and Dolce & Gabbana, who go there to dig through reams of classic designs from Pucci, YSL, and Halston. In March, one major Italian designer sent several minions to scour the store: They left with $10,000 worth of crocheted dresses from the sixties and gowns, hats, and shoes from the thirties. **STONE TURTLE:** The Gap is now knocking itself off. Beleaguered by a dozen dueling designers hoping to dress her last Oscar night, Sharon Stone opted instead for a well-worn favorite, a $22 Gap mock turtleneck that was hanging in her closet. Since then, the chain has been deluged with thousands of requests for the item, which was discontinued last fall. This month, the Gap decided to bring the item out of retirement, throwing in a "very generous" donation to Planet Hope, a charity for homeless families run by Stone's sister, Kelly. "It's a small token of our appreciation," says Gap spokeswoman Rachel Bold. "After all, it *was* our first Oscar appearance." ■

Photographs: top and bottom, Norman.

SALES & BARGAINS DANY LEVY

Here's the Skinny

This week, we pay homage to the epidermis—leather goods from Ghurka and Seeger, and a soothing facial for Dad.

WALK INTO DRESS DESIGNER KALIMA'S charming West 12th Street brownstone apartment and you'll see the dilemma: what to covet more, the dwelling or the dresses? It's been three years since she closed her SoHo boutique, but Kalima is still cranking out voguish clothes. Her sample sale has everything from black silk-chiffon slip dress with draping, was $795, now $275, to beige crushed-velvet shorts, were $160, now $45. *Kalima, by appointment only (691-9520); checks accepted for deposits; Mon.–Sun., 10 a.m.–7 p.m.*

Skinflints

IF YOU'VE EVER PRESSED YOUR NOSE UP *really* close to its 57th Street shop, you know that Ghurka manufactures leather goods of all types. And if you've ever been to Bergdorf Goodman, you know that Trafalgar, Ghurka's sister company, makes belts and suspenders. And if you want to know how good the prices are at their sample sale, well, you'll just have to go.

Smaller and perhaps lesser-known, Seeger manufactures equally upscale (and terribly soft) leather goods. Recently, somebody tooling around its warehouse stumbled upon a slew of bags from an earlier collection. The discontinued items are on sale for 50 percent off: Attaché cases and briefcases, retail $1,150–$1900, now $575–$950; portfolios, retail $475–$700, now $220–$350. *Ghurka Showroom, 60 E. 56th St. (223-2511); A.E., M.C.; Tues.–Thurs., 9 a.m.–6 p.m.; 6/11–6/13.Seeger, 400 Madison Ave., near 48th St. (593-7678); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–6 p.m.; 6/11–6/15.*

Cents and Sensibility

VALERIE SIMPSON (OF ASHFORD AND SIMPSON) was the first babe to cross the threshold of Lee Anderson's boutique when she set up shop back in 1981. Since then Anderson has designed Diane Keaton's blouses for *Baby Boom,* Joanne Woodward's outfits for when she hosted *Live at the Met,* and the wardrobe of the headmistress of one of those white-shoe girls' schools uptown. Classic "Hepburn" pants in wool gabardine, were $375, now $75; silk blouses, were $350, now $50–$125. *Lee Anderson, 23 E. 67th St. (772-2463); M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; 6/10–6/24.*

Eliminate the doppelgänger effect: Kalima's hand-sewn dresses are one-of-a-kind.

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Well-Heeled

STEPHANE KÉLIAN, SHOE CZAR OF EUROPE (and thankfully for us mere locals, Madison Avenue and Wooster Street), is having a sample sale. Strappy sandals, pumps, loafers, boots, sizes 8½–10½. High-heel sandals, retail $345, now $75. *Stephane Kélian; by appointment only; call Irina Schindler at 715-0925; checks accepted; begins 6/10; while supplies last.*

Bear Market

T.O.D. BEAR, THE FTD FLORISTS OF ALL CREATURES ursine, hand-delivers teddy bears, and guarantees same-day arrival of orders made before 4 P.M. (within Manhattan). Selected bears on sale: graduation bear was $59.95, now $49.95; and the suitably sentimental Father's Day bear with golf or fishing gear, was $74.95, now $59.96. *Free delivery in Manhattan. Call 800-TOD-BEAR (863-2327); A.E., M.C., V.; though 6/17.*

Bin There, Done That

A DIFFERENT LIGHT, THE LARGEST gay-and-lesbian bookstore in America, has taken the idea of the bargain bin but turned it into neat bargain *shelves,* stocked with 400 titles, all new, some of which you may actually want to buy. Hardcover copy of Alexander Liberman's *Marlene Dietrich: An Intimate Photographic Memoir* with CD is $9.99 (was $45). *Conduct Unbecoming,* by Randy Shilts, was $27.95, here $4.99. *A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sun. 10 a.m.–midnight.*

Curtain Call

A TEXTILE MEGASTORE, THE 5,000-SQUARE-foot Wholesale Fabric Factory Outlet has more than 1,500 pieces of fabric in stock and more than 5,000 samples that can be ordered. Among the aisles you'll find Kravat, Robert Allen, Peter Kaufman, Waverly, Paul Barrow, and Covington. Upholstery fabrics, retail $50–$85, here $12.95–$32.95; drapery fabrics, retail $20–$35, here $4.95–$16.95. *Wholesale Fabric Factory Outlet, 100-02 Rockaway Blvd., Ozone Park, Queens (718-848-8800); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–5 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–4 p.m.; through 6/17 (closed 6/16).*

Buffer Zone

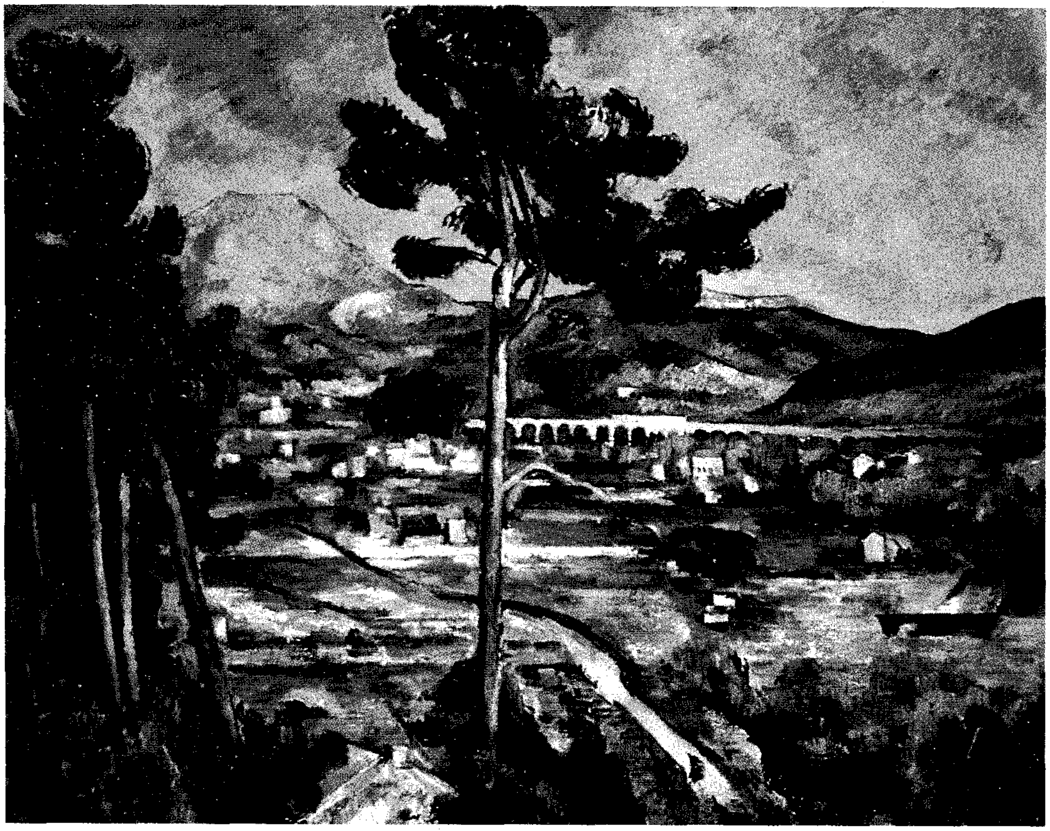
THE "KING FOR A DAY" SPECIAL AT THE SAlon Eva of New York includes $219 worth of services for the hassled father: haircut and blow-dry, manicure, pedicure, facial, and massage for $170.40. Think of it as sending Dad to the dry cleaner. *Eva of New York, 925 Seventh Ave., near 58th St. (586-4123); A.E, M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat., 8 a.m.–7 p.m.* ■

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

ART **MARK STEVENS**

Modern Old Master

Cézanne might not have liked the Philadelphia show, with its lack of natural light, but we can still marvel at it; why have Yayoi Kusama's startling works been forgotten?



Cézanne: ***Mont Saint-Victoire Seen From Bellevue,*** **1882–85.**

As a founding father of twentieth-century art, Cézanne is treated with a respect that is both familial and formal. Succeeding generations of artists have sought his silent blessing, much as a politician might look for justification to the Founding Fathers of the American Revolution. In the seventies, "Cézanne: The Late Work" at the Museum of Modern Art reflected the self-conscious taste for abstraction in the art world of that time. In the eighties, the National Gallery's show "Cézanne: The Early Years 1859–1872" found in this shy revolutionary a harbinger of postmodernism, a man of "personality" with sexual kinks, fascinating secrets, and eccentric manners.

The **Cézanne** now at the Philadelphia Museum of Art—organized with the Musée d'Orsay in Paris, in association with the Tate Gallery in London—does not have a strong idea of this kind. There is no contemporary urgency concealed in this show, no sharp, edgy, or demanding glance as the present searches for its reflection in the sunken mirror of the past. Instead, there is a monument. Here we see Cézanne whole—early, late, and in between. Portraits, still lifes, landscapes, bathers; drawings, watercolors, and paintings. The catalogue is scholarly, with sensitive entries. Next fall, Abrams will publish John Rewald's catalogue raisonné of the painter's work.

Who would deny that a monument to Cézanne makes an impressive sight? Certainly not the half-million people who are expected to buy tickets between now and September 1, when the show closes. In this display of almost 190 works, which was organized by Joseph J. Rishel and Françoise Cachin, the eye can move easily between paintings and works on paper, and can appreciate the lifelong evolution of this artist's sensibility. In particular, the show brings together many of Cézanne's studies and paintings of bathers, a subject that preoccupied him and in which his aspiration to reconcile the legacy of the old masters with the insights of modernity finds its most searching expression.

But the idea of Cézanne as a monument is also poignant, for it suggests that this restless explorer no longer participates in our contemporary struggles and that the glory days of modern painting are fast receding. Cézanne lives for us today as Rubens or Poussin does; the modern master is an old master. Yet he can still play one of the essential roles of a founding father, which is to provide a rigorous critique of the present, symbolize lost values, and warn of the betrayal of the revolution. And as it happens, Cézanne has qualities now surpassingly rare.

To begin with, an erotic reticence. Cézanne is the patron saint of those with knots, and nots, in their sensibilities. He was bashful around women—he avoided painting nude models—and his early work seems fraught with unresolved sexual tension. Cézanne of this period loves everything beyond the pale, whether it is a portrayal of a crime of passion or an homage to the decorative swoon of Veronese's art. Few works could be more lurid than *The Abduction,* in which a man-creature steals away with a moon-naked nymph. At the press preview to the exhibition, the television crews could not get enough of this picture.

But Cézanne eventually leaves all that behind. Typically, art historians describe this move toward the more sober still lifes and landscapes as a "maturing," which

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

may be true but also makes the process sound too sensible. Cézanne buried, repressed, sublimated, and concealed. And what a marvelous thing that can be in art; certainly as interesting as our ripped-from-the-heart confessions. Without a direct object, the sensual pressure in Cézanne saturates the world: His trees are human, even if some of his women are wood. His apples have an Edenic blush. His brush is touching. Each curve, in this straitlaced master, seems to express an inchoate longing.

His art has the awkward beauty of a new truth, which seems particularly appealing today, when painters often suffer from a smart-ass knowingness. Despising the smooth facility of the academic artists of his own time, Cézanne called himself "the primitive of a new art." He is to Picasso and the twentieth century what Giotto or Piero della Francesca are to Raphael and the High Renaissance. Since the 1960s, we have been living in an essentially mannerist period, so we look back to Cézanne and yearn, often too nostalgically, for the gritty beginning.

And yet this revolutionary was also a man of the museums: an artist of intellect, not just instinct. His passion for the great tradition is particularly telling, for this great radical does not accept the vulgar modern conceit that art can remain ignorant of the past. He advised young artists to study the old masters; to, in effect, develop a visual conscience in the museum and then find the fresh truth by studying nature. In his *Bathers,* he struggled with an old-masterly subject—a figure study of nudes in a landscape. That he did not quite do what he intended is part of the open, modern power of these works: There is something broken, but not lost, in Cézanne's relation to the past.

Cézanne is slow where we are fast. He is the tortoise who does not hare after modernity. His art is constructed of contraries. If he reveres certainty, he sees doubt. Art 101 invariably contrasts his work with the "fleeting" art of the Impressionists, suggesting that he wished to build something enduring rather than transient with his sublime geometries. But this is correct only up to a point. Cézanne's passion for the enduring convinces us because he gets such a powerful sensation of the open-ended into his work. In Cézanne, the visual stitch is never too tight. He once said he wanted in his pictures "a sufficient amount of blueness to give the feel of air."

The intensity of Cézanne's stare—part of his slowness—remains astonishing today, when our eye habitually flickers over objects. For Cézanne, every picture had to be won anew, as he stood in front of the motif. It is an open question whether or not some of his compositions are finished. (He made the art dealer Ambroise Vollard sit more than 100 times for his portrait, then remarked that "the front of the shirt is not bad.") Cézanne's subject matter is important, but not as important as his absolute commitment to the meanings of the eye, to that visual poetry of form that can convey what words cannot.

For that reason, I don't think Cézanne himself would like the installation in Philadelphia. Not enough attention is paid to the eye. Most of his paintings are not seen in natural light, which deadens the work; some rooms are cramped and gloomy. And by making the *Large Bathers* the show's culmination, the curators almost turn the rest of Cézanne's great late period into an afterthought.

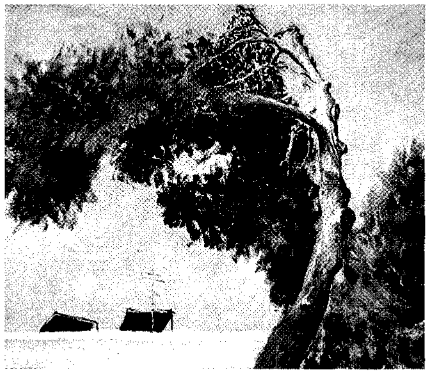
All this is not the fault of the museum, which must work with the space it has. But now that Philadelphia is proving so ambitious, mounting world-class shows of Brancusi and Cézanne, perhaps it can find a Daddy Big Bucks to improve the temporary-exhibition spaces. Cézanne is the moral conscience of modernism. His eye never compromises; he remains responsible to the past; he ignores fashion and the crowd. This marvelous show should look even better.

IN A LETTER A COUPLE OF YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH, Cézanne made the following observations: "One must look at the model and feel very exactly; and also express oneself distinctly and with force. . . . [The artist] must beware of the literary spirit which so often causes the painter to deviate from his true path—the concrete study of nature—to lose himself too long in intangible speculation. . . . The Louvre is a good book to consult but it must be only an intermediary. The real and immense study to be undertaken is the manifold picture of nature."

Avigdor Arikha is one of Cézanne's spiritual children. An Israeli who lives in Paris, he feels "very exactly" and expresses himself "distinctly and with force." He regularly "consults" the Louvre, yet remains committed to "the real and immense" study of nature. A survivor of the concentration camps, Arikha paints only from life. In the wired intensity of his stare, one knows, finally, the necessity of things in a world of illusion. And in the tautness of his compositions, which often remember Mondrian, one knows a world of right relations. This show of paintings, drawings, and prints at Marlborough (through June 15) is a telling reminder that Cézanne's legacy persists.

Yayoi Kusama IS AN EXTRAORDINARY JAPANESE ARTIST WHO came to New York in 1958 and returned home in 1972. While here, she made some startling work, well known at the time but now almost forgotten in the American art world. In one of the best shows of the season, at once fresh and useful, the Paula Cooper Gallery has assembled a selection of her paintings, sculpture, and works on paper (through June 21).

Now a voluntary resident of a mental hospital in Tokyo, Kusama is an artist who works the edges of sanity. She was a woman who could convey, well before art that called itself feminist, the sudden overwhelming of boundaries; the slipping away of a distinct identity; the consumption of women in a masculine culture. She once made a chair from what looks like a Medusa's head of writhing phalluses, an unforgettable object in the tradition of Surrealist sculpture. In a photograph of her seated in this chair, two bulky, foreign hands seem to push through her body to claim her. She cannot walk away: The phalluses push up through shoes scattered in front of her.

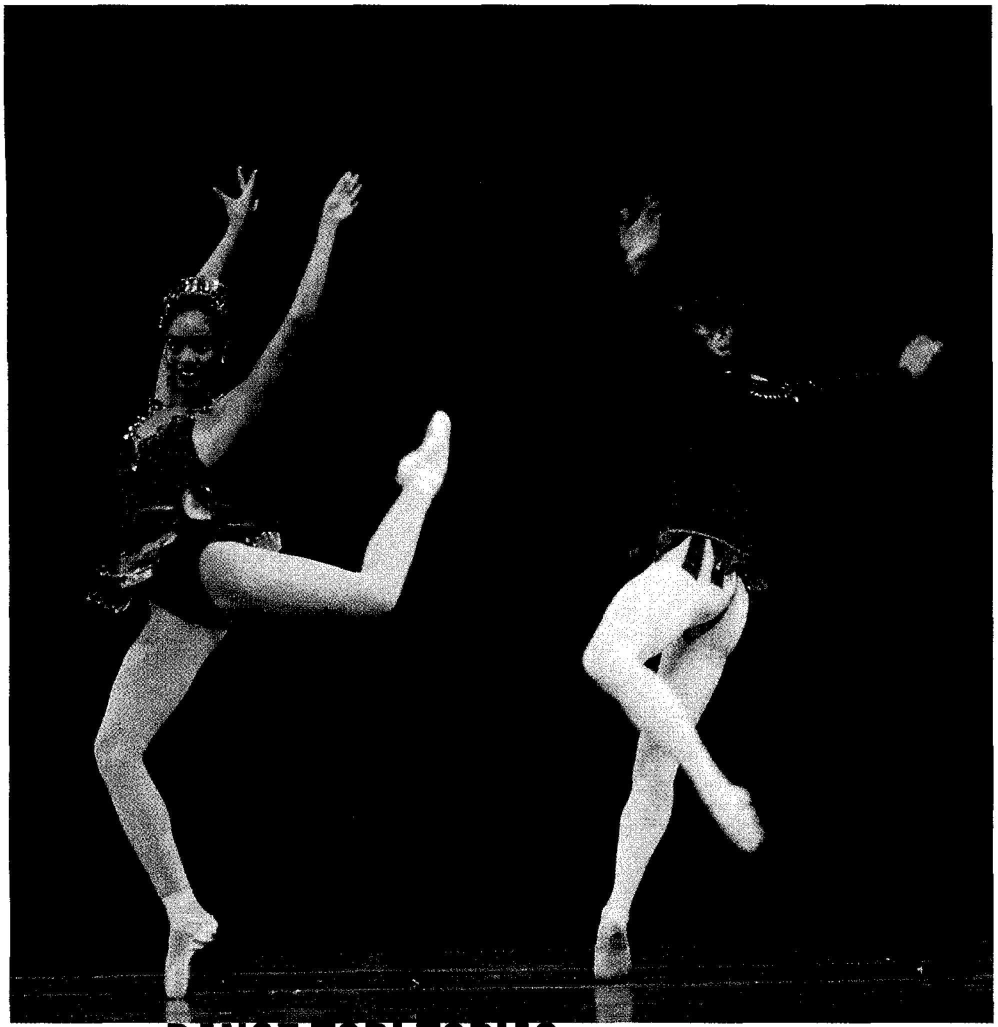


Avigdor Arikha: *Injured Pine,* 1994.

"...The idea of Cézanne as a monument is poignant, even disturbing; it suggests the restless explorer no longer participates in contemporary struggles..."

Kusama's paintings have a disturbing pulse. They are often composed of a kind of "netting"—skeins of paint that surround small dots of empty space. There is a serenity in these delicate works, evocative of much traditional Japanese or Zen art, in which the petty self seems to let go into an oceanic space. But there is also a kind of suffocation, a tightening toward terror. This is a rare matching of metaphysical tones.

Photograph courtesy of the Marlborough Gallery.



DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Go to the Head Of the Class

The fledglings of the School of American Ballet take wing with pluck and grace; a Dove and a 'Swan' land at the NYCB.

The School of American Ballet's Aesha Ash and Eric Otto.

EVERY SPRING, DANCE WATCHERS FLOCK TO THE **School of American Ballet**'s annual Workshop Performances—now in their thirty-second year—for the same good reasons: the soundness of the productions and the joy of seeing exceptionally gifted, scrupulously trained young dancers about to turn pro. Since SAB is the academy of the New York City Ballet, the program always emphasizes Balanchine; this year's offered no fewer than three of his works. The most thrilling rendition was given, ironically, to the least "important" of these ballets—*Valse Fantaisie,* a divertissement set to Glinka's irresistible dance-me rhythms and melodies. Jointly staged by Susan Pilarre and Suki Schorer, the best in the business at mounting Balanchine, the production captured the juicy and ecstatically windswept nature of the choreography.

Pilarre's setting of *Rubies* (the jazzy Stravinsky segment of the evening-length *Jewels*) got the energy and style of the ballet right and showed how the choreography illustrates the Lincoln Kirstein comment quoted in the program about "the academic vocabulary, with conscious violations and intensifications." If the performance of the piece had a flaw, it was the lack of repose endemic to young dancers. With time and experience, these irrepressible movers will learn to frame a phrase with a little stillness, so that it can register fully. Schorer's setting of *Concerto Barocco* was characteristically immaculate, but the lustiness that is also typical of Schorer stagings was absent in the work of the eight-woman ensemble, oddly timid in the size of its gesture and its attack on space.

Christopher Wheeldon, an NYCB corps dancer bred at the Royal Ballet, provided an element of novelty with his created-for-SAB *Danses Bohémiennes,* to music by Debussy. It presents its eight performers as ballet students seen in terms of the picturesque notions about their existence that ordinary folks cherish. All the trappings are there: the barre that symbolizes their ceaseless hard work, the sweet camaraderie, the romantic dreams of glory. Like far more astutely contrived works by Jerome Robbins—Wheeldon still has lots to learn about structure—the dance suffers from a self-conscious cuteness that patronizes its subject. Next to this deeply wrongheaded tack, the fact that Wheeldon appropriates motifs from his RB choreographic models, Frederick Ashton and Kenneth MacMillan, without being able to make them meaningful in a new context is an excusable misdemeanor. The conventional thing to say about early efforts like this is that they are "promising." Others will have to say it; I can't.

Throughout the program, the caliber of the dancing was superb, which is no more than Workshop followers have come to expect. The general excellence was apparent in the "dancers with no names"—the corps members you can't yet identify individually—while the soloists displayed notable gifts. I especially liked Laura Paulus, willowy and fluent; Eric Otto (the seventh in his family to attend SAB), all rough-hewn energy; and Anton Pankevich, of the compact, fleshy build and mischievous-choirboy face, who astonishes you with his sober classical correctness and exquisite line.

And then there are the few—almost every year has them—who are already manifest stars, their first-rate

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

technique seconded by astonishingly mature authority and charisma. Not only does Darius Crenshaw leap and turn with fine form and élan, but he's also a Prince Charming no modern young woman could scorn. An infinitely gracious cavalier, he remains as frank and unaffected as the guy next door. Roland Culler offers another, gravely proud, take on the contemporary prince, partnering with immense strength and subtlety. Aesha Ash, a soubrette-style charmer, takes to the stage as if it's the only place to live with full freedom and delight. Two minutes under the spell of her buoyant dancing and you're happy. Surely it's worth noting that these three dancers are black. The fact should encourage SAB, predominantly white since its inception in the thirties, to intensify its recruiting efforts among non-Caucasians. The talent is there to be identified and developed; a conservatory with *American* in its name would do well to reflect America's racial mix.

IN RECENT YEARS, ULYSSES DOVE HAS BEEN making graphically striking ballets that take as their theme the mutual viciousness possible in couples' relationships. They seem exploitative because their bold, broad poster-style design is obviously more significant than their investigation of the contemporary urban social psyche. In these pieces, Dove doesn't say the savagery is pathetic, tragic, or even thrilling, a turn-on; he says, *See how stunning I can make it look.* Maybe he'd gone as far as he could go in this direction; maybe he's had some alternative thoughts. At any rate, with his new *Twilight,* created for the **New York City Ballet,** he softens and warms up some.

The dance is set to a score by Michael Torke—a Peter Martins favorite for his own mean-modern ballets—that finds the composer, too, in a less relentless, more sultry mood. Dove creates an isolated little world peopled by two couples. He shows us the workings of each pair, fleeting passages in which the four individuals interact diversely or just pass one another by, and, most interesting, isolated moments for each figure alone in the vast, dusky space that seem to reveal their interior lives.

Even as lovers, these people are athletes first; Dove is fascinated by bodies operating at physical extremes. Splayed limbs and extravagant poses dominate the dance, suggesting pulling apart, pulling away, rather than connection. The actual embraces are more literal than dancelike, two people simply falling into each other's arms as a kind of capitulation, when all else has failed. The final image of the ballet is no more than this—a clinch rendered in duplicate, with no movement interest in the getting there.

Albert Evans, emphasizing his liquid, sensuous quality, is the best thing in the piece. Peter Boal's thoughtful, richly textured dancing helps it along, and Heléne Alexopoulos quietly adds a honeyed element. Wendy Whelan is—well, Wendy Whelan: rapaciously sharp and angular, with an authority you can't deny. The lighting, by the usually resourceful Mark Stanley, takes the ballet's title at face value. The stage is as murky as our polluted town on a hot, humid late afternoon, when the haze in the air suffocates your will to push on.

Having been commissioned by his alma mater, the Royal Danish Ballet, to choreograph an evening-length work for its repertory this summer, Peter Martins decided instead to create his own version of *Swan Lake.* His new *Tschaikovsky Pas de Quatre,* for the NYCB, may be a preview of what he has in mind, though one wonders how the Danes will ever manage its fiendish technical feats.

The quartet, impeccably, breathtakingly executed by Ethan Stiefel, Miranda Weese, Katrina Killian, and Samantha Allen, is set to standard numbers and "outtakes" from the original *Swan Lake* score, most of which have been variously re-interpolated over the decades as different choreographers adapted the benchmark Petipa-Ivanov version of the ballet to their own purposes. In places, Martins works obdurately against the clear emotional message of the music, as when he uses the dulcet, melancholy passage that lends itself well to a brooding solo for Prince Siegfried to support an adagio duet for Stiefel and Weese. As a whole, though, Martins's jewel-box invention can reasonably be imagined as a specialty number in Act I, where Siegfried diverts himself with his court. It can even be seen as a latter-day gloss on the idea of Siegfried's going through the motions with the duchess whom protocol destines for him (and with two runners-up for his hand), all the while longing for an ideal woman who will turn out to be Odette—perfect apart from some ornithological complications.

The trouble with the piece is that generic Martins problem: Its most interesting aspects are mechanical. Just to increase the challenge, steps are rendered doubly difficult. They're turned in on themselves, festooned with tricky fillips, linked perversely against physical logic to make transitions well-nigh impossible and thus more of a tour de force. Dance specialists may come away marveling at the intricate workings of Martins's mind and the performers' technical finesse. But the general public will just see dry busyness, little trace of what the Danes call *danseglæde*—the joy of dancing, the elation and expansive sense of release provided by organic and inspired movement to music. ■

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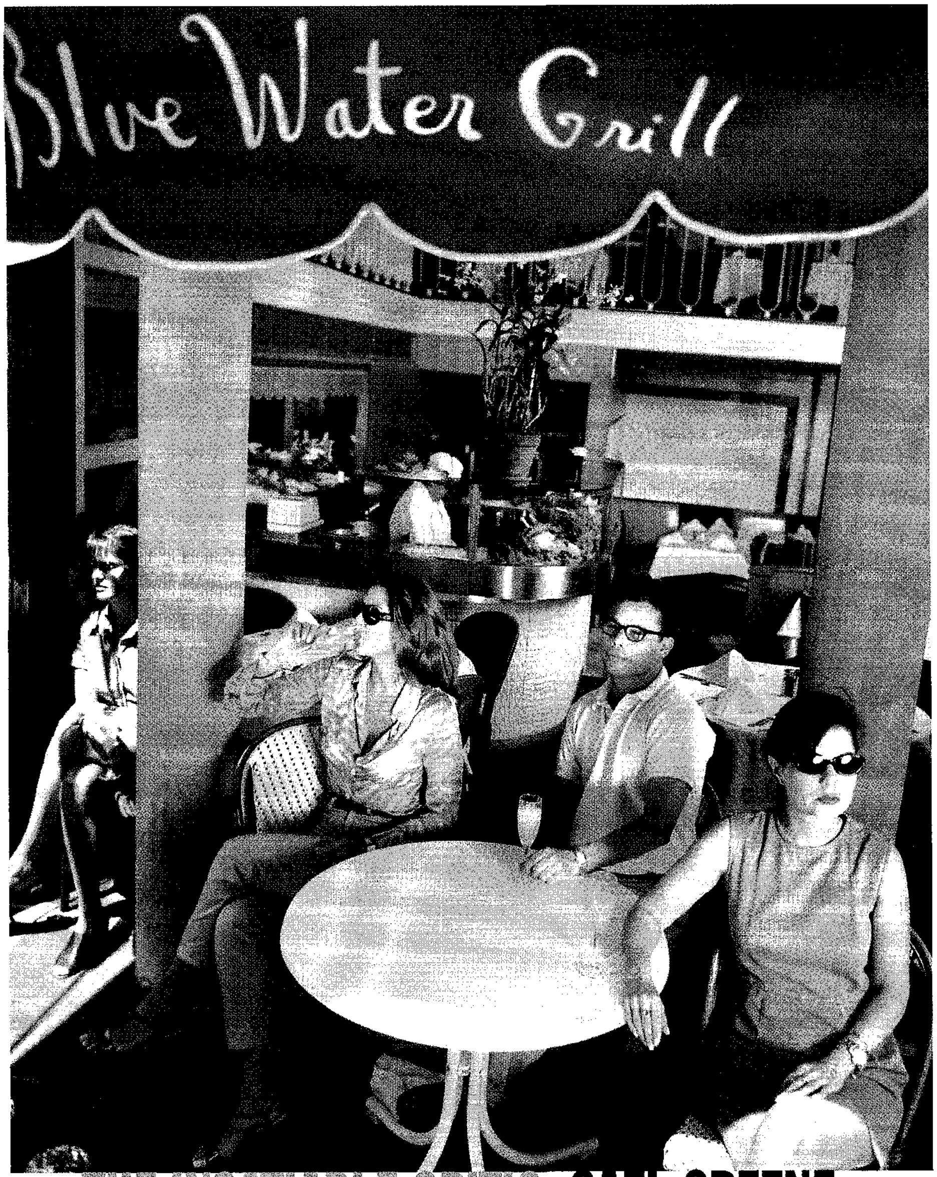

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC **GAEL GREENE**

Sea Change

The Blue Water Grill worships the newly almighty halibut; Chelsea's Crab House serves crab by the ton.

On the Blue Water lanai deck: Promising menu, slightly fishy ambience.

ONCE MERELY A HUMBLE LAST RESORT FOR PROtein, the halibut suddenly looks like an endangered species. And if there were an AARP for aging lobsters, it would be lobbying Congress for protection. Having tested the waters at Isabella's and Coconut Grill, and transported his winning ways to Park Avalon, restaurateur Stephen Hanson has launched **Blue Water Grill,** a fish house in the glorious old bank that last housed the Metropolis Cafe. Very quickly, the capricious, the curious, and the (well-heeled) locals are queuing up. Even midweek, walk-ins may find themselves parked at the handsome copper-topped bar for half an hour awaiting a table, nibbling too many mile-long breadsticks and eyeing the crowd for brand-name investors, fashion-hangers and hangers-on. Once stuffed into leatherette half-circle booths, fussier fish fans are pleased with the sensational seaweed salad served with little hills of pickled ginger, and the lobster or almost any fish meticulously cooked. Well, almost always.

Don't think Le Bernardin. Think Docks and John Clancy's, two seafood dispensaries where veteran chef Kenneth Pulomena learned to handle temperamental sea critters. His savvy shows in the smart cut and rare beefy color of perfectly cooked yellowtail served with artichokes and garlicky clams on lemon-touched pearl couscous or piled atop penne in an almost-too-intense puttanesca sauce. And in the tenderness of giant lobsters (steamed, broiled, or grilled) as well as the fresh just-jelled texture of swordfish (ordered rare) on a lively ragoût of tomato, olives, and capers and toasted orzo. Intoxicated by a new freedom to be creative here, he falls off the edge of the envelope from time to time. Warm shrimp cocktail in a bamboo steamer is more a haiku than anything special to eat. And there are tastier ways to trick up the lowly halibut—it was Gilbert Le Coze's grassy herb-green vinaigrette that gentrified the Eliza Doolittle of the deep. Pulomena's deep-fried pineapple-mango wontons and mango-macadamia sauce strike me as bimbo dress.

Still, it's early, and a few small hiccups don't seem likely to sabotage Hanson's proven formula for longevity—service without attitude; prices that never pinch; and food that is familiar, homey, fuel for bodies that often arrive still glowing from the gym.

When I first met him five years ago in Amagansett, his kindness and loyalty to friends seemed surreal. But the dedication to pleasing—watch him personally bus a table—infects his crew even here, where it's still spring training. In the obvious need to warm the hauteur of the chilling marble vault, his designers have produced a banal hodgepodge of carpeted levels and tacky chandeliers. But on a balmy day when the doors are thrown open to the sidewalk tables and light pours in on the gleaming raw bar, nature and the bustle of the nearby Greenmarket add energy. Sprays of orchids in tall urns help, too. I'd say send in more urns and hope it doesn't tilt the pricing: Lunch entrées start at $10.50. At dinner, they range from $12.50 to $21.50. Figure at least $90 to $100 for three courses for two with a modest wine.

Assemble a classic shore dinner with just-shucked cherrystones on the half shell or steamers cooked in beer broth and lobster. Our perfectly grilled two-pounder ($31.50 on the bill) came with a baked potato and plump asparagus. New England clam chowder is Croesus-rich, though the Caesar needs more inner-leaf crunch. But crisp fried calamari to dip in lemon aïoli are without flaw. The good news is that most of the chef's creative tweaks are not excessive. Mussels in a fragrant red Thai curry broth, crisp fried oysters to dip in Creole sauce or cilantro wasabi, and large

Photograph by Greg Miller.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

KURT MASUR, MUSIC DIRECTOR

CONCERTS IN THE PARKS

TIME WARNER

JULY 16-27, 1996

MANHATTAN
Tuesday, July 16*
North Meadow, Central Park

Monday, July 22*
North Meadow, Central Park

STATEN ISLAND
Thursday, July 18
Miller Field, Gateway
National Recreation Area

QUEENS
Friday, July 19*
Cunningham Park

WESTCHESTER
Saturday, July 20*
Westchester Community
College

BROOKLYN
Tuesday, July 23*
Prospect Park

BRONX
Wednesday, July 24*
Van Cortlandt Park

SUFFOLK COUNTY
Saturday, July 27*
Heckscher State Park

ALL CONCERTS START AT 8:00PM

Rain date for July 16: Wednesday, July 17 — Rain date for July 23 and 24: Thursday, July 25
*Denotes concerts with fireworks
Dates, locations and fireworks subject to change.

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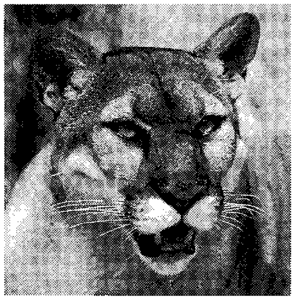

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shrimp lightly charred on the grill with corn pancakes and smoked chipotles are all pleasing. Delicately steamed salmon on Asian greens—snow peas and Chinese broccoli—gets its tang from a cross-cultural potion the chef calls Shanghai sauce. And one evening's special grilled sea bass with rock-shrimp-and-wild-mushroom risotto packs an afterbite from a spicy crawfish vinaigrette. Less is more when it comes to soft-shell crabs. These are judiciously dusted with chick-pea flour and served on wild rice studded with buttery vegetable bits and chopped pecans. A classic lobster fra diavolo is classically messy and good, but almost every creature gathered for the cioppino has been overcooked. Most of my friends, like me, want red wine with fish, and the $31 Chinon Les Picasses stands up to the spicy clutter.

> *"…Pulomena's savvy shows in the smart cut and rare beefy color of* **perfectly cooked yellowtail** *served with artichokes and garlicky clams on lemon-touched pearl couscous…"*

Sensational cookies, pungent sorbets, wonderful raisin-flecked rice pudding in an almond tuile, and an irresistible brownie sundae end the night on a high. And though the opening pastry chef recently decamped, Hanson insists his seconds can mimic the recipes.

Once the chef cures his kitchen team of bad habits—iceberg lettuce is nasty enough, but rusty iceberg is a turn-off—and it can generate 400 meals without a soggy mizuma, Hanson will raise the bar yet again. Come August, he counts on serving up the same menu and live jazz in the sprawling cellar. For now, though, the Greenmarket is his garden, and Pulomena has time to improvise. Today, he's discovered radishes more radiant than any he's ever seen. Expect them julienned and cooked in butter, a crunchy topknot for the besainted halibut.

Blue Water Grill, 31 Union Square West (675-9500). Lunch and dinner Monday through Sunday, 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. A.E., M.C., V.

IT PROBABLY DOESN'T MATTER AT ALL whether you or I love **The Crab House.** Chances are it will be roaring soon enough with jocks and transients—maybe even crab addicts, too—ravaging the seafood-and-salad bar, hammering the spicy crustaceans into submission.

Just getting there is aerobic. Hiking from the taxi drop-off point at the Hudson south of 23rd, past the skating rink, the glassed-in gymnasts' playground, a couple of indoor lacrosse games, and the basketball courtesans warming up at 9 P.M., then all the way to the tip of Pier 61, where neon beckons, is workout enough. Enter, and you could be in Miami, where this chain got its start, with painted fantasy fish dangling from the ceiling and fishing-camp signs that you can now buy by the dozen. But from the veranda New Jersey is jeweled with light. Tankers and tugs chug through purple water. That old salty magic.

So maybe the drill is shopping-mall prole. Our waiter, Mr. Personality, writes his name upside down on the brown butcher-paper tablecloth and is good-natured as he takes forever to bring beer, even longer to deliver iced plates to take to the the all-you-can-eat seafood salad bar ($8.95 with an entreé, $18.95 without). Where was he—Siberia? "Let the games begin," he announces. All-you-can-eat oysters, clams, blue crab, mussels, shrimp, and tuna salad—wait till the Olympic gourmands get the word. True, the clams are slightly mangled by the shucker, the shrimp are tasteless (though fresh), and an occasional crab may be over-the-hill. But these guys are crab pros, and I'm assuming they will be able to get the cooks up to code in fairly short order.

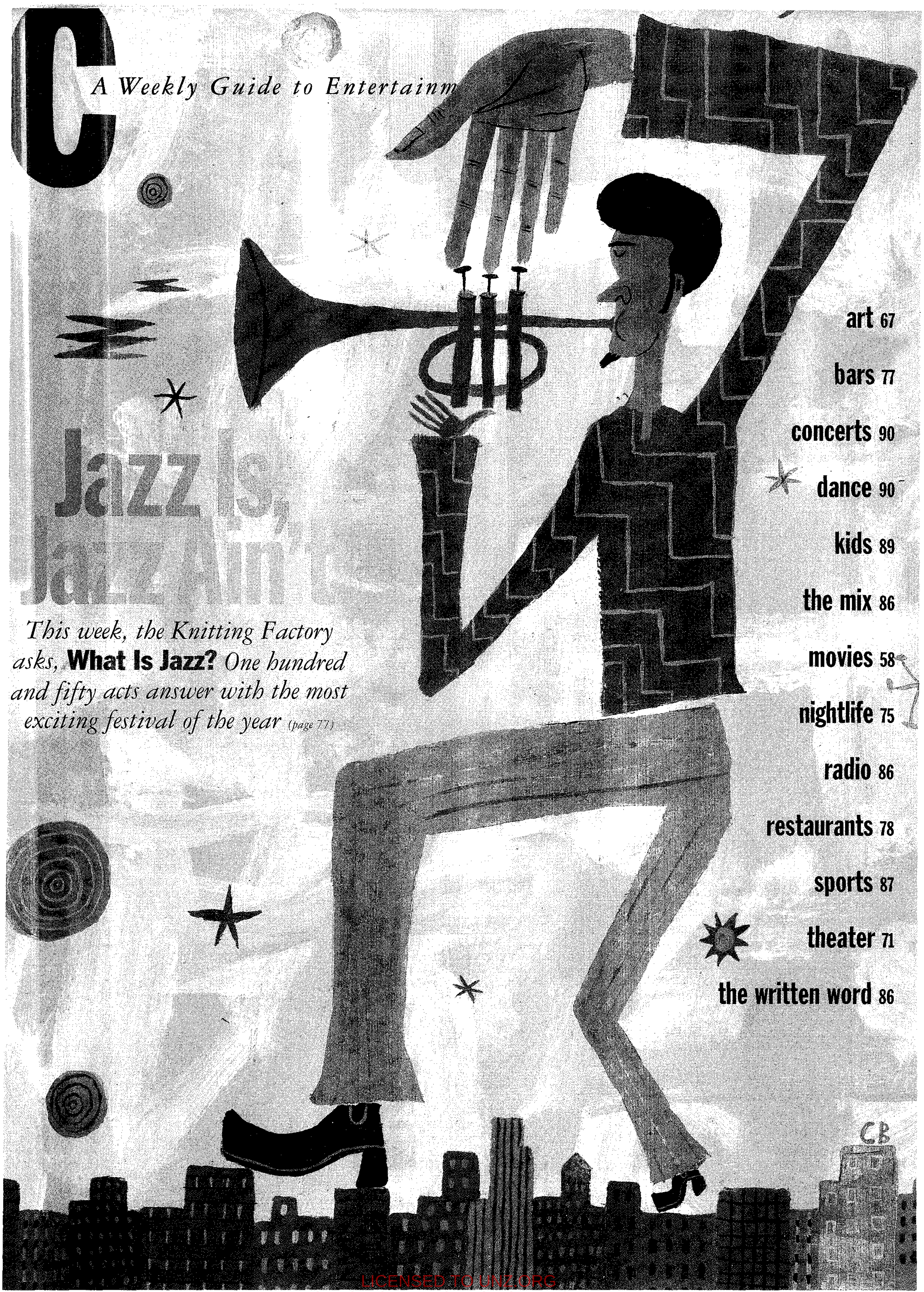
Once the warm body chunks and feet of Dungeness arrive, the crab fans at our table never come up for air. With six to ten huge and spicy blue crabs to an entrée, no one need weep over discarding an aging one. And the clams Cassino are surprisingly pleasant in an appetizer sampler beside cheese-bound oysters Rockefeller and oozing stuffed mushrooms. Cheers for the smokiness of New England clam chowder. The kitchen even does the swordfish rare as requested, but then mucks it up with too much salt and oil.

And I suspect the mundane greens bar, the too-salty coleslaw, the oddments the house passes off as calamari, and the out-of-the-freezer feel of deep-fried seafood are the best they can do. Whole Zip Codes of Americans simply don't know the difference. On our first visit, we vote against dessert because in the samples scattered about the room, everything looks sat on. A week later, our orders appear just as smushed, and while I don't recommend the dessert trio—small cuts of Key-lime, chocolate-silk, and peanut-butter pie—the seven-layer cookie could be my downfall.

The Crab House, Pier 61, 23rd Street at Twelfth Avenue (835-2722). Sunday through Thursday 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m., Friday and Saturday till midnight. A.E., C.B., D.C., M.C., V.

C

A Weekly Guide to Entertainm



Jazz Is, Jazz Ain't

This week, the Knitting Factory asks, **What Is Jazz?** *One hundred and fifty acts answer with the most exciting festival of the year* (page 77)

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A Perfect Candidate...Switchblade Sisters

Medieval Times
Medieval Times

Opening Wired

Jim Carrey (right)—whose over-the-top, love-it-or-hate-it comedy smacks of supplication—should rise to the occasion admirably in *The Cable Guy* (opening June 14), as a socially inept installer who feels an instant affinity for hapless consumer Matthew Broderick (left).

New Films

★**Angels & Insects**—In the early 1860s, a young naturalist, William Adamson (Mark Rylance), returns to England after years spent in the Amazon. Most of Adamson's specimens have been lost in a shipwreck, and he is dependent on the patronage of a wealthy, aristocratic family, the Alabasters, in whose great Gothic house he takes residence. The ugly gray pile seems haunted—by the withdrawal, perhaps, of divine beneficence from the natural order, or by some dirty secret. Oblivious, Adamson goes on with his work. He marries the eldest daughter, Eugenia (Patsy Kensit), and makes a professional alliance with the tutor of the young Alabaster children, Matty Crompton (Kristin Scott Thompson), a severe and exciting young woman who burns with ethical and sexual passion. But Adamson is mesmerized by his wife, who lies in bed, surrounded by white lace; her bed is both a throne and a trap. Director Philip Haas, working with his wife, Belinda, has adapted a marvelous 1992 A. S. Byatt novella, shrewdly preserving Byatt's volatile mix of science, sex, and Victorian class warfare. (Denby; 2/5/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Plaza Twin.*

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their various struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema 3.*

The Arrival—Charlie Sheen plays an astronomer who discovers extraterrestrial life and becomes entangled in a massive conspiracy. Written and directed by David Twohy. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Birdcage**—Director Mike Nichols and writer Elaine May have set this remake of *La Cage aux Folles* in Miami's South Beach. Above the Birdcage club live Armand (Robin Williams) and Albert (Nathan Lane), who have been together through so many versions and productions that they easily qualify as the world's most famous married couple. Armand's loving son is about to be married to the daughter of an ultraconservative couple (the bride's father, played by Gene Hackman, is a right-wing senator), and Armand and Albert have to put on a respectable show for the parents. As soon as we see Robin Williams's Armand walking rapidly through the club, we understand exactly who he is—a Jewish businessman as well as a theatrical impresario, the guy who holds everything together. He gives one of his most restrained and beautiful performances; he's the soul of the movie, a hard-working husband in love with a funny hysteric whom he will take care of till his dying day. Armand, Albert, and their maid, Agador, put on a memorable and hilarious dinner party for the senator and his wife, and the loveliest thing about this scene is that caricature turns to benevolent farce. When the senator finds himself charmed by a man dressed as a woman and even becomes jealous of the woman's "husband," he is softened and transfigured by absurdity. Opposites suddenly recognize each other as soulmates, and from this recognition flows reconciliation. (Denby; 3/11/96) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; 62nd and Broadway.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

Blush—Set against the backdrop of the Chinese Revolution, Li Shaohong's film tells the story of two women who vie for the love of the same man. Based on a novel by Su Tong (*Raise the Red Lantern*). (1 hr. 59 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Cable Guy—Jim Carrey plays a cable installer who worms his way into the life of a hapless young customer (Matthew Broderick) in this black comedy. Directed by Ben Stiller. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

Cold Comfort Farm—John Schlesinger's latest is a funny but rather smug little movie based on Stella Gibbons's funny but smug little 1932 novel about an impoverished, well-brought-up girl, Flora (Kate Beckinsale), who goes to live with her dim, depressed relatives on a Sussex farm. Flora won't stand for anything but the best and most rational behavior, and the men and women on the farm are so abashed by her that they go along. The book is an implicit rebuke to the loamy novels of the early thirties influenced by D.H. Lawrence, with their sexy-peasant heroes who inflame well-born ladies. The sexy peasant here, played by Rufus Sewell, is thoroughly tamed—gelded, really. In all, life doesn't put up much of a fight. *Cold Comfort Farm* presents, without irony, a triumph of tidiness: its wit is sarcastic, asexual, and finally more convenient and self-regarding than bracing. (Denby; 5/27/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Lincoln Square.*

Cold Fever—A young Tokyo executive decides to spend his vacation not in Hawaii, as originally planned, but on a remote river in Iceland—the spot where his parents died. Directed by Fridrik Thor Fridriksson. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

The Craft—A coven of teenage witches exercises its powers in suburban L.A. With Fairuza Balk, Robin Tunney, and Skeet Ulrich. Directed by Andrew Fleming. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center.*

Dead Man—Jim Jarmusch's new movie is a ghastly put-on Western, a mystical-absurdist opus in which he treats the task of entertaining an audience as some sort of bourgeois error. Johnny Depp is William Blake, a prim little accountant who wants only to claim the job that has been promised him out West. But when he arrives at his destination, the job has disappeared. Through a series of events, Blake finds himself accused of murder, and he escapes, wounded, into the

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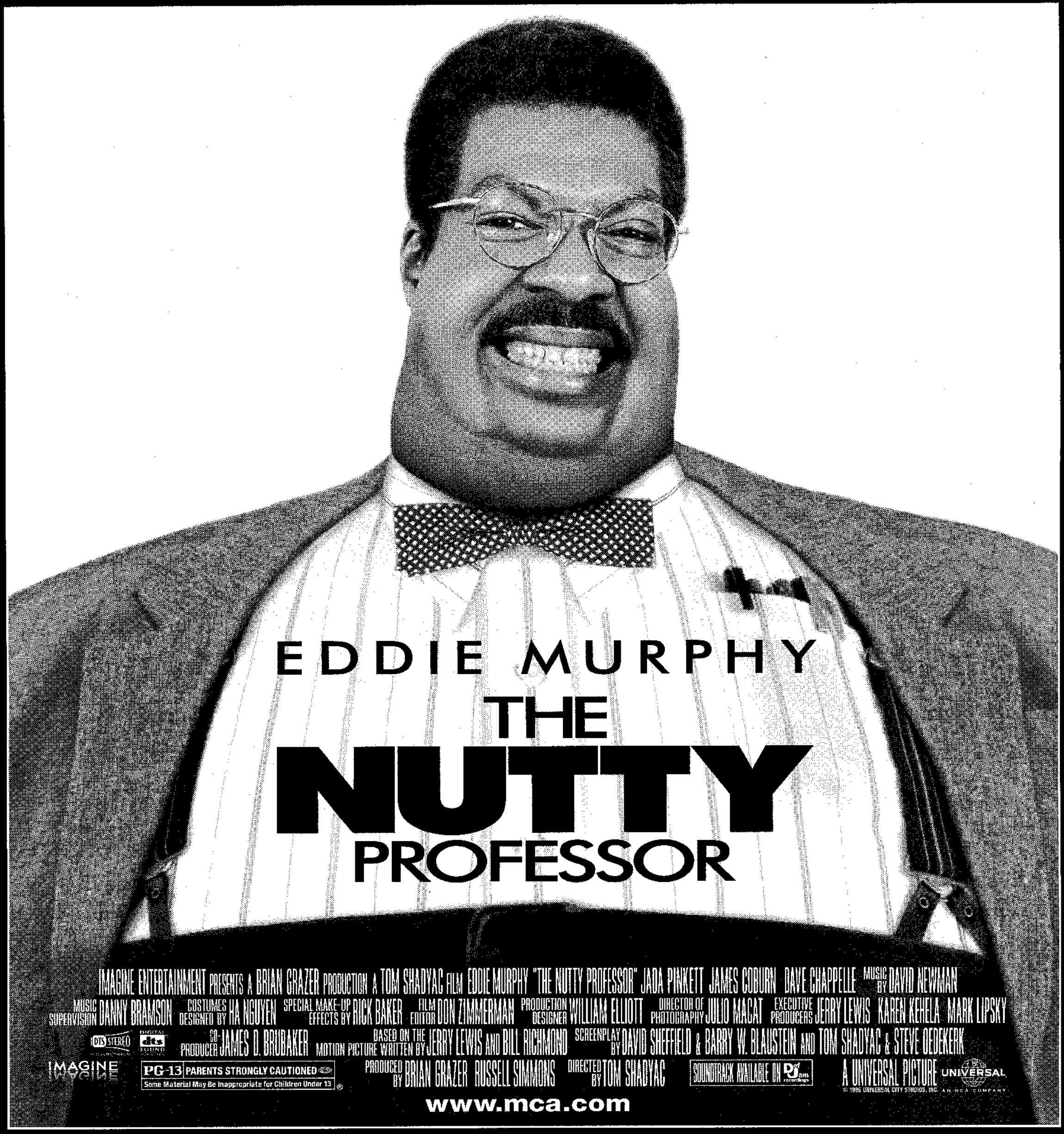
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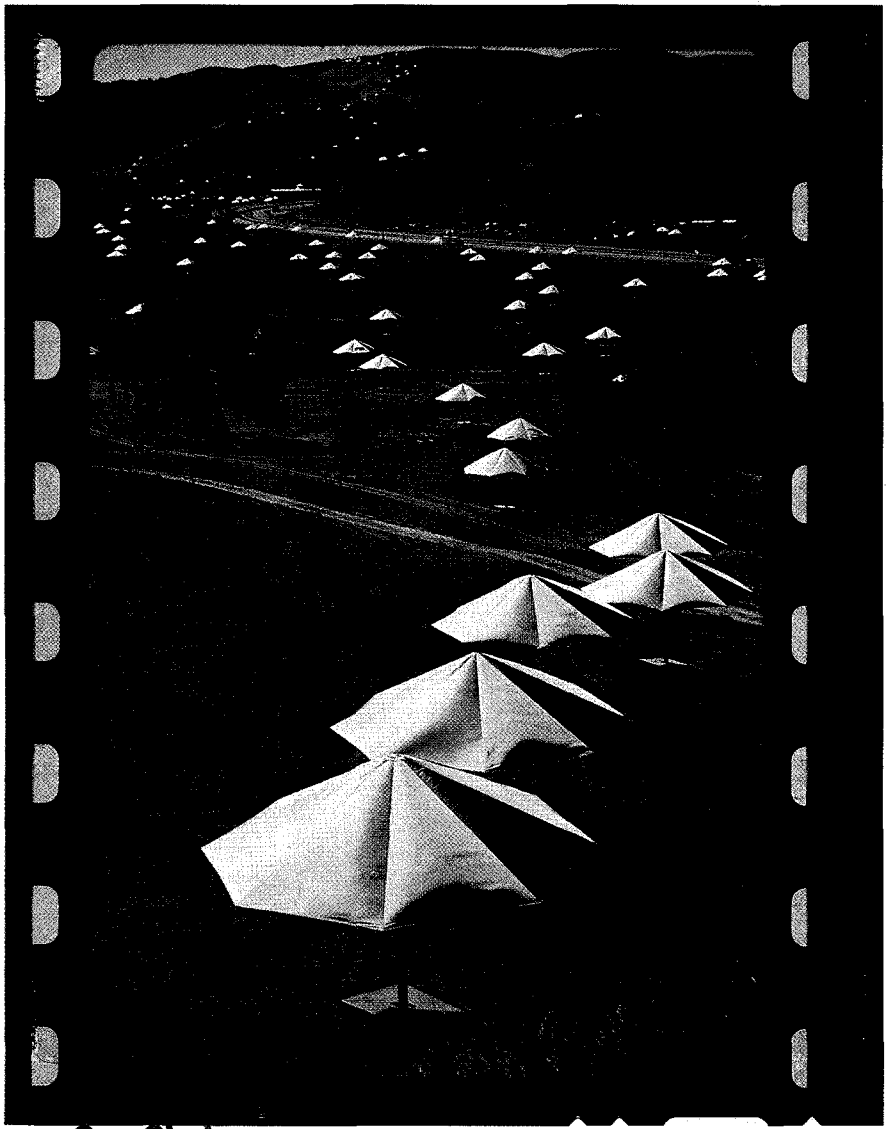

One Shot
It's A Wrap

Fresh from wrapping up the Reichstag, Christo and his wife, Jeanne-Claude, unveil 'Umbrellas,' their film about dotting stunningly ragged, rustic areas of both Japan and California with, well, umbrellas, at the Asia Society June 11. (See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.' for more info.)

woods. He falls under the care of a large, philosophical Indian, Nobody, who speaks perfect English and persists in treating him as *the* William Blake, the poet. Blake's experiences get stranger and stranger, the conceits pile higher and higher, and the movie just dies. What makes it so uniquely tiresome? The black-and-white cinematography, however handsome, becomes monotonous—perhaps because Jarmusch doesn't move people around much. He attempts to connect Blake's increasingly violent and absurd experience to the visions in William Blake's poetry, but he hasn't the dramatic imagination to make those connections beyond the level of vague pseudo-smart jokiness. Jarmusch has found a new, unamusing way of insulting the audience. (Denby; 5/13/96) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Desolation Angels—Tim McCann's award-winning feature debut about a young man who attempts to avenge the rape of his girlfriend. (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Dragonheart—Dennis Quaid plays a medieval knight who teams up with the last existing dragon (the voice of Sean Connery) to overthrow a vicious despot. With Pete Postlethwaite and David Thewlis. Directed by Rob Cohen. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza.*

Eddie—A limousine driver called Eddie (Whoopi Goldberg) is hired as the head coach of the New York Knicks by the team's owner (Frank Langella) as a publicity stunt. Directed by Steve Rash. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

★**Fargo**—In the dead of winter, a car drives toward us through a whiteness so enveloping that we cannot tell where ground and air meet. The brilliant opening shot of *Fargo*—a devastating comedy-thriller from Joel and Ethan Coen—suggests something unspeakably sinister, a void without gradation or limits. The film is about Jerry Lundegaard, a Minneapolis auto salesman who hires two thugs to kidnap his wife. Why? So he can cop part of the ransom money his rich father-in-law will pony up to get his daughter back, of course. In the beginning, he arrives in a roadhouse north of Minneapolis and meets two thugs, one of them a jumpy little creep (Steve Buscemi) and the other a monosyllabic, barely conscious stone killer of indeterminate Scandinavian origin. Buscemi's punk is highly puzzled by Jerry's scheme to have his wife kidnapped and then collect part of the ransom himself. Why doesn't Jerry just *ask* his father-in-law for the money? Buscemi's demand that crime make sense becomes a running joke in this peculiar north-country world, in which the conversational engine turns over and over but never really catches fire. As the Coens see it, people in northern Minnesota are so devoted to surface pleasantness that they don't notice the dark abyss opening at their feet. Joel Coen (who directed) stages the scenes as a deadpan comedy of squareness—but just when the satire is approaching burlesque, Frances McDormand turns up as police chief Marge Gunderson, and we see that blandness may have a hidden meaning. *Fargo* is not completely an exercise in attitude; it's a fable of good and evil, in which the pregnant Marge gets to restore order, one syllable at a time. (Denby; 3/18/96) (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Flipper—Elijah Wood plays a 14-year-old city kid who forges an unlikely bond with a dolphin. Written and directed by Alan Shapiro. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *23rd Street West Triplex; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Regency.*

★**Flirting With Disaster**—David O. Russell's new comedy not only flirts with disaster; it waltzes, tangos, and goes to bed with it, yet somehow survives and even flourishes. Russell's hero is Mel (Ben Stiller), an adopted son undergoing an identity crisis—he wants to find his real parents. Who can blame him? He was brought up by a pair of warring Manhattan neurotics (George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore) who would probably make anyone look for new parents. The adoption agency sends out a very aggressive but "understanding" woman (Téa Leoni) to observe, and with this intruder in tow, Mel, his wife (Patricia Arquette), and their baby take off on a quest in which we know everything has to go wrong. The movie is a malicious satire on the current psychobabble about roots, caring, and identity; although it's not always fun watching people undergo one humiliation after another, Russell is persistent. He clings to his idea, and he scores. Everyone Mel meets is a mess (as is he), and the pace never lets up—with five or six people together in a scene, all blabbing about their inner lives, the texture of nutty confessions grows almost symphonic. This is one of the rare comedies that actually get stronger as they go along. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Flower of My Secret—In Pedro Almodóvar's latest comedy, Marisa Paredes plays a romance novelist who finds it impossible to write when her marriage falls apart. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

The Great White Hype—A flabby, aging boxer (Damon Wayans) and his shady manager (Samuel L. Jackson) try to revive his career by finding a white guy to enter the ring. Directed by Reginald Hudlin. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *National Twin.*

Heavy—Set in an isolated town in upstate New York, James Mangold's debut feature tells the story of a painfully shy, overweight cook (Pruitt Taylor Vince) who falls in love with a beautiful new waitress. With Evan Dando, Liv Tyler, and Deborah Harry. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Horseman on the Roof—A love story set in nineteenth-century Provence, against the backdrop of a cholera epidemic. With Olivier Martinez and Juliette Binoche. Directed by Jean-Pau Rappeneau. (2 hrs.; R) *Quad Cinema; Paris Theater.*

★**I Shot Andy Warhol**—Valerie Solanas, who wanted to make a revolution, or at least to write, lived on the street in sixties New York and then became a hanger-on at Andy Warhol's Factory. She burst into the news on June 3, 1968. Disappointed by Warhol's indifference to a play she'd written, and by her diminishing status at the Factory, Solanas shot the great man two times in the chest. "He

Photograph by Wolfgang Volz/© Christo 1991.

had too much control over my life," she told a policeman as she gave herself up. Yet Solanas did not destroy Warhol; she destroyed herself. Written and directed by Mary Harron, the movie is a pungent but surprisingly buoyant re-creation of Solanas's life up to the point of the shooting. Played by the fast-talking and lively Lili Taylor, Valerie is smart and funny, but also a ferocious pain in the ass. From time to time, Harron halts the narrative and poses Taylor against a white scrim, and the actress recites from the pamphlet Solanas wrote for an imaginary revolutionary group, the Society for Cutting Up Men. In the pamphlet, Solanas combined a lunging attack on male domination with pop anarcho-lesbian visions of a future controlled by all-powerful "groovy" women. After her initial success, Valerie bombs at the Factory because she's too intense—crazy in the wrong way for Warhol. The movie addresses Solanas's disintegration without "psychology" or analytic depth. Harron stages the events in Factory pop terms, as one of the sixties scenes that went bad; she makes it clear that Valerie goes too far, that she's paranoid and delusional, but she also suggests that the gender antagonisms are real, that the campy atmosphere is poisonous for women. Fighting all the time, Lili Taylor comes at the role with tremendous verve, and she gives Valerie's wildest remarks a natural comic's timing. She doesn't deepen the character, but depth isn't what's needed—Valerie Solanas was too goofy to weep over. And Valerie herself would probably have enjoyed this scrappy, entertaining, semi-satirical version of her blighted life. (Denby; 5/6/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**James and the Giant Peach**—Based on one of Roald Dahl's children's books, *James* is turned by director Henry Selick into a sophisticated fairy tale that doesn't choke on self-consciousness. In the beginning, a little boy (James) lives in perfect harmony on the English coast—until his parents are eaten by a rhinoceros. A rhinoceros! Even children will know that the movie is really about imaginary stories, and that the next sequence, in which the unhappy little boy is turned over to his witchy aunts Spiker (Joanna Lumley) and Sponge (Miriam Margolyes), is a riff on the more dolorous sections of old Disney movies. Lumley and Margolyes overplay deliciously, and just when we've had enough, James climbs into the giant peach he has made on the front lawn, and the movie goes from live action to stop-motion animation with puppets. Inside the peach, James joins a selection of talkative insects. The peach and its jabbering crew take off for New York, and James and his friends have terrific adventures in the air with menacing sea creatures—all done with puppets moving very freely but with more weight and body than drawn or computer-animated figures. The charming *James* flags slightly when it lands in New York, but it's got a freer and bolder visual style than anything Disney has done in years. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) .

Jane Eyre—Franco Zeffirelli's version of the Charlotte Brontë classic about a young governess who eventually wins the man she loves. Starring Charlotte Gainsbourg, William Hurt, Joan Plowright, and Anna Paquin. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

Ma Saison Préférée—Catherine Deneuve plays a woman who is revered for her beauty but seemingly incapable of loving anyone; when her mother takes ill, she is forced to confront her estranged brother and daughter. Directed by André Techiné. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Man by the Shore—A young girl struggles to survive in the turbulent political and social climate of sixties Haiti. Directed by Raoul Peck, who is also the current cultural minister of Haiti. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Mission: Impossible—In the most impressive sequence, Tom Cruise, as a rogue intelligence agent, hangs from the air, his body suspended from a harness. Our boy has penetrated the inner sanctum of the CIA—a white-on-white chamber, pristine as a mosque, and so sensitized to intrusion that instruments register the slightest change in temperature or weight. Tom can't even sweat; one droplet, falling to the floor, will give him away. Cruise has never been in better shape, and even while dangling here (he's attempting to steal some secrets), he manages to act with his arms, neck, and torso. As directed by Brian De Palma, *Mission: Impossible* is a no-sweat movie, a high-tech marvel suspended in the air. There is no stupid or unnecessary violence, nothing that insults your intelligence. But there is also nothing that engages your emotions. The plot is so casually and vaguely developed that you can't be sure why Cruise's superagent is removing American secrets. Jon Voight, as the head of the team, summons the troops, and the movie slips into its nominal plot. Ah, yes, this business of a minor diplomat at the American Embassy who is selling a computer disk with the names of American agents. Of course. Without a word of explanation about who the diplomat is or to whom he's selling secrets or why any of this matters, we get an elaborate plan to entrap the diplomat at the embassy. Now, even in this early—and beautifully done—scene, one realizes that nothing really is at stake. The movie has lost itself in sheer process. The spies wear glasses equipped with tiny hidden cameras; as they move around with their specs, we watch multiple images on a computer screen. Ingenious, but so what? Relationships between the characters are barely sketched in; new people enter, and we don't know who they are, or why they matter, but everyone talks very allusively, in knowing techno-gibberish, and the poor actors are left trying to make something intense out of virtually nothing. Such oddities as an explosion in a restaurant that somehow produces a Niagara of water from a couple of fish tanks, and a train dragging a helicopter into a tunnel and pulling it along for miles, are ludicrous. *Mission: Impossible* is an example of technological decadence. Emotion and logic have gone dead, and sensation is all. (Denby; 6/3/96) (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Moll Flanders—Robin Wright stars in this epic period piece, loosely adapted from Daniel Defoe's novel, about a high-minded young woman forced into a life of prostitution. With Morgan Freeman. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

The Monster—A comedy about a hapless man in a small Italian village who is fingered by police as a serial killer. Written by, directed by, and starring Roberto Benigni. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Angelika 57.*

Mulholland Falls—In fifties Los Angeles, Lieutenant Max Hoover (Nick Nolte) and his buddies (Chazz Palminteri, Michael Madsen, Chris Penn) have the power to beat up or eliminate anyone they think dangerous to the city. The movie is suffused with guilt—over the atom bomb, over radiation, over sex. Screenwriter Pete Dexter sets up the basis of a good mystery in a bit of home-movie footage, which begins at some sort of military base and continues as a view through a one-way mirror in an apartment belonging to a young woman (Jennifer Connelly) who makes love to a general (John Malkovich) who is the head of the Atomic Energy Commission. When Max views the footage, he blanches—he also had an affair with the girl—and the footage is so juicily erotic we can hardly look away. Director Lee Tamahori *(Once Were Warriors)* puts powerful erotic currents into his films, but the rest of his work is uncertain. For some reason, he paces the dialogue slowly, as if stolidity were some afflic-

Talent
Oliver Twist

"It's not a grossly unfair portrayal," Oliver North admits of *A Perfect Candidate* (opening June 19 at Film Forum)—a documentary by R. J. Cutler and David Van Taylor about North's 1994 run for the Senate. "He also said that campaign workers who let reporters and cameramen wander around in meetings are stupid," says Cutler. Perhaps North hadn't seen Cutler's 1992 brainchild *The War Room,* the D. A. Pennebaker documentary that gave us all unprecedented access to the machinations of Bill Clinton's last presidential campaign. Trailing North and his rival, incumbent senator Charles Robb, proved a bit trickier for Cutler and Van Taylor. "They never said, 'Yes, we'll give you the access you want,' " recalls Van Taylor. "We just had to keep negotiating boundaries." Which the filmmakers did—in masterly fashion. Watching the Iran-contra poster boy and LBJ's cheesy son-in-law publicly trade barbs about bankrupt morals and ethics is, like so much these days, both highly amusing ("What's the upside of skulking around in New York City hotel rooms?" asks an indignant North at one point) and profoundly upsetting. "Ollie and Chuck are a metaphor for what's going on in American politics today," says Cutler. "It's all about the exploitation of faith in a cynical age and dividing people to win, which is antithetical to *governing.*" Cutler and Van Taylor, for their part, recognize their own complicity and contribution to this great American freak show. "When [North strategist] Mark Goodin said to us, 'We are not providing serious solutions; we are providing daily entertainment'—he's right," says Cutler. "Because if we didn't care about the show, we wouldn't have been there ourselves."

MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Photograph by Barry Baron.

tion specific to the fifties, and one grows weary of watching Nolte's cop, who is supposed to be smart, sit and cogitate like the dullest kid in math class. *Mulholland Falls* sells violence mindlessly, and its different parts don't hang together. It's sadistic, morally troubled, and melodramatic—yet it's not a disaster. Rather, it's hauntingly bad—certain images may stay in mind for a long time. (Denby; 4/13/96) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Manhattan Twin.*

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—A lonely writer takes Nelly, a fragile young divorcée, under his wing, falls deeply in love with her, and begins to wither when he realizes that his publisher is also in love with her. Winner of two César awards (France's equivalent of the Oscar). Directed by Claude Sautet. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Phantom—Billy Zane stars as the comic-book hero who serves as protector of a remote, mythical jungle. Directed by Simon Wincer. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova.*

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet, at first brusque, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Primal Fear—Richard Gere stars as a cutthroat, vainglorious defense lawyer who becomes invested in helping his client beat a murder rap. With John Mahoney and Andre Braugher. Directed by Gregory Hoblit. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Murray Hill Cinemas; National Twin; Tower East.*

The Rock—Nicolas Cage (as a mild-mannered FBI agent) and Sean Connery (as the only living convict to have successfully escaped from Alcatraz) band together to defuse a hostage situation on the island. With Ed Harris as a military man gone loco. Directed by Michael Bay. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza Twin; Plaza.*

Someone Else's America—Two immigrants—one a Spaniard who has lived in Brooklyn for years, the other a Montenegrin who has just arrived illegally—form a deep bond. Starring Tom Conti and Miki Manojlovic. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Spy Hard—Leslie Nielsen stars in this spoof of Hollywood action movies. Directed by Rick Friedburg. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

Sunset Park—Rhea Perlman stars in the latest film about a white instructor who singlehandedly turns around the lives of poor, inner-city minorities (she's a gym teacher; the kids play basketball). Directed by Stefe Gomer. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

Switchblade Sisters—A re-release of the 1975 cult classic by director Jeff Hill about a high-school girl gang that takes on the Mafia-like prosititution-and-drug ring operating out of the boys' bathroom. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

A Thin Line Between Love and Hate—A hip-hop comedy about a nightclub owner who gets involved with the wrong woman. With Martin Lawrence—who also directed—and Bobby Brown. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

★**The Truth About Cats & Dogs**—When Abby Barnes (Janeane Garofalo), a young veterinarian, is hosting her popular L.A. radio call-in show, she's crisp and authoritative. But for all her genius with animals, she's skittish with men. A handsome young British photographer, Brian (Ben Chaplin), falls in love with her voice and asks for a date, and Abby asks her neighbor, a blonde model (Uma Thurman), to stand in for her. The photographer, easily smitten, falls in love with Abby on the phone and Noelle in the flesh; he thinks they are both the same person, and both women are too involved in the deception to end it. The charm of *The Truth About Cats & Dogs* depends precisely on its slightness and improbability—the sense that the entire concoction might blow away if the photographer actually noticed the most obvious contradictions or asked a single question. In mood and tempo, the picture is a contemporary variant of thirties Hollywood screwball comedy—casual and right-up-to-the-minute, though it flirts with feminist ideas and the eternal question, Why are men so hung up on looks? As Abby, Garofalo handles sophisticated ideas and big words, and sounds very much like she knows what they mean. The filmmakers drag out the suspense for as long as possible: Will Brian accept the actual Abby as the woman he loves? Director Michael Lehmann moves along lightly and quickly, but there are no tricks or shortcuts; the movie is carried forward by the performances and by many, many intimate moments. (Denby; 4/29/96) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 23rd Street West Triplex; Beekman; Regency.*

Opening

Blade Runners

Undoubtedly lousy in the most supremely enjoyable sense, 1975's *Switchblade Sisters* (with Joanne Nail and Robbie Lee, below) is a camp-and-vamp cocktail in which the wild childs triumph only after rigorously studying the philosophies of Mao. Opens June 14.

★**Twister**—Jo (Helen Hunt) and Bill (Bill Paxton) are on the verge of divorce, but the minute the storm season starts, they give themselves over to obsession: They drive a truck right into the path of an oncoming tornado, smashing through a field of cornstalks or down a narrow ditch—driving right at the whirling beast while cows, tractors, and tree limbs fly through the air like dragonflies. Behind them follows a ragtag army of university scientists with computers and recording equipment. The supporting crew is waiting for Jo and Bill to send sensor devices up into the tunnel. The sensors, we're told, will transmit information, the computers will sort out the data, and someday meteorologists will understand tornadoes so well they will be able to warn those towns in Oklahoma more than five minutes ahead of time. The movie, of course, is preposterous (the psychological explanation for Jo's fixation—that she watched her father get blown away by a tornado as a child—is particularly movieish and unconvincing), but it is also irresistible. Directed by kinetic whiz Jan De Bont (*Speed*), it is the essence of all the flying-daredevil, test-pilot movies ever made. Steven Spielberg and his longtime associate Kathleen Kennedy are among the producers, and the movie's scruffy high spirits—the gung-ho gamesmanship—is very much in the Spielbergian vein. So is the awed mood of incipience, the premonitory hush before things explode. De Bont creates a sense of the uncanny without relying on monsters or the supernatural. Tornadoes are so weirdly beautiful—the whirling gray funnel inscribing the ground in perverse fury—that sometimes people in *Twister* stand there dumbly watching. Silly as it is, the movie joins romance and spectacle, and you may come out of it smiling. (Denby; 5/27/96) (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Two Deaths—Nicolas Roeg's psychological drama about a dinner party that turns dangerously confessional. Starring Sonia Braga and Michael Gambon. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Welcome to the Dollhouse—Todd Solondz's wickedly funny black comedy about one Dawn Weiner, a chubby seventh-grader who makes a series of unfortunate fashion choices and who is relentlessly tormented by her classmates, teachers, and parents. Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Antonia's Line; Cold Fever; Dead Man; Flower of My Secret; I Shot Andy Warhol; Jane Eyre; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Fargo; The Phantom; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Kaspar Hauser.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg; Heavy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Blush; Desolation Angels; The Horseman on the Roof; The Man by the Shore; Two Deaths.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Eddie; Spy Hard; The Rock; Twister.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Cold Comfort Farm; Mission: Impossible; The Arrival.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Dragonheart.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Spy Hard; The Arrival; The Phantom; The Rock; Twister.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Flipper; The Craft; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Dragonheart.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Mission: Impossible; The Phantom; Twister.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Dragonheart; Eddie; Mission: Impossible.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Primal Fear; Spy Hard; The Arrival; The Rock.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615)

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Beautiful Girls. (Admision now $3.)

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Carpati: 50 Miles, 50 Years; The Monster.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Phantom.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Birdcage.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Dead Man; The Postman.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Antonia's Line.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Eddie; Mighty Aphrodite; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Sgt. Kabukiman N.Y.P.D.; Sunset Park; The Birdcage; The Craft; Twister.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Spy Hard.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Jane Eyre.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Rock.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Eddie; Spy Hard; The Rock.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Eddie.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Mulholland Falls; City Hall.* (Admission now $3.)

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Flipper; Primal Fear; The Great White Hype.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *The Horseman on the Roof.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Mission: Impossible; The Arrival.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Rock.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Diabolique; Executive Decision; Leaving Las Vegas; Sense and Sensibility; Sgt. Bilko.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Dragonheart.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Flirting With Disaster.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Arrival; Dragonheart.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *The Rock; Spy Hard.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Dragonheart; Fargo; Flipper; The Arrival; The Phantom.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Twister.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Mission: Impossible.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Eddie; Flipper; Mission: Impossible; Twister.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Primal Fear.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Phantom.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Birdcage.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *The Rock; Mission: Impossible.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Angels & Insects; Flirting With Disaster; I Shot Andy Warhol; Ma Saison Préférée; Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud; Someone Else's America.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Cold Comfort Farm; Dragonheart; Eddie; Fargo; Spy Hard; The Arrival; The Phantom; Twister; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Mission: Impossible; The Phantom.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Dragonheart; Mission: Impossible; The Phantom; The Rock.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts.

(862-5728) *Eddie; Mission: Impossible; The Phantom.*
Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Twister; The Rock.*
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Flipper; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Dragonheart; Eddie; Mission: Impossible; Spy Hard; The Arrival; The Phantom; The Rock; Twister.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Dragonheart; Eddie; Mission: Impossible; Spy Hard; The Arrival; The Phantom; The Rock; Twister.*
Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Eddie; Mission: Impossible; The Arrival; Twister.*
Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Mission: Impossible; The Phantom.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Dragonheart; Eddie; Flipper; Mission: Impossible; Spy Hard; The Arrival; The Phantom; The Rock; Twister.*

Brooklyn

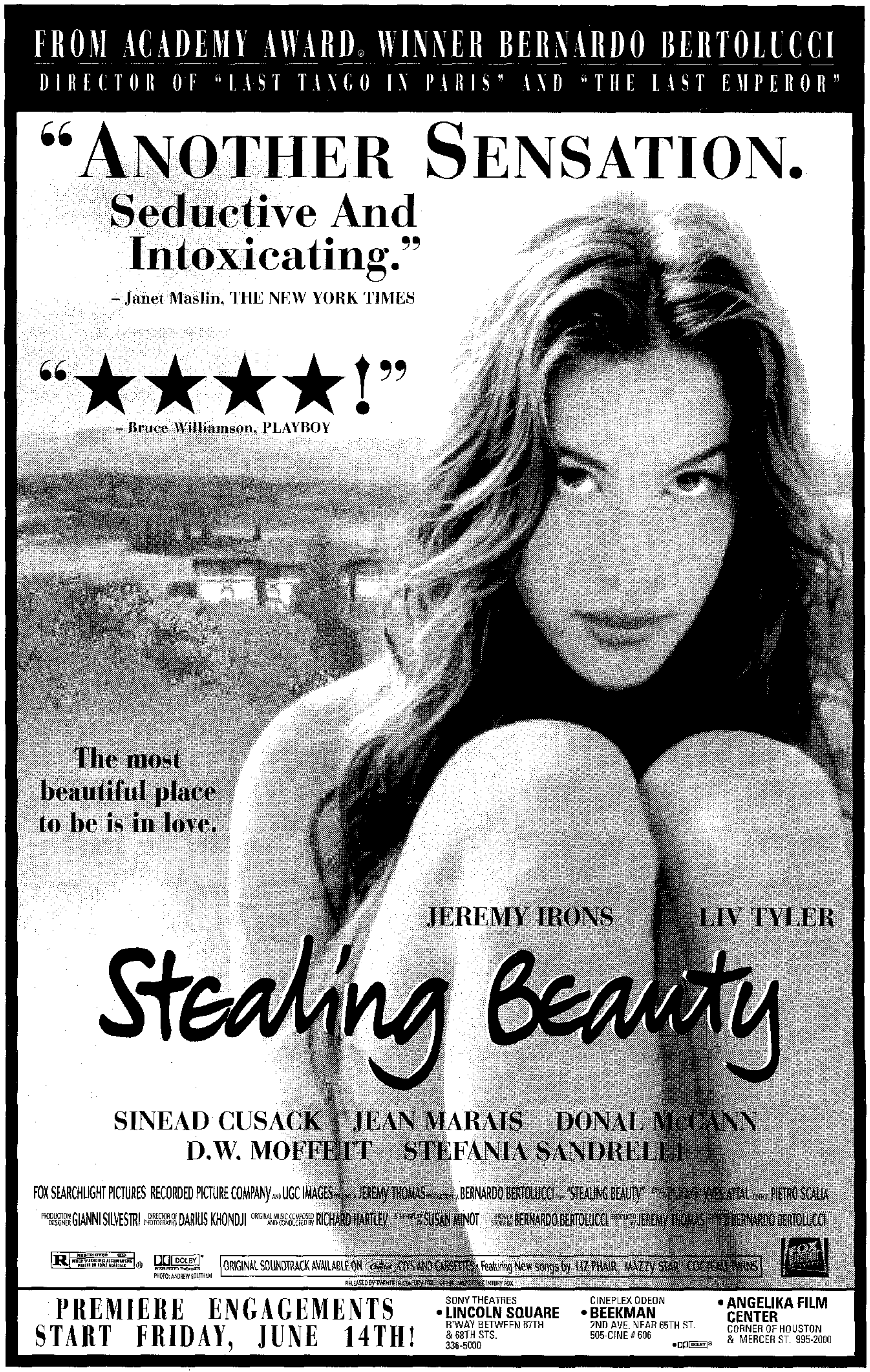
Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Dragonheart; Flipper; Mission: Impossible; The Arrival; The Rock.*
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Cold Comfort Farm; Mission: Impossible.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Dragonheart; Mission: Impossible; The Rock.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Eddie; Spy Hard; The Rock; Twister.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Eddie; Spy Hard; The Phantom; The Truth About Cats & Dogs; Twister.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Dragonheart; Eddie; Mission: Impossible; The Rock.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Eddie; Mission: Impossible; Twister.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Dragonheart; Eddie; Mission: Impossible; The Rock.*
Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Flipper; Spy Hard; The Arrival; The Craft; The Phantom; Twister.*
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Mission: Impossible; Spy Hard; The Rock; Twister.*
Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Dragonheart; Mission: Impossible; Twister.*
Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Angels & Insects; Eddie; The Rock.*
Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Dragonheart; Eddie; Mission: Impossible; The Phantom; The Rock.*
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Dragonheart; Eddie; Mission: Impossible; Spy Hard; The Arrival; The Phantom; The Rock; Twister.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Dragonheart; Eddie; Mission: Impossible; Spy Hard; The Arrival; Twister.*
Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Eddie; Spy Hard; The Arrival; The Rock; Twister.*
Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Eddie; Spy Hard; The Rock; Twister.*
Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Spy Hard; The Rock.*
Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Cold Comfort Farm; Dragonheart; Flipper; The Birdcage.*
Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Mission: Impossible; Eddie.*
Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St.,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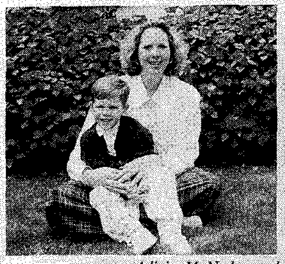

Alicia McNulty and son Joseph

I had just given birth to my fourth child, when I heard my doctor say, "For God's sake, she's hemorrhaging. I can't stop the bleeding." The baby was fine, but I was bleeding to death. For ten days I lay in a coma as a team of doctors, surgeons and nurses fought to keep me alive. But in the end, what ultimately made the difference were 165 total strangers who I only know as type AB Positive.

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Ozone Park (641-5330) *Dragonheart; Spy Hard; The Arrival; The Phantom; The Rock; Twister.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Eddie; Spy Hard; The Phantom; The Rock.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Welcome to the Dollhouse; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Dragonheart; Flipper; Mission: Impossible; The Phantom.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Eddie; Mission: Impossible; The Phantom.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Dragonheart; Flipper; Mission: Impossible; Twister.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *The Arrival; The Craft; Twister.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Dragonheart; Eddie; Flipper; Mission: Impossible; Spy Hard; The Phantom; Twister.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Jane Eyre.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Dragonheart; The Rock.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Eddie; The Arrival; The Rock; Twister.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Dragonheart; The Phantom.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Dragonheart; Mission: Impossible; The Phantom.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Mission: Impossible.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Dragonheart; Mission: Impossible; Spy Hard; The Arrival; The Rock; Twister.* Opening 6/14: *The Cable Guy.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Eddie; Mission: Impossible; Spy Hard; The Rock; Twister.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Dragonheart; Eddie; Flipper; Mission: Impossible; Spy Hard; The Arrival; The Craft; The Phantom; The Rock; Twister.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—Two Imax films: *Destiny in Space* and *Titanica*. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5650); $10 singly; $13 double feature Fri. and Sat. nights.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Alfred Hitchcock and Fritz Lang in America." 6/16: *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (1956) and *Ministry of Fear* (1944). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—6/14: "Films by Marie Menken, II" and "New Films by Stom Sogo and Jeremy Rendina." 5/15 and 5/16: *Les Vampires* (1915–16). 6/16: *Christmas on Earth* (1963). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Asia Society—5/11: *Umbrellas.* Park Ave. (879-9779); $15.

A Different Light—6/16: *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant* (1972). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—6/11: *Silent Pioneers* (1984) and *A Woman's Place Is in the House* (1976). 6/13: *Where the Wild Things Are* (1973 and 1988), *Contact* (1979), *The Owl and the Pussycat* (1985), and *Stuart Little* (1968). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—Through 7/25: "Out of the Seventies: Hollywood's New Wave, 1969–1975." 6/10 and 6/11: *Scarecrow* (1973) and *Payday* (1973). 6/12 and 6/13: *The Long Goodbye* (1973). 6/14 and 6/15: *Easy Rider* (1969) and *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song* (1971). 6/16 and 6/17: *The Last Detail* (1974) and *Fat City* (1972). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"The Synagogue in Film." 6/10: *The Dybbuk* (1937) with *A Day in Warsaw* (1938). 6/10 and 6/11: *August Snow* (1993) with *The Jews of Djerba* (1977) and *Le Golem* (1936) with *Jewish Life in Bialystock.* "Human Rights Watch International Film Festival." 6/12: *Mass Grave* (1995). 6/12–14: *A Single Spark* (1995). 6/12 and 6/14: *Amnesia* (1994) and *Yellow Wasps* (1995) with *Black Kites* (1995). 6/14 and 6/16: *Chilsu and Mansu* (1988). 6/13: *To the Starry Island* (1994). 6/13 and 6/15: *Struggles in Steel* (1995) and *Where Credit Is Due* (1995). 6/13 and 6/16: *The Flor Contemplacion Story* (1995). 6/14: *Berlin Report* (1991). 6/15: *Procedure 769* (1995), *Black Republic* (1991), and *Lost in Mississippi* (1996) with *That Rush!* (1995). 6/16: *Tale of the Three Jewels* (1994) and *Black Kites* (1995) with *How the Hell Did They Survive* (1993). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.50.

Japan Society—"Sex and Sensuality in Japanese Cinema." 6/11: *Okoge* (1992). 6/14: *In the Realm of the Senses* (1976). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Jewish Museum—6/4: *Kitty: Return to Auschwitz* (1979). 6/6: *The Last Marranos* (1990). 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); $8.

Lighthouse Cinema—"The Homosexuals—A CBS Special Report." 116 Suffolk St. (bet. Rivington and Delancey Sts.) (979-7571). $7.

Museum of Modern Art—"Blanche Sweet: A Centennial Retrospective." 6/10: "Biograph Program 1." 6/10 and 6/15: *The Battle* (1911) and *The Warrens of Virginia* (1915). 6/13: "Biograph Program 2." 6/13 and 6/14: *The Transformation of Mike* (1912) and *The Case of Becky* (1915). 6/14: *The Long Road* (1911), *Judith of Bethulia* (1913–14), and outtakes from *Judith of Bethulia.* 6/14 and 6/16: *For Her Father's Sins* (1914) and *The Secret Sin* (1915). 6/15: *The Massacre* (1912–14) and *The Captive* (1915). 6/16: *The Goddess of Sagebrush Gulch* (1912) and *The Evil Eye* (1917). "Century of Cinema." 6/11: *The Battle of the Rails* (1946) and *The Russian Idea* (1996). 6/14 and 6/15: *One Hundred Years of Polish Cinema* (1996). 6/16: *Speaking Directly: Some American Notes* (1972–74). "New Documentaries." 6/13: *Conversations Across the Bosphorous* (1995). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Symphony Space—"The Best Films of Our Lives, Part II." 6/11: *Meshes of the Afternoon* and *La Belle Noiseuse.* 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $7.

Opening

Slumming It

In a period piece adapted from Daniel Defoe's novel, Robin Wright (left, with Morgan Freeman) stars as 'Moll Flanders,' a high-minded woman forced into a life of thievery and prostitution. The film—co-produced by Aaron Spelling!—opens June 14.

Photograph by Jonathan Hession/MGM.

art

Thomas Joshua Cooper...Hanne Darboven

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Elizabeth Butterworth/Jennifer Lee—Recent gouache paintings of plant forms, turtles, monkeys, shells, and other flora and fauna/New ceramics. Through 6/28. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Spelman Evans Downer—Paintings of aerial views of New York that combine elements of photorealism, abstraction, expressionism, and Oriental brush-painting techniques, at the Arsenal, in Central Park at Fifth Ave. and 64th St. (360-8163), through 6/21, and at Arstark, 568 Broadway (431-7334), through 6/21.

Melvin Edwards—Recent welded-steel sculptures; through 6/29. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Antonio Frasconi—Recent prints and illustrated books; through 7/31. Dintenfass in association with Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (581-2268).

Per Kirkeby—New paintings from the series "New Shadows" that were inspired by his travels in Greenland; through 6/28. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

George Maciunas—The first exhibition devoted to the full range of the Fluxus founder's work, including a selection of commercial and Fluxus graphics, unique biographical artworks, and original paste-up mechanicals spanning the years 1959 to 1976; through 6/22. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Mercedes Matter/Kit White—A selection of abstract paintings by the founder of the New York Studio School/Large-scale abstract paintings. Through 6/29. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Pablo Picasso—Portraits painted between 1920 and 1970; through 6/29. Gagosian, 980 Madison (744-2313).

Pia Stadtbäumer/Eran Schaerf—Figurative sculptures in wax, plaster, felt, and bronze/Site-specific installations. Through 7/23. Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave. (439-8700).

57th Street Area

Douglas Argue—Watercolors and mixed-media works on paper that suggest early scientific illustrations; through 7/19. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Ross Bleckner—New paintings that incorporate images of chrysanthemums, daisies, and sunflowers; through 6/29. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Paul Cadmus/George Platt Lynes—Drawings of the male nude from a series the artist began in 1965/A selection of photographs, including nudes, portraits, and fashion work. Through 7/26. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Richard Crozier—Paintings of the artist's garden in Charlottesville, Virginia; through 7/5. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Jacqueline Donachie—An installation that uses sound as a form of storytelling to evoke memories of past feelings and events; through 7/12. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Pablo Picasso—An exhibition of drawings and paintings executed in Spain during the artist's formative years that focuses on his rebellion against his academic training, through 6/15, at Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876), and unique ceramic works from the Jacqueline Picasso collection, through 7/14, at Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. (644-4400).

Anne Tabachnick—A memorial exhibition of paintings by this second-generation New York School artist whose canvases are a unique synthesis of Abstract Expressionism and European modernism; through 6/22. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

Andy Warhol—Drawings, paintings, prints, and objects by the Pop artist spanning the years 1955 to 1975; through 6/29. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (888-4220).

Michael Webb—Drawings and paintings that investigate motion and temporality; through 7/6. Architectural League of New York, 457 Madison Ave. (753-1722).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Martha Benzing—Paintings made with candy and candy pigments; through 6/29. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Ragna Berlin/Michelle Segra—A painting of a solid-color spot that covers part of the gallery's walls, ceiling, and floor/Large-scale sculptures of bread. Through 6/26. Wittels, 580 Broadway (219-2211).

Miguel Calderón/Iñigo Manglano-Ovalle—Photographs/An installation that compares the effects of different kinds of bullets. Through 6/29. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Carlos Garaicoa—Works that use texts, photography, and installation components to comment on the destruction and conservation of Havana's architectural heritage; through 6/29. Stellweg, 87 E. Houston St. (431-5556).

Pascal Convert—An installation of wall drawings and sculpture that is intended as a meditation on thought, memory, and loss; through 6/29. Crosby Street Project, 113 Crosby Street (925-8289), Thurs.–Sun. 1–6.

Thomas Demand/Scott Burton—Photographs that depict life-size, three-dimensional cardboard replicas of Bill Gates's dorm room, the exterior of the apartment where Jeffrey Dahmer lived, and other interiors and exteriors of buildings that were built by the artist based on other photographers' images of those places/An exhibition of the late artist's chair sculptures. Through 6/29. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

David Deutsch—New monochrome paintings that depict landscapes dotted with architecture and the occasional human figure as viewed from an aerial perspective; through 6/22. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Peter Edlund—Paintings of landscapes and imaginary portraits; through 6/27. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

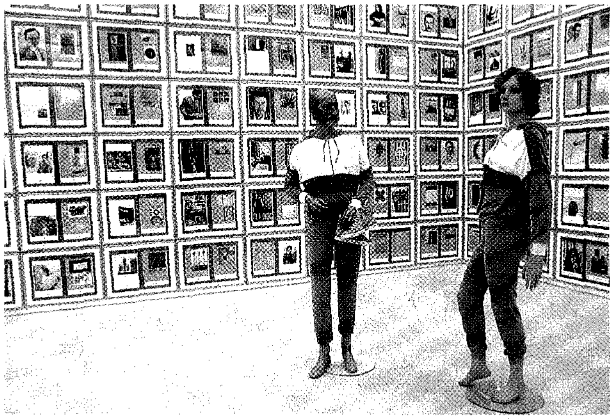
Finn Reinbothe—Installations, photographs, and paintings by a Danish artist; through 7/12. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Tony Fitzpatrick/Jaime Palacios—Recent etchings that draw on such sources as Audubon prints, comics, and tattoos/Paintings that depict human figures floating in surreal grounds of objects. Through 6/29. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Pamela Fraser—Paintings, sculpture, and works on paper whose high-key colors and light-hearted imagery produce a sense of disquiet; through 6/29. Kaplan, 580 Broadway (226-6131).

Lynne Frehm—Gestural abstract paintings; through 6/29. Zarre, 48 Greene St. (966-2222).

Donald Judd—Drawings made between 1970 and 1984 that describe proposals for various metal and concrete sculptures; through 6/29. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).



On View Conceptual art rarely gets as extravagant as Hanne Darboven's immense, obsessive, and disturbingly funny *Kulturgeschichte 1880–1983,* which traces 103 years of history through 1,590 wall-mounted panels of postcards, film-star glossies, magazine covers, and freestanding pop-culture artifacts. Dia Center for the Arts, 548 West 22nd Street; through June 23 (reopens September 12).

Karen Carson—Drawings from the artist's "Innocence" series that are displayed under green Plexiglas and combine the iconographic sweetness of a Hallmark card with the ominous elegance of tattoo art; through 6/29. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Habib Kheradyar—Works in wax on wood panels and in ink on layered sheets of acetate that employ the dot as a basic unit; through 6/29. Room, 25 Thompson St. (226-1831).

Charles Long—Recent drawings by the sculptor; through 6/29. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Nicholas Maffei—Recent abstract paintings; through 7/6. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Franca Marini—Paintings of imaginary landscapes animated with groups of enigmatic human figures, horses, and primordial trees and hills; through 6/29. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Andrea Morgenstern—Paintings of patterns in nature, such as those of a fish's scales or the bark of certain trees, transposed to landscape compositions; through 7/6. MBM, 580 Broadway (925-4961).

Photograph by Cathy Carver.

Thomas Rose—An installation that incorporates the traditional elements of a garden, among them a gate, a stone, a fountain, a bridge, and a bench; through 7/13. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Carolee Schneemann—An installation of photographic columns of permutated colored prints, columns of related text, sculptural objects, and video monitors that continues the artist's investigation of the unconscious mind, nature, gender, and the body; through 6/30. Wimmer, 560 Broadway (274-0274).

Lenore Tawney—New collages and assemblages that combine words, images, fragments of old books and manuscripts, stones, shells, and other found objects; through 6/29. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Peter Waite—Paintings of various kinds of institutions, among them casinos, prisons, corporate boardrooms, and educational facilities; through 7/26. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Max Wigram/Jackie McCallister—An installation of a series of short films titled *It's Okay; I'm Allowed To*, a poster for the films, and a sculpture of a fully functional disc-jockey booth/Recent abstract paintings that use various whiskies for their coloring. Through 7/6. Nordanstad, 289 Hudson St. (627-6628).

Steven Wolf—Paintings that depict a male nude figure in various landscape settings or floating among clouds; through 7/6. Moore, 594 Broadway (343-7016).

Other

Elizabeth Catlett—A survey of the African-American artist's paintings, sculptures, and prints from the past five decades; through 8/15. Caribbean Cultural Center/African Diaspora Institute, 408 W. 58th St. (307-7420).

Willem de Kooning—Three monumental bronze sculptures depicting the artist's classic elemental woman and a group of thirteen hand-size bronzes based on the human figure that were made in 1969, three of which served as maquettes for the monumental works; through 6/30. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

Julio Galan—New paintings; through 6/30. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Matts Liederstram/Mike Sale—Paintings that transform Poussin-like landscapes into murky nocturnal scenes/A video projection that depicts the artist, who is himself black and gay, watching black-exploitation porno films for pleasure. Through 6/30. White Columns, 154 Christopher St. (924-4212).

Mercedes Matter—Still-life drawings from the past ten years; through 7/13. New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466).

Mark Sheinkman/Quisqueya Henríquez and Consuelo Castañeda—Large-scale abstract drawings that employ repetitive mark-making and erasure/An installation by the two Miami-based artists that uses various kinds of white powders and clear liquids to explore perception. Through 7/7. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753), Wed.–Sun. 11-6.

Thomas Trosch—Large-scale paintings that suggest stage sets for musical comedies from the forties and fifties; through 6/30. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555), Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Avanti—22 E. 72nd St. (628-3377). "Point of View," with works by Bogart, Brandes, Friedberg, Goldberg, Lane, McClelland, Spero; through 6/28.

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). "American Painters on the French Scene: 1874–1914," with works by Alexander Harrison, George Inness, Hugh Bolton Jones, Frederick William MacMonnies, Alfred Maurer, Charles Sprague Pearce, others; through 7/12.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Works in media not commonly associated with a particular artist's *oeuvre*, among them films by Nancy Graves, photographs by David Smith and Richard Pousette-Dart, and an architectural model by Frank Stella; through 9/22.

Murakami—17 E. 71st St. (717-6085). Works on paper, cast-gesso reliefs, plasticine reliefs, and wooden constructions by Lynda Benglis, Louis Lieberman, and Astrid Fitzgerald; through 7/27.

Stone—113 E. 90th St. (988-6870). Paintings by Baribeau, Charito, Folzenlogen, Havard, Inoue, Rasely; through 6/29.

57th Street Area

ACA—41 E. 57th St. (644-8300). "Spirit Witness," with sculpture, paintings, works on paper, and photography by William T. Hillman, Jeffrey Maron, and Rosalind Solomon; through 6/29.

Brewster—41 W. 57th St. (980-5373). Miniature paintings by sixteen contemporary Latin American artists, among them Jose Bedia, Leonora Carrington, Benjamin Dominguez, and Francisco Toledo; through 6/22.

Franklin Parrasch—20 W. 57th St. (246-5360). Ceramic works made in California during the sixties and seventies, by Robert Arneson, Viola Frey, Ron Nagle, Manuel Neri, Ken Price, and others; through 6/29.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). "Peep Show," with works by Gregory Barsanian, Paul Caponigro, Janice Gordon, Holly Lane, Scherer & Ouporov, Idelle Weber; through 8/9.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). Paintings and collages from the fifties by Agnes Martin, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Anne Ryan; through 7/12.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Domestic Partnerships: New Impulses in Decorative Arts From the Americas," with works by David Avalos, Los Carpinteros, Maria Elena Gonzalez, Kukuli Velarde, Saul Villa, others; through 6/29.

Clocktower—108 Leonard St. (233-1096), Wed.–Sun. 1–7, $2 suggested admission. "Departure Lounge," an exhibit that explores the "present future" created by new technologies and expanded modes of communication, with works by Bolande, Chang, Ganahl, Hajamadi, Long & StereoLab, McCaslin, Scher, D. J. Spooky, Staehle, others; through 6/30.

Cristinerose—395 W. Broadway (431-1862). Recent sculpture by Marina Abramovic, Joan Jonas, and Maura Sheehan; through 7/6.

Fotouhi Cramer—560 Broadway (431-1304). Box works by Joseph Cornell, Alan Rath, Man Ray, Costanze Ruhn and Peter Sandbichler, and others; through 6/22.

Goldstein—39 Wooster St. (431-0314). Works that use the rose as a personal symbol or metaphor by Dawn Clements, Colin Cochran, Agnes Denes, Michael Krondl, and Stephen Lack; through 6/29.

Hoffman—429 West Broadway (966-6676). Small-scale works by Brady, Buchwald, Eddy, Ferrer, Khalil, MacKenzie, Okulick, Plagens, others; through 7/12.

In Khan—415 West Broadway (226-6484). Works exploring desire by Lisa Kokin, Yigal Ozeri and Rik Ritchey; through 6/29.

Klein—40 Wooster St. (431-1980). "The Facts of Life," with works by Peter Krashes, Glen Rubsamen, and James Stivender; through 7/19.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). "Words," with works that focus on the possible relations between text, interpretation, material, and experience, by Mary Ellen Carroll, Larry Krone, Siobban Liddell, Mary Lum, Harry Philbrick, Diane Samuels, and John Spinks; through 6/30.

P.P.O.W.—532 Broadway (941-8642). The gallery's annual summer watercolor shown with works by Clarke, Crane, Curtis, DeJong, Glier, Kuharic, Mellyn, Moore, Palmer, Woodruff, others; through 7/1.

Postmasters—80 Greene St. (941-5711). Works by Devon Dikeou, Robert Heckes, and Christian Schumann/A mixed-media installation by Claude Wampler; through 7/13.

Ross—568 Broadway (343-2161). Carved wood sculptures by Azara, Ghiz, Grossman, King, Von Rydingsvard, Whitten, others; through 7/26.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Approaches toward Abstract Expressionism from nine painters and sculptors; through 9/28.

Silverstein—476 Broome St. (226-0640). "ID," the inaugural show at this location, features photographs, paintings, and installations by Binda Colebrook, Mike Fitzpatrick, Maria Misenberger, and Raven Schlossberg; through 6/21.

Solomon—172 Mercer St. (941-5777). Recent works by Eric Drooker, Paul Garrin, and David Rokeby; through 8/2.

Weber—142 Greene St. (966-6115). "Photoworks/Artworks," with works by Victor Burgin, Patrick Faigenbaum, Kathy Grove, Louise Lawler, Allan McCollum, John O'Reilly, others; through 8/30.

Other

New York Kunsthalle—210 E. 5th St. (529-5691). "29'-0"/East," a surveyor's mark for Kunsthalle's central axis, features projects about the building by nine Austrian and American artists; through 6/30.

Socrates Sculpture Park—Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-956-1819), daily until dusk. "Tenth Anniversary Show, Part I" with outdoor sculptures by Colin Chase, Kurt Delbanco, Julie Dermansky, Darrell Petit, Kazumi Tanaka and George Mansfields, and others; through 8/15.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Third annual summer salon show, featuring works by Evans, Frank, Weegee, and emerging artists Peter Garfield, John Goodman, David Stephenson, others; through 8/10.

Bravin Post Lee—80 Mercer St. (966-2676). Photographs of babies by Barney, Callahan, Erwitt, Mann, Skoglund, Wegman, others; through 6/29.

Ellen Brooks—"1975/1995," sculptural and two-dimensional reinventions of adolescents photographed in 1975; through 7/13. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-5480).

Carl Chiarenza—Black-and-white abstract photographs taken between 1957 and 1995; through 7/12. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Albert Chong—Photographs by a Jamaican artist whose altarlike still-life compositions and self-portraits of himself engaged in ceremonial acts draw on Obeah, Rastafarianism, Santeria, and other spiritual practices; through 7/20. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Thomas Joshua Cooper—Photographs from the past two decades, including images of the landscape, quarries, and rivers of Great Britain, and more recent images of native American territories and the rivers of Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico; through 7/19. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

David Douglas Duncan—Photographs of Picasso accompanied by the artist's works in all media; through 6/30. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Danielle Epstein—Hand-painted, multi-panel images of nudes, landscapes, clocks, and trees; through 6/28. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Walker Evans/DoDo Jin Ming—A selection of his photographs of the exteriors of plantation houses, tenant farmers' dwellings, urban row houses, and other dwellings/Photographs taken in Egypt that investigate themes of memory, harmony, and order. Through 6/29. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

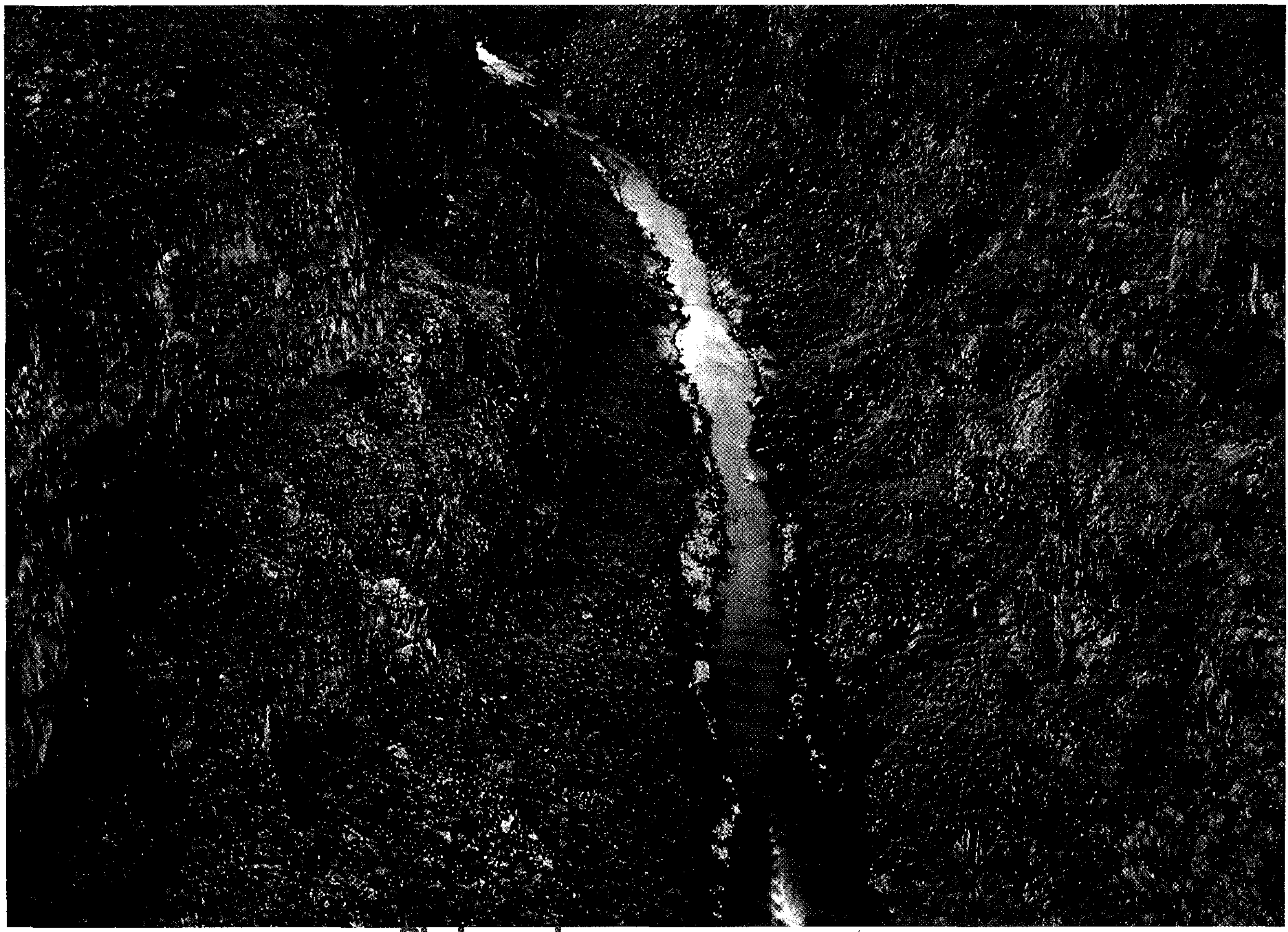
Gerard Fieret—Black-and-white portraits of women and self-portraits from the sixties by the Dutch artist; through 6/29. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Frederic Ohringer—Photographs of flowers, nudes, and landscapes; through 7/12. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Emmet Gowin/Diana Michener—Aerial photographs taken in Kansas, a selection of pictures made over the past seven years at the Nevada Test Site, and new color photographs of Jerusalem/Photographs of corpses in various stages of forensic or medical examination. Through 6/29. PaceWildenstein-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Josef Sudek: The Pigment Prints, 1947–1954"; "Highlights From the ICP Permanent Collection"; through 7/7.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "In Times of War and Peace: The Photographs of David and Peter Turnley"; through 9/8. . . "Emerging Photographers



Photography

Stream of Consciousness

Thomas Joshua Cooper's Native-American ancestry informs his images of landscapes—above, 'River Crossings (Message to Timothy H. O'Sullivan), The Rio Grande Looking South, Taos County, New Mexico, 1995'—as metaphors for symbolic and ritual spaces. At Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer Street; through July 19.

#2: Award-Winning Work by New York City Students"; through 9/8.

Gustav Klutsis—Photographs and photomontage of designs for agitational-propaganda posters, plus original posters, poster sketches and spatial studies; through 8/17. Schickler, 52 E. 76th St. (737-6647).

Nancy Linn—Photographs of families taken while in parenting programs; through 7/5. Roeder, 545 Broadway (925-6098).

Sebastiano Piras—Portraits of artists from his new book, *Artists Exposed*; through 7/14. Space Untitled, 133 Greene St. (245-2888).

Ricco/Maresca—152 Wooster St. (780-0076). Works by Robert Frank, Robert Mappelthorpe, Sally Mann and other photographers and scientists chronicling attitudes toward delirium over the last two centuries; through 8/15.

Bob Richardson—"Beyond Cool," recent photographs from this sixties fashion photographer; through 7/6. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (960-6223).

John Patrick Salisbury—Black-and-white portraits of the artist's cousins; through 7/3. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Seagram—375 Park Ave. (572-7379). California photography from the seventies; through 8/16.

Jocko Weyland—Black-and-white photographs of generic urban sites that suggest a fundamental loss of identity in the world; through 6/29. Martz, 580 Broadway (334-3348).

World Financial Center —200 Liberty St. (945-2600). "Sacred Lands of the Southwest," an installation of Harvey Lloyd's aerial photographs from national parks, monuments, pueblos, and Anasazi ruins on the Colorado plateau; through 9/6.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History—"Amber: Window to the Past." A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. . . . "Witness: Endangered Species of North America." Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Worlds Within Worlds: The Richard Rosenblum Collection of Chinese Scholars' Rocks"; through 8/18. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6-8 free), Sun. 12-5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Josef Frank, Architect and Designer: An Alternative Vision of the Modern Home." Architectural drawings, models, drawings for applied arts, furniture, textiles, and other works by the Viennese designer and architect; through 7/21. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. until 8:30).

Brooklyn Museum—"Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." Paintings, sculpture, costumes, textiles, domestic and religious objects, and manuscripts from the Spanish colonial viceroyalties of New Spain and Peru; through 7/14. . . . "Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." The museum's own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Hanne Darboven: Kulturgesschichte 1880–1983"; through 6/29. . . . "Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume"; through 6/29. . . . "European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23 . . . . "Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web"; through 6/29. . . . "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"Working Shoes: A Site-Specific Installation by Ana Busto" ; through 9/15. . . . "Image and Memory: Latin American Photography, 1880–1992"; through 6/13. . . . "Portrait: A Site-Specific Installation by Carla Preiss"; through 6/16. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Soane: Connoisseur & Collector." A selection of architectural drawings from the collection of works housed in Sir John Soane's Museum in London; through 7/7. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Photograph courtesy of Sean Kelly, NY.

Guggenheim Museum—"Africa: The Art of a Continent." The first major survey of the artistic traditions of the entire African continent; through 9/29. . . . "In/sight: African Photographers, 1940 to the Present"; through 9/22. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Mediascape." Multimedia and interactive art by ten artists, among them Marie-Jo Lafontaine, Bruce Nauman, Nam June Paik, and Bill Viola; 6/14–9/15. 575 Broadway (423-3500), Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Marc Chagall 1907–1917." An overview of the artist's early career, including paintings, gouaches, and drawings; through 8/4. . . . "Too Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities"; through 7/14. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid *trompe-l'oeil* panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. . . . "Making Music: Two Centuries of Musical Instrument Making in New York"; through 7/28. . . . "Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity"; through 8/18. . . . "Art of the Deccani Sultans"; through 8/25. . . . "Klee in Munich." One in a series of continuing installations from the Berggruen Klee Collection, which was a gift to the museum in 1984, this exhibit traces the artist's stylistic development during his most formative period; through 6/30. . . . "Enamels of Limoges"; through 6/16. . . . "Works Progress Administration Color Prints in the Metropolitan"; through 6/16. . . . "Studio Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 10/6. . . . "American Painting: 1930–1940, Selections From the Collection"; through 9/8. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History." An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"An American Treasury: Quilts From the Museum of American Folk Art"; through 9/8. . . . "The Art of the Contemporary Doll"; through 9/8. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation." The first comprehensive survey of the artist's portrait work, beginning with the early studies from his years in Barcelona, then moving through his life via intimate portrayals of his family, lovers, and friends; through 9/17. . . . "From Bauhaus to Pop: Masterworks Given by Philip Johnson"; through 9/3. . . . " Refining the Sports Car: Jaguar's E-Type"; through 8/20. . . . "Come Sunday: Photographs by Thomas Roma"; through 6/18. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish). Note: Admission to "Picasso and Portraiture" is by timed-entry tickets, available in the museum's lobby or by calling Ticketmaster at (212) 307-4545, for $12.50 (adults) , $9 (seniors and students), and $4 (children 6 to 15).

Museum of the City of New York—"Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum's collection; through 1/12/97. . . . "Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York"; through 10/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"171st Annual Exhibition"; through 9/1. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—"Partial Recall: Photographs of Native North Americans"; through 6/21. . . ."Ancestral Memories: A Tribute to Native American Survival"; through 6/21. George Gustav Heye Center, One Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily; free.

New York Public Library—"The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters"; through 7/31. . . . "The Global Library http://www.nypl.org." An exhibit that examines the digital revolution within the context of a 5000-year history of communications; through 8/17. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Becoming Eleanor Roosevelt: The New York Years, 1884–1933"; 6/12–11/24. . . . "Metropolitan Lives: The Ashcan Artists and Their New York, 1897–1917"; through 8/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Being William Morris: A Centenary Exhibition"; through 9/1. . . . "Through British Eyes: Images of Bermuda, 1815–1860." An exhibition of early-nineteenth-century drawings, watercolors, and prints of Bermuda that was organized by the Bermuda National Gallery and the Bermuda Government Archives; through 8/18. . . . "Pre-Raphaelite Drawings: The Art of the Book and Beyond"; through 9/1. . . . "Morris's Medieval Manuscripts"; through 9/1. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Dennis Adams: Ederle." A site-specific installation based on the Gertrude Ederle Amphitheater, a 1939–40 World's fair ruin located in Flushing Meadows Corona Park; through 7/7. . . . "Larry Sultan: Pictures From Home." A series of 202 photographs that traces the entire adult lifetime of the photographer's parents; through 7/7. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Collection in Context—Paul Cadmus: The Sailor Trilogy." The artist's paintings of carousing sailors on shore leave in Riverside Park in the early thirties; through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Jane Dickson: Paradise Alley." Paintings from the artist's "Times Square" series; through 6/28. Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 6/12 at 10 and 2: "Fine Jewels." On view from 6/7. 6/13 at 10: "European Works of Art, Furniture, and Tapestries." On view from 6/8. 6/14 at 10: "Antiquities." On view from 6/8.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 6/12 at 1: "Books & Autographs." On view from 6/8. 6/18 at 1: "American Decorative Arts." On view from 6/14.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 6/12 and 6/13 at 10: "Jewelry, Watches, Silverware & Coins." On view from 6/8.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 6/12 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Jewelry." On view from 6/6. 6/13 at 10:15 and 2: "Antiquities." On view from 6/8. 6/14 at 10:15 and 2: "European Works of Art." On view from 6/8. 6/17 at 10:15 and 2: "Coins." On view from 6/13. 6/18 at 10:15 and 2: "Collectibles." On view from 6/13.

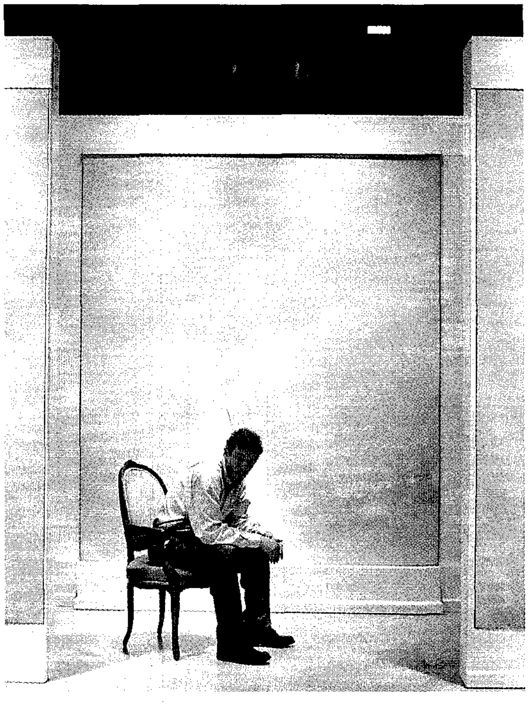
Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 6/13 at 10:30: "Art and Architecture Books." On view from 6/6.

Installation

Surround View

Room-size paintings have been done before—by Giotto (in the Arena Chapel in Padua, Italy) and by Mark Rothko (in the Rothko Chapel in Houston)—but *Sanctuary Project* is the first one dedicated to people who are grieving for the dead in the age of HIV/AIDS. It is also the first such space to *travel*—it opens at Grand Central Terminal on June 19, having already made appearances in Chicago and Los Angeles. More improbably, it is the work of an artist who has never had a show. "I am not on the map in the art world," says Eric Karpeles, a 41-year-old painter who quit the New York art scene twelve years ago to live in rural Wayne County, Pennsylvania. Karpeles conceived the idea for *Sanctuary Project* in 1993, after the sudden death of his father. "I wanted to create a space in which the sense of loss could be incorporated into a sense of living," he says. He wrote to his friends asking for support and ultimately raised the funds to take it on the road. By a stroke of luck, Laurance and Mary Rockefeller saw *Sanctuary* in Chicago and offered to help bring it to New York. "To me, Grand Central was always the ideal venue," says Karpeles. "Life is about arrivals and departures."

EDITH NEWHALL



Photograph by James Prinz.

theater

Seascape...B. Buckley...Singing a New Song

Onstage

Surf Reality

'By the Sea, By the Sea, By the Beautiful Sea,' a bill of interlaced one-act plays by Lanford Wilson, Terrence McNally, and Joe Pintauro set on an isolated beachfront, cycles through a single day—and pretty much the entire gamut of human feeling—in stages of dawn (love), noon (desire), and dusk (loss). At Manhattan Theater Club's City Center Stage II through June 30.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

A Thousand Clowns—Well before sixties counterculture developed its full head of steam, playwright Herb Gardner was already providing Broadway with characters who marched to a different drummer. Robert Klein stars in this revival of his 1962 play about a refugee from the Manhattan rat race. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Big—A musical adaptation by John Weidman, Richard Maltby Jr., and David Shire of the 1988 film that starred Tom Hanks as a 12-year-old kid who makes a wish for an adult body and, to his surprise, gets it. With Daniel Jenkins, Crista Moore, and Jon Cypher; directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. $42.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Bring in 'da Noise, Bring in 'da Funk—Miss it at the Public a few months ago? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Buried Child—Playwright (as opposed to actor) Sam Shepard, a mainstay of avant-garde New York theater for more than 30 years, is currently making his Broadway debut with a revival of what is perhaps his best script, a grotesquely funny chronicle of an American family hiding a dark secret. $42.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Delicate Balance—The writer who infused Continental absurdism with a distinctively American accent ends his far-too-long absence from Broadway with this Lincoln Center Theater revival of his 1966 Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a family torn between love, fear, and madness. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joe Barbara (*Another World*) as bad boy Danny Zuko, disco diva Jody Watley as Rizzo, and Chubby Checker (no identification necessary) as Teen Angel. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. With Matthew Broderick in the starring role in which he opened the production last spring, now opposite his real-life girlfriend Sarah Jessica Parker as the girls-just-wanna-get-married secretary Rosemary. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, arrives on Broadway from London's Haymarket—the same theater, ironically, from which its successful debut production was withdrawn a century ago following the writer's arrest and imprisonment for homosexuality. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the current Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning 6/10: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Zoe Caldwell as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Moon Over Buffalo—In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Carol Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. $40–$60. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100).*

Seven Guitars—"Things as they are / Are changed upon the blue guitar," wrote Wallace Stevens. No one knows that better than playwright August Wilson, whose flashback-laden story of a blues guitarist's premature death is the latest installment in his exploration of the black experience in America. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $60–$70. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

State Fair—A new (and first-time-ever) stage adaptation of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II's 1945 musical film about corn-fed Midwesterners at the Iowa state fair. $60–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) (Karen Mason will be filling in for Ms. Buckley from 6/3 to 6/15.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tartuffe: Born Again—An updating of Molière's classic farce about religious hypocrisy that transports the title character and his patsy Orgon from seventeenth-century France to Baton Rouge, Louisiana. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy / Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Grace and Glorie—Tom Ziegler's Broadway-debut play is the story of a tough-minded mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Manhatan careerist determined to save her, willing or otherwise, from the ravages of real-estate development and its attendant sadnesses. Directed by Ted Story. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30; special matinee 6/20 at 2:30. Beginning previews 6/23 for a 7/11 opening. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. (719-9393).*

The Shawl—Cynthia Ozick's playwriting debut, based on her novella about a Holocaust survivor and the dead daughter whose memory haunts her days and nights. $36. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Beginning previews 6/11 for a 6/20 opening; through 6/30. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Tokyo Can Can—Yutaka Okada, one of Japan's foremost playwrights and directors, has brought to New York his musical drama about a Japanese

One-Shot

How to Get There

Broadway's reigning diva, Betty Buckley, takes a break from her starring role as Norma Desmond in 'Sunset Boulevard' this week to fulfill the dream of every musical performer: making a solo Carnegie Hall concert debut. All receipts for the Monday, June 10, performance go to Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS; *call 840-0770, extension 268, for information and tickets.*

Photograph by Guy Aroch.

family rebuilding its life after World War II with the help of American troops. $20. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. Opening 6/12. *Theater at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

Ancient History—Playwright David Ives (*All in the Timing, Don Juan in Chicago*), sex farceur to the overeducated, applies his dizzyingly inventive verbal wit to the woes of a baggage-laden married couple. $33. Tues.–Thurs., $35 Fri.-Sun. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/23. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Antigone in New York—A homeless Latina and two eccentric Eastern European émigrés struggle to maintain their dignity on the mean streets of New York in Polish playwright Janusz Glowacki's award-winning drama. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Boys in the Band—So what if it has a cast of characters—The Brave One, The Scared One, The Troubled One, etc.—seemingly lifted from a forties bomber movie? One excuses such roughnesses in the case of genuine thematic innovation, and Mart Crowley's groundbreaking 1968 script—the one that introduced gay culture, anxieties, and mating rites to mainstream theatrical audiences—is one of the few plays of the last 30 years unquestionably entitled to that distinction. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Bundle—Edward Bond's examination of the moral dilemma(s) faced by two men in deciding whether to rescue an abandoned child. $22.50 Fri. and Sat., $15 Wed. and Thurs., by donation on Tues. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave. (633-1292).*

By the Sea, By the Sea, By the Beautiful Sea—Three one-act plays by Terrence McNally, Joe Pintauro, and Lanford Wilson. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Call Me Sarah Bernhardt—Impresario of Ridiculousness Everett Quinton stars as turn-of-the-century stage diva "Mimi London" in his latest defense of the proposition that theatrical success depends less on talent than (a) heartfelt sincerity and (b) *really heavy* eye shadow. $27.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Chelsea Playhouse, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Cocoanuts—In their early days, the Marx Brothers formed the habit of touring projects as live stage shows before committing them to film. The American Jewish Theater, having dusted off Irving Berlin and George S. Kaufman's original script for a knockabout farce about the Florida land boom—the basis for the movie that introduced the Marxes to Hollywood—is currently giving the latter its first professional New York revival in 61 years. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 6/23. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

Curtains—The New Group, which has emerged within the past year as one of the city's most promising Off Broadway companies, continues its program of bringing smaller, quality British plays to New York with this production of Stephen Bill's award-winning drama about euthanasia and the moral issues thereof. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Dark Rapture—Eric Overmyer (*On the Verge, or The Geography of Yearning*) has gone into the languorously shabby shadows of full *noir* mode for his latest work, a Raymond Chandleresque mystery that tracks a screenwriter pursuing money and his missing wife through varied bars, greenhouses, and used-car lots as a gang of distinctly threatening thugs pursues *him*. With Marisa Tomei (*My Cousin Vinny*) and Scott Glenn; directed by Scott Ellis. $37.50–$42.50. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway (873-6103).*

A Fair Country—The enduring subject of the young dramatist Jon Robin Baitz is a currently unfashionable one: the demands of what used to be called Conscience. In such dramas as *The Substance of Fire, Three Hotels*, and *The End of the Day*, Baitz has impressed critics and hypnotized audiences with a kind of modern morality play, featuring characters caught between a morass of compromising circumstances and their own elusive sense of what it means to Do the Right Thing. His latest script, based on a childhood experience, examines the private and public agonies of a family of American diplomats assigned to a nowhere posting in South Africa, including a man whose status as husband and father is corroded by a series of vicious, petty compromises as his Cassandra-like wife quietly (and sometimes not so quietly) goes mad. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/30. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much *he* knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Marathon '96—Ensemble Studio Theatre's annual festival of three separate series of new one-act plays, this year featuring work by such distinguished names as David Ives, Howard Korder, Arthur Miller, and Joyce Carol Oates. Single tickets $15; pass to all three series, $40. Wed.–Mon. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 6/16. *Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. (247-3405).*

Mrs. Klein—The latest project of that fine actress and New York stage veteran Uta Hagen is Nicholas Wright's new play about the mysterious 1934 death of the son of early Freud disciple and psychotherapist Melanie Klein. With Amy Wright and Laila Robins; directed by William Carden. $40-$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 6/30. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Papa—In stripping American prose to its hard essentials, Ernest Hemingway fell prey to a self-created myth that ultimately claimed his life. Len Cariou stars as the writer in John deGroot's one-man play. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 87, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/30. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

A Park in Our House—On a visit to Castro's Cuba in the seventies, a Russian exchange visitor (James Colby) unlocks the blocked sensuality of a mute girl (Vanessa Aspillaga) in Nilo Cruz's new play. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 East 4th Street (460-5475).*

THE BOTTOM LINE

(continued from page 22) Iraq's re-entry into the market.

Consumer spending remains sluggish, as do salaries despite the small increase in the minimum wage to keep par with welfare levels. For most Americans, raises now seem a sepia-toned thing of the past. The Consumer Price Index and the Producer Price Index both are tame. Last week, the *Journal of Commerce* reported a new low in its index of commodity prices. Gold prices are falling.

None of those gauges, however, measures the stock market. And that's where the inflation is. With stocks and mutual funds now, *for the first time in twenty* years, exceeding the equity value of America's homes, the Fed has to be terrified that we're on the verge of an excess that could wreck our economy as surely as it did that of the Japanese six years ago. When the Nikkei was at 39,000, apparently headed to 50,000, the Japanese people and companies were hocked to their eyeballs in debt to buy stocks. Then the market slid to 15,000. We'd love to think we are nowhere near the wicked valuations put on the Japanese market at its peak—stock prices 70 times earnings were routine—and our Dow Jones Industrial Average hovers at a toppy but not impossible 18 times earnings. But many stocks trading in the over-the-counter market far exceed the Japanese heights.

The Fed doesn't like to see its money devalued, and it doesn't like inflation wherever it finds it. It didn't like it in the oil patch in the mid-eighties, it didn't like it during the S&L crisis, and it doesn't like it now. It's tough to cool a speculative stock market, though. The market is so sensitive to interest rates that a severe hike could trigger a crash and kill Bill Clinton's re-election chances. The solution: incremental, quarter-point tightening, maybe as soon as the governors' meeting in July, with plenty of advance warning to get the speculators to trim their own wings. Maybe another, larger tightening later.

The Fed may not have to take any action at all if these stocks correct on their own, as some did last week (like Presstek, off about 100 points). But the taste of all that quick money may be too great for the speculators to give up voluntarily. And if these tightenings don't cool off the equity markets, then the Fed may take interest rates up to where it hurts the whole economy. I don't want this to happen, and I'm not sure it's worth the risk. But the Fed is worried, and I don't fight the Fed. I'm taking a breather, not abandoning the market but bailing out of some of my more speculative stuff, putting it into more solid growth stocks. Call me when it's over. ■

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Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Radio Mambo—American culture isn't a melting pot, really; it's a stew whose constituents add to the overall taste without losing their own original flavors. That, anyway, is the view of the Latino comedy troupe Culture Clash in this series of vignettes about the heady urban mix—Haitians, farmworkers, Hurricane Andrew survivors—on tap in the city of Miami. $20. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 6/23. *Intar, 420 West 42nd Street (279-4200).*

Requiem for a Heavyweight—Rod Serling's classic fifties heartbreaker about a third-rate palooka looking for a comeback in both the ring and his life. $20. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 9, Sun. at 3. *Kraine Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. (343-0123).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Sunset Salome—In a theatrical variation on the old literary game of guessing what happened (happens?) to characters in novels after the book ends, this new musical by Peter Wing Healey and Max Kinberg checks in on *Sunset Boulevard*'s Norma Desmond—ready for her close-up and then some—as she stages a private version of *Salome* with her fellow inmates at a California hospital for the criminally insane. $20. Fri. and Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3:30. *HERE Performance Space, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Take It Easy—A new musical that pays affectionate *hommage* to Hollywood's version of forties wartime romance. $27.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 7/31. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

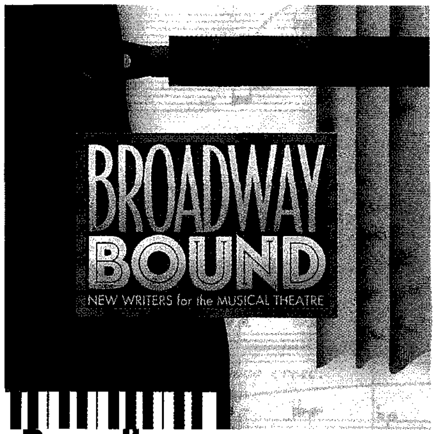
Three in the Back, Two in the Head—Inspired by the real-life murder of a Canadian scientist, Jason Sherman's new drama investigates hall-of-mirrors intrigue and casual treachery in the story of a son searching the CIA for his father's assassins. $25. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

The Tragic and Horrible Life of the Singing Nun—Some show titles hardly *need* a plot summary, do they? Suffice it to say, then, that Blair Fell's play-with-music takes a distinctly unsentimental approach to the real-life story of the Belgian *soeur* who captivated American audiences in the sixties as one of Ed Sullivan's favorite guests, only—good heavens—to commit suicide with her lesbian lover twenty years later. $20/TDF. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (279-4200).*

Valley Song—Since three springtimes ago, when South Africa elected Nelson Mandela to its presidency, the dramatist Athol Fugard has something new to write about: freedom. His newest play about his homeland is a response to what he calls "the great changes that have swept into our lives"—a parable about a young black girl (Lisa Gay Hamilton) longing to leave her native village for a taste of the new liberties, and an old man (Marius Weyers, taking over the role played by Mr. Fugard in the play's Manhattan Theatre Club production earlier this year) who must move beyond a lifetime of painful experience to let her go. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Through 6/30. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Venus—A new script by Suzan-Lori Parks (*The America Play*) about the trials of the nineteenth-century African woman plucked from her home to be exhibited, and degraded, throughout Europe as the "Venus Hottentot." $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Martinson Hall at the Public, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*



Recordings

Singing Broadway's Praises

The economics of producing new Broadway musicals are daunting these days, but the good news is that there's apparently no shortage of talent aspiring to create them. The new Varèse Sarabande CD, *Broadway Bound: New Writers for the Musical Theatre,* offers a selection of recent work sung by performers such as Matthew Broderick, Liz Larsen, and Christopher Durang.

Virgins & Other Myths—Colin Martin's solo performance about a personal journey through stages of sexual innocence, New York hustling, and (whew) inner peace. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St (239-6200).*

We'll Meet Again—Vicki Stuart's one-woman dramatic reminiscence about growing up in England during World War II among a group of music-hall performers offers memories of a blitz-torn childhood plentifully interspersed with classic songs of the period. $35–$50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2:30. Through 6/30. *Saint Peter's Church (54th Street and Lexington Avenue; 935-5820).*

Off-Off Broadway

Catfish, Guns and Corndogs—$15, including complementary beer. Fri. at 11. *The Grove St. Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (969-0107).*

Dark Habits—A stage script by Pedro Almodóvar and Fermin Cabal, based on the former's film comedy about an order of nuns dedicated to redeeming, er, errant Magdalenes. Performed alternately by two different casts—one of them all men, the other all women—in English and Spanish respectively. $12; students/seniors/groups, $10/TDF + $5. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 6. Through 6/16. *American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (875-7585).*

Gabriel-Gabrielle—$12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 6/30. *Looking Glass Theatre, 422 W. 57th St. (315-1737).*

Good—$15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 6/30. *One Dream Theatre, 232 W. Broadway (252-2511).*

Love Is Not a Water Solution/The Little Venice Makes a Good Drink—Two new dramas by Leonard Melfi. *Venice* plays the first and third weekends of each month and *Love* the second and fourth weekends. $15; $12 seniors/students. Fri. at 9, Thurs., Sat. and Sun. at 8. *2628 Broadway (961-0962).*

Murder By Word of Mouth—$12; $9 students/seniors. Mon.–Sat. at 6:30. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (213-5190).*

Party Time—$12. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 6/16. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).*

Say, Darling—$12/TDF +7. Fri., Sat., Mon. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 6/17. *West End Theatre, 263 W. 86th St. (866-4454).*

nightlife

Frisell . . . Guided by Voices . . . What Is Jazz?

Performance

Funk Alfresco

Summer's here and the time is right for dancing in . . . Central Park. The star-filled SummerStage season kicks off June 15 with Pharoah Sanders; George Clinton's Mothership touches down July 4.

Concerts

What Is Jazz? Festival—The Knitting Factory's flagship, this spectacularly broad-reaching festival celebrates its eighth installment—and first with major-level sponsorship—running 6/17–7/1 at various venues around the city. (See page 77.) Performances are hereafter denoted by a dagger (†).

Art Ensemble of Chicago†—Dressed in tribal feathers and makeup, banging gongs and swinging garden hoses, the members of the Art Ensemble of Chicago have been implicitly asking "What is jazz?" for decades. They've preferred to skirt the semantics with the term *creative music,* but brassman Lester Bowie, multiwind players Joseph Jarman and Roscoe Mitchell, bassist Malachi Favors, and percussionist Don Moye have expanded the jazz palette more extravagantly than almost anyone—bringing in waltzes and lab coats, drum choirs and war paint, cartoon moaning and Beckettian dialogue, all under the rubric "Great Black Music—Ancient to Modern." They play with Blues for Allah, and the spare and atmospheric downtown trio Spanish Fly. 6/19 at 7:30 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). $25.*

Toyota Comedy Festival—The festival's second half runs through 6/18, presenting the likes of Don Rickles, Bill Maher, Alan King, and others at a variety of venues. For more information, call 800-79TOYOTA. Festival events are hereafter designated with an asterisk (*).

Joy Behar/Alan King*— 6/12 at 8 P.M. *92nd Street Y, 1396 Lexington Ave., at 92nd St. (996-1100). $18.*

Bill Maher*—6/15 at 8 P.M. Town Hall. $30.

Don Rickles/Rita Rudner*—Hosted by Alan King. 6/12 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800). $20–$50.*

Friends of Charlie Parker—Since jazz's glaringest genius was also a poster child for substance abuse, it's fitting that his closest cohorts should get active in drug education. Bird sidemen Max Roach and Milt Jackson—who also happened to redefine the drum and vibraphone, respectively—lead George Coleman, Jimmy Heath, Harold Mabern, Bobby Watson, and Randy Weston in a tribute to Charlie Parker, with proceeds going to the substance-abuse agency Veritas Foundation. 6/17 at 8:30 P.M. *Mirage Night Club, 610 W. 56th St. $50. (Note: Tickets available by mail at Veritas Foundation, 912 Amsterdam Ave., New York, NY 10025, or at the door, but not by phone.)*

"Cool Cruises"—"Smooth jazz" concerts in the blissful waters of New York Harbor, aboard CD 101.9's Music Boat. 6/13: Pieces of a Dream. The vessel departs every Thursday at 7 P.M. and 9 P.M. *Pier 16 at South St. $22.*

"A Celebration of Cole Porter"—Featuring Andrea Marcovicci, Patrice Munsel, and Steve Ross. 6/14 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171) $35.*

Cocteau Twins—After fourteen years at it, the Cocteau Twins are grandparents of that British import "dream pop"—a movement founded on the 4AD label that includes any band for which the word *ethereal* might figure in a review—and they'd be well advised not to tamper with a good thing. Their latest, *Milk and Kisses,* though full of shimmers, glissandi, and pop hooks, isn't quite the revelation their mid-eighties work was, and Fraser lapses too often into decipherability, revealing a loopy, vaguely New Age–ish philosopher. Such fluff is best kept sonic. 6/12 at 8 P.M. *Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. (307-7171). $20.*

"Latin Legends"—Johnny Pacheco, Larry Harlow, Yomo Toro, Carlos "Patato" Valdes, Adalberto Santiago, and Pete "El Conde" Rodriguez. 6/16 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

Moody Blues—6/18 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $36.*

Ozzy Osbourne—The granddaddy of metal—and perhaps the world's chief head-banging baby boomer—rolls in with Cleveland industrial-pop outfit Filter and Corrosion of Conformity in tow. 6/15 at 7 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $32.*

Pharoah Sanders—SummerStage inaugurates its eleventh season with this statuesque tenor-sax giant—he of the Mount Rushmore beard and ragged-glory tone—who sends his rhapsodic wails into the city sky with Ernest Ranglin and Monty Alexander. 6/15 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

The Specials—The godfathers of the "two-tone" movement crank out the skank with New York ska fixtures the Toasters. 6/13 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 254 W. 54th St. (307-7171) $18.*

Barry White—6/14 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $35.* 6/18 at 8 P.M. *Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Avenue at 33rd St. (307-7171). $45–$65.*

Marianne Williamson—6/11 at 7:30 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $10.*

Clubland

Bottom Line—The "In Their Own Words" songwriter series presents some heavies this time out: Mark Eitzel and Graham Parker along with Jill Sobule on 6/15. 6/19: Rosanne Cash. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 6/11–6/12: Tripping Daisy; Walt Mink. 6/18: Sammy. 6/19: Lida Husik. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Irving Plaza—Guided by Voices are indie rock's true national treasure, possessed of wonderfully shempy grooming habits and an unfailing knack for the barn-size rock hook. Beer-drinking, garage-dwelling champions of "lo-fi," they pack more infectious melodies into their British Invasion–ish microanthems—and, at twenty-odd albums, they've got a lot—than any rock group out there. Plus, singer (and ex–grade-school teacher) Robert Pollard's got the moves: Roger Daltrey–style microphone twirls and Richard Simmons–worthy high kicks. Miss them and be just a little glummer. They play with Cat Power on 6/14 and Railroad Jerk 6/15. 6/17: †Three of the more compelling signposts to black music's future play under one roof. Philadelphia's Roots (the most credible of the live hip-hop/jazz attempts), Living Colour guitarist Vernon Reid (whose new *Mistaken Identity* tests similar waters), and D.J. Spooky (Jean-Michel Basquiat with a turntable) jam under the What Is Jazz? Festival's auspices. 6/18: Under-

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Jay Blakesberg/Retna.

world, Britain's newest kings of ambient club rock, transform Irving Plaza into a moody, twinkling, and laser-skimming trip-hop salon—with, they threaten, fourteen hours of somnambulant dance music. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music—and this week both host to the Toyota Comedy Festival and Mission Control to the What Is Jazz? Festival. 6/11: *Reno; Dave Attell; Funny Gay Males. 6/12: Penny Arcade; Marga Gomez; That Gail. 6/13–6/14: Firesign Theater. 6/11–6/14: John Lurie's "Fishing With John." 6/15–6/17: Art-pop composer and sometime film scorer Ryuichi Sakamoto. 6/18: †Free jazz's leading soprano saxist, Steve Lacy; arty alto saxophonist Greg Osby leads a nonet; percussionist Leon Parker Quartet; Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy; Mark Dresser's Force Green; Tim Berne and Mark Dresser. 6/19: †Marilyn Crispell, Mark Dresser, Bobby Zankel, Neuman Baker; David S. Ware Quintet; Holly Cole Trio; Transparent Quartet; Paradox Trio; Ivo Perlman Trio; Tim Berne's Blood Count. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 6/12: Jonathan Fire-Eater. 6/14: Mermen. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 6/11–6/12: The delightful former Golden Palominos singer Syd Straw. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Friday and Saturday nights, the fourteen-piece Stan Rubin Orchestra plays classics from the swing era. 6/19: Phoebe Snow. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—Abba heirs apparent, Sweden's Cardigans craft a kitschy popscape that's something like that of the Pizzicato Five, only led by the breathy, high voice of a Stockholm alternagirl. Their *Life* is a shiny bauble, innocuous and perfectly adequate for an early summer fling. They play 6/11. 6/13: St. Louis's latest Nine Inch Nails soundalikes, Gravity Kills, last heard screeching "Guilty" at Brad Pitt and Morgan Freeman in *Seven,* do their thing. 6/18: Fun Lovin' Criminals. 6/14–6/15: Jerry Lee Lewis—"the Killer," as they say—celebrates 40 years of shakin'. 6/20: Joe Ely Band; Roy Rogers and the Delta Rhythm Kings. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Jazz

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and charges accordingly. 6/11–6/16: Jazz guitar fave Larry Coryell and his young counterpart Mark Whitfield lead a quartet apiece. 6/18–6/23: Drum god Elvin Jones, once the volcanic yin to John Coltrane's yang, leads his Jazz Machine. The erudite pianist Cedar Walton holds his own with a sextet (including trumpeter Art Farmer and tenorman Teoross Avery), playing songs from his new record *Composer.* Sets at 9 and 11:30. 131 *W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden, an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Iridium Room—The dreamy, bespectacled guitar god Bill Frisell unassumingly titled his latest opus *Quartet,* and on that drumless outing he refines the spare, ghostly meditations on Americana set forth on his covers album *Have a Little Faith.* Frisell's mastery of rock thunder with jazz delicacy is now legend, but *Quartet* shows his other side: a craftsman of quavering, 32-bar pop gems. 6/18–6/23: Joe Henderson Trio featuring George Mraz and Al Foster. Guitar innovator Les Paul has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight sets Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Sweet Basil—The Blue Note label presents its newest crop of young hopefuls as the Blue Note All-Stars 6/11–6/16. Said stars Javon Jackson, Greg Osby, Tim Hagins, Kevin Hayes, Essiet Essiet, and Bill Stewart. 6/18–6/23: Hilton Ruiz Quartet with Dave Valentin, Andy McCloud III, Eden Dueno, and Joe Gonzalez. Every Sun., Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Mon., it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 6/11–6/23: Lainie Kazan. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—The ferocious young multi-saxophonist James Carter returns to the stage leading his regular quartet of Detroit homeboys Craig Taborn, Jaribu Shahid, and Tani Tabbal and playing music from his new *Conversin' With the Elders,* a collection of bubbly chats with such diverse forefathers as Lester Bowie, Buddy Tate, and Sweets Edison. He plays here 6/11–6/16. 6/18–6/23: Pianist Marcus Roberts leads a trio featuring bassist David Grosman and the latest Marsalis wunderkind, drummer Jason. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Talent

Dayton Calling

With threadbare sonics and transcendent melodies, Ohio's aging garage rockers Guided by Voices (June 14–15, Irving Plaza) go from weekend warriors to full-on pop gods.

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. 6/11–6/16: *Dave Chappelle; Kevin Brennan; Greer Barnes. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 6/11: *Chris Fonseca, Art Metrano, Anita Hollander, and others. 6/12–6/13: *John Henton. 6/14–6/16: *Colin Quinn, Jim Breuer, and Darrell Hammond. 6/17–6/18: Night. 6/19: Hot 97's Phat Comedy. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Catch a Rising Star—Recently reborn, this variety showplace now smells of big money. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill will view "The Loft," a stage set of a New York apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians—along with musicians, cabaret artists, and others—will perform. 6/11: *The Upright Citizens Brigade. 6/12: *Dave Attell; Todd Barry; D.C. Benny; and others. 6/13: *"Babes of Comedy." 6/14: *Joy Behar. 6/15: *Janeane Garofalo. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 6/13: *Sam Greenfield, Dave Attell; Greer Barnes; Todd Barry; Greg Rogell; others. 6/14–6/15: *"Top of the Cellar," with Larry Amoros, Gary Valentine, Wanda Sykes Hall, Ray Romano, others. 6/17–6/23: Todd Barry; Greg Giraldo; Ray Romano; Greer Barnes; Rock Rubin; Kevin Brennan. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9 and 10:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; Sun. at 9. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 6/11: *"The '70s," featuring Scott Blakeman, Chance Langton, and others. 6/12: *"The '80s," featuring Colin Quinn, Chris Rock, Susie Essman, and others. 6/13: *"The '90s," featuring Jim Breuer, Darrell Hammond, Ian Bagg, and others. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 6/10–6/16: Brian McFadden; Gregory Carey; Tom Anzalone; Quentin Higgs; Ben Creed; Nancy Redman. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and—at 3,300 square feet—palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 6/11: *"The Red Zone: Sports Comedy," featuring Greer Barnes, Rich Francese, Sam Greenfeld, and others. 6/12: *"Us vs. Them: Relationship Comedy," featuring Tom Agna, Janette Barber, Todd Barry, and others. 6/13: *"Off the Cuff: Stream of Consciousness Comedy," featuring Tom Agna, Todd Barry, Susie Essman, and others. 6/16: *"Clean Comedy: No Cursing Allowed," featuring Eddie Brill, Gino Caccione, Amy Foster, and others. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 8 and 10 P.M. and 12:30 A.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.-Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known as Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's "The State" and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston St. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. 6/11: *"All-Star Stand Up," 6/13: *"Sitcom Stars," featuring Ron "Horshack" Pallilo and Mark "Skippy" Price. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—6/11: *Joe Franklin's Follies. 6/12: *"Ten Minutes for Ten Years," featuring Denis Leary, Maria Falzone, Dave Attell, Ray Romano, Susie Essman, and Joy Behar. 6/14: *"Comedy in Colors." 6/14–6/15: *"Stand Up and Be Counted," featuring Tommy Koenig, Dave Attell, Greg Carey, and others. 6/16: *"The Funniest Gay and Lesbian Comics in New York." 6/19–6/21: Keith Robinson; Jim David; Rich Ceisler; Linda Smith. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Graceful, unaffected, and deeply felt, Susanne McCorkle's pop singing transcends era and trend—rather like Cole Porter, in fact, whose work she sings at the Oak Room through 6/29. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through 8/10: Barbara Carroll. Tues.–Sat. 9:30 P.M.–1:30 A.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 6/29: Bobby Short. Tues-Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45 cover, no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Photograph by Michael Lavine.

KNITTING
74 LEONARD
FACTORY

If You Have to Ask...

In 1935, that noted hepcat H. L. Mencken answered the question thus: "It is music reduced to its baldest elements, and hence music [the customers] can follow." Sixty-one years later comes a less misanthropic response: It's Abbey Lincoln and the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Pat Metheny and the Lounge Lizards, Anthony Braxton and Charlie Hunter, funky organ trios and swinging big bands. Now in its eighth year, the Knitting Factory's What Is Jazz? Festival (June 17–July 1) promises to be not only New York's most exciting jazz fest but—with more than 150 acts—probably the most exciting music festival, period. What's more, according to Knitting Factory founder *Michael Dorf, it should actually be festive.* "Festivals shouldn't be just advertising campaigns for 30 shows," says Dorf, implicitly referencing the more austere JVC Jazz Festival, which begins the following week. "A festival is about discovery and vibe. Even the word itself makes you think of New Orleans or a party, a circus tent. It should be a fun, extended immersion in music." This year, both the vibe and star power are boosted by Heineken, whose sponsorship has allowed entire nights dedicated to the jazz scenes of San Francisco (June 22) and—pure coincidence?—Holland (June 25). But the most important partner to the What Is Jazz? Festival may be its real host. "New York is home to the greatest jazz musicians in the world," says Dorf. "There's no reason why a definitive festival should be in Montreal, Copenhagen, or Montreux. Really, *you can't ask for a better site than here to explore today's jazz.*" Whatever it is.

CHRIS NORRIS

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocks the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Michael's Pub—The cabaret has now moved across town to the Hotel Parker Meridien, trading saloon ambience for that of a Parisian Rive Gauche salon in the thirties, which should suit Woody Allen's New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestrajust fine. They play, as always, Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *Bar Montparnasse, Parker Meridien Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Mary Cleere Haran, whose appearance here last spring with a show celebrating the centenary of Lorenz Hart's birth provided one of the cabaret season's high points, is (lucky for us) back for a return engagement. This time, she's focusing on Jerome Kern and his collaboration with lyricist Dorothy Fields—the only wordsmith with whom Kern felt safe enough to venture into the rhythms of swing—in a show titled "A Fine Romance." $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who brought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine; it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St., at Second Ave. (539-1389).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. *Amsterdam Ave. at 90th St. (787-9628).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Photograph by Jeremy Wolf.

restaurants

Village Grill...TriBeCa Town...Morton's 2

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Amici Miei—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. Try chef Abdul Sebti's seared-tuna salad, pappardelle al funghi, and Kentucky-bourbon steak in a peppercorn sauce. *475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-1933). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar 89—This sleekly contemporary bar, done in black, white, and industrial, also serves food of the burger-and-fries variety. They're awfully proud of their martini here as well. *89 Mercer St. (274-0989). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

5 & 10 No Exaggeration—Come in for some southern cooking and leave with some antique bric-a-brac—or an armoire. This wonderfully cluttered restaurant doubles as a collectibles shop. *77 Greene St. (925-7414). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barn-like TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ask Gael

Steak Exchange

First I'm bullish, then I'm bearish. I need a protein fix.

Invite a crony to share a quivering slab of prime porterhouse at the newest Morton's of Chicago—just a brisk dash from the Exchange. With the campaign to revive Wall Street fermenting, the upscale chain is bullish on bringing its practiced formula—open kitchen, red meat, great wine in magnums—to its downtown fans. Not as grand as its showplace off Fifth, the West Street branch looks like Toledo except for glorious photos of old-time Gotham. The joint should be perking by the time a brewery-and-steakhouse moves into landmark Delmonico's and Wall Street Kitchen and Bar settles at Beaver and Broad. (90 West Street.)

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Streghe—At the end of SoHo's restaurant row, this Italian spot caters to all comers: old, young, hip, not. Those with appetites should sample the spaghetti alla chitarra or the malfatti with duck and pine nuts. *331 W. Broadway (343-2080). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl; regional specialties and a fabulous selection of vegetarian dishes make this a downtown destination. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

T Salon—This elegant restaurant/tea parlor below the Guggenheim SoHo specializes in exotic infusions, and innovative food like tea-roasted chicken, coconut-curry mussels and clams, and all sorts of sweets. *142 Mercer St. (925-3700). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus at a table in the outdoor café. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bambou—A luxuriously tropical room provides the perfect backdrop for chef Herb Wilson's Caribbean fusion cuisine, like coconut-shrimp cocktail with tamarind-and-tomato vinaigrette. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Strausman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Empire Korea—This 500-seat restaurant in midtown's Little Korea broadens the neighborhood's culinary offerings with forays into Japanese and Chinese cuisines, with entrées like marinated short ribs and rib-eye steak, sushi and sashimi, teriyaki, hibachi steak, and everyone's favorite translucent noodle, chap-chae. *6 E. 32nd St. (725-1333). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and

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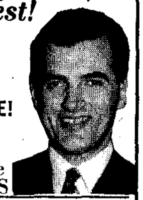

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loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Notaro Ristorante—This new Kips Bay Italian restaurant has already attracted a loyal following form NYU Hospital across the street with dishes like New Zealand rack of lamb with Cabernet-wine sauce, spicy Tuscan seafood, and cacciucco alla Toscana. *635 Second Ave., nr. 34th St. (686-3400). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare, from crab cakes to Maine lobsters to Sunday brunch, is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving Continental Mediterranean fare in a relaxed, loft-like atmosphere. The bar menu's burger is one of the best. *55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City tavern that's been around for 38 years. Six fireplaces and comfort food like steak, seafood, and pasta make this a warm and cozy Chelsea haven. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Crab House Seafood Restaurant—The first New York location of a Florida-based seafood emporium, this cavernous, casual crab hall is famous for its all-you-can-eat salad and seafood bars and its variety of crustacean dishes. Drink or dine on the deck in fine weather. *Chelsea Piers; Pier 61 (312-2722). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened shrimp po'boys. *994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—This southwestern grill and upscale nightclub is midtown's best place for country dancing in a corporate atmosphere. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fresh Basil's Trattoria—This casual midtown Italian restaurant prides itself on its friendly service and contemporary atmosphere. Try the gnocchi Aurora, the seafood pescatore, or the grilled veal chop with portobello mushrooms. *663 Lexington Ave., nr. 55th St. (888-4292). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Meltemi—This East Side Greek restaurant, cheerfully decorated in nautical colors with an Aegean mural, specializes in the kind of fresh charcoal-grilled whole fish that needs little more seasoning than olive oil, lemon juice, and herbs. *905 First Ave., at 51st St. (355-4040). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Zarela—A festive Mexican restaurant with a menu that lives up to its margarita-fueled bar scene, Zarela is known for its authentic regional cuisine. Try the red-snapper hash, chipotle-grilled salmon, tequila-braised chicken, and homemade tamales. *953 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (644-6740). (M–E) AE, DC.*

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Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castlelike setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more af-

Restaurants

Neighborhood Watch

When Chuck Harris bought Aloft Travel on West Broadway and White Street ten years ago, his next-door neighbor Montrachet was a lone beacon in a restaurant wasteland. What a difference a decade—and Drew Nieporent—makes. Now the two-block stretch of West Broadway bounded to the north by a patch of grass park at Walker Street is a new Left Bank, chockablock with sidewalk cafés and slightly raffish high stylishness.

"A bar seemed to be what the neighborhood craved," says Harris, who'd dabbled in psychology, management consultancy, and real-estate development before concluding that the only things that made money in the newly gentrified area were food and drink. In 1994, he converted the travel agency into the Liquor Store, a cozy, unpretentious neighborhood bar that's maintained its low profile in the face of boisterous neighbors like El Teddy's and the defunct Two Eleven, which this year morphed into Layla, Nieporent's Middle Eastern restaurant. Last month, Harris and his partner, photojournalist Marcello Maiorani, opened No Moore, a spacious new bar across the street (234 West Broadway), to capture the overflow crowd from the Liquor Store (and conceivably from the Bubble Lounge, a plush new champagne bar next door). In a bohemianism-as-marketing-gimmick nod to the neighborhood's pioneering residents, Harris intends to let artists pay their bar tabs with art for the walls.

In lieu of a kitchen, he's assembled a postmodern sort of menu, appropriating an anthology of his favorite dishes from eight downtown restaurants—mango chicken from Can on Houston, vindaloo from Salaam Bombay, Arturo's coal-oven pizza—that deliver to the bar. "The goal isn't to make money," says Harris of the ad hoc food service, but to be, in the spirit of the neighborhood, "the curator of other people's food."

ROBIN RAISFELD

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

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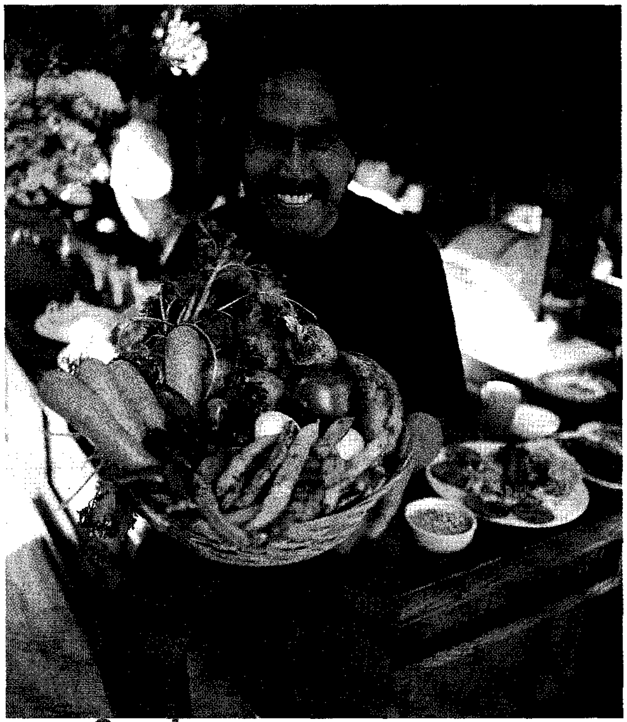

Opening

Flying South

The original El Pollo has lured devotees of spicy Peruvian chicken and curly fries to the upper reaches of Yorkville for almost a decade; at last, owner Lucio Medina has brought fruit batidos, potatoes and plantains, his specialty bird, and a terrific new selection of quinoa and guacamole dinner salads to a much grander, coral-colored corner in SoHo. (482 Broome Street.)

fordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Emporium Brazil—Located in the heart of Manhattan's Little Rio, this casual lunchtime restaurant serves Brazilian food like Bahian shrimp stew in a bread bowl, and a smattering of Italian and American entrées for the timid. The mood is midtown tropical, with bossa nova on the sound system and fans overhead. *15 W. 46th St. (764-4646). (I) ($).*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS, TM.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before NewYorkers knew they loved casual French dining this midtown mainstay se the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586 7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and Richard Leach in charge o elaborate pastry design, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn Open Sundays. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Limoncello—Sophisticated Italian restaurant serving specialties like fennel salad with blood oranges and balsamic vinegar and mussel soup with garlic and chili peppers. Leave room for the tirami su. *777 Seventh Ave., nr. 50th St. (582-7932). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito mixto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Puttanesca—The multi-tiered antipasto table is the luscious centerpiece of this casual West Side Italian. You can't go wrong with any of the homemade pastas and desserts. *859 Ninth Ave., nr. 56th St. (581-4177). (M) AE.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roadhouse America—Roadhouse serves regional American cuisine like jambalaya, Missouri chicken-fried steak, and Texas short-rib chili to the accompaniment of nightly live entertainment. On Sundays, try the jazz brunch before a matinee. *240 W. 52nd St. (489-2323). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed the formerly subdued Symphony Cafe space into a lively (for midtown) canteen, with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zenith Vegetarian Cuisine—This sedate, cheerful Theater District restaurant offers an extensive selection of vegetarian dishes, from simple noodles and vegetables to complex architectural concoctions like "Bundle of Joy" and "D'Rose's Delight." *888 Eighth Ave., at 52nd St. (262-8080). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. *212 W. 57th St. (581-8900). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

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Christopher, age 8
Adrian, age 6

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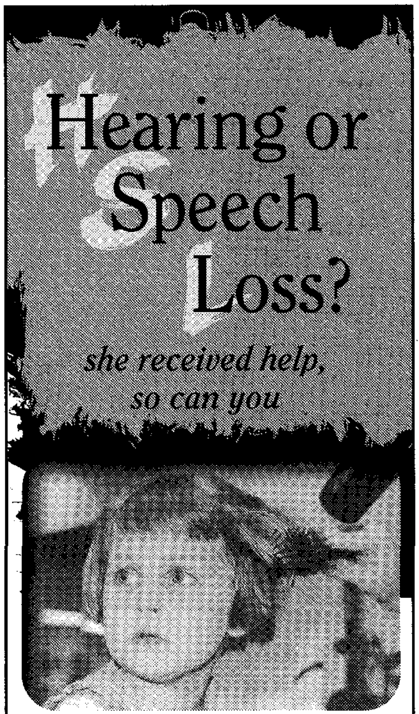

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Fitzers Restaurant—This Continental restaurant at the Fitzpatrick Manhattan Hotel boasts the best Guinness in New York and serves a traditional Irish breakfast until 10:30 PM. Or stop in for tea and scones after a tiring afternoon of shopping at Bloomingdale's two blocks away. *687 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. (355-0100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Match Uptown—Younger sibling of SoHo's trendy restaurant–lounge–sushi bar, with an equally eclectic menu featuring things like seared sea scallops with chive-oxtail risotto and seared pepper tuna with ginger-roasted pineapple. This branch has a cigar room. *33 E. 60th St. (906-9175). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some o the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. When the weather warms up, dine on lobster ravioli and grilled American lamb chops in the sidewalk café. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Colony—This Upper East Side pan-Asian bistro features Thai, Vietnamese, and Malaysian cuisine in a room resembling Disney's version of a Polynesian village—except for the waitresses in Nicole Miller. Some of the cooks are fugitives from the wildly popular Ollie's. *1199 First Ave., at 65th St. (249-7338). (M) AE, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Granita—A casually elegant two-story trattoria, serving charcoal-grilled fish, meat, and poultry, and thin-crust pizza from a wood-burning oven. Two fireplaces, and a smoking room for lighting up of a more personal nature. *1470 Second Ave., at 77th St. (717-5500). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Loui Loui Cafe—A bustling Italian bistro in a neighborhood full of 'em—this one has a wood-burning oven, a sidewalk café, and a menu full of pastas and grilled meats. *1311 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-4500). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Opening
Talking Turkish

Considering that it shares ownership—and recipes—with the elegant midtown Turkish Kitchen, the spinoff Turkish Grill is destined to transcend the kebab carry-out prototype. Fresh-baked bread, bean-and-vegetable salads, and a choice of marinated, charcoal-grilled meats are available to stay, to go, or for delivery. (193–195 Bleecker Street.)

TURKISH GRILL

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like veal capriciossa and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (501-7014). Also, 81 Greenwich Ave. (229-0234). (I–M) ($).*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

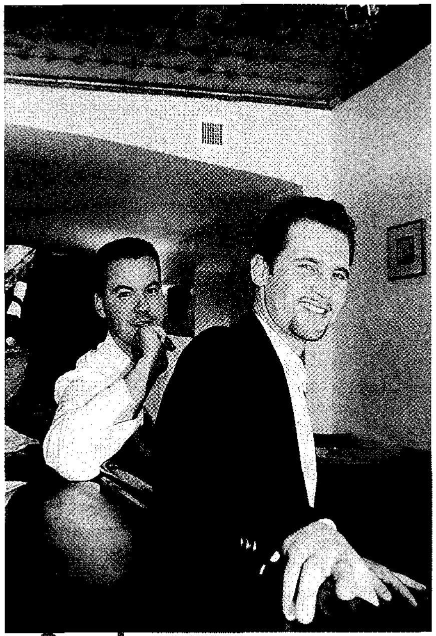
Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Niko's Mediterranean Grill & Bistro—This uptown grill specializes in the cuisine of the moment: Mediterranean, with influences from Greece, Israel, Turkey, and Italy. Sample large portions of moussaka, lamb with orzo, grilled fish, kabobs, and—strangely—brick-oven pizza. *2161 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

O'Neal's—A standby for pre- and post-theater dining, this Lincoln Center restaurant serves American food like potpie and ribs in a room designed to convey the feeling of Old New York. Live music on weekends, and kids eat free on Sundays. *49 W. 64th St. (787-4663). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Opening

Yo, Frenchman

After seven years of service à la Français—at Le Bernardin, La Reserve, Le Relais—Alain Labenne (above, right) has opened La Poste, named after the traditional French post office–cum–rest stop. He's hired chef Anthony Labriola (left), late of Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, to turn out "New York cuisine," an ethnically diverse marriage of culinary traditions evident in dishes like fresh shiitake fettuccine in a scallion-tomato broth, and curried lemongrass-crusted swordfish. (470 Sixth Avenue.)

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

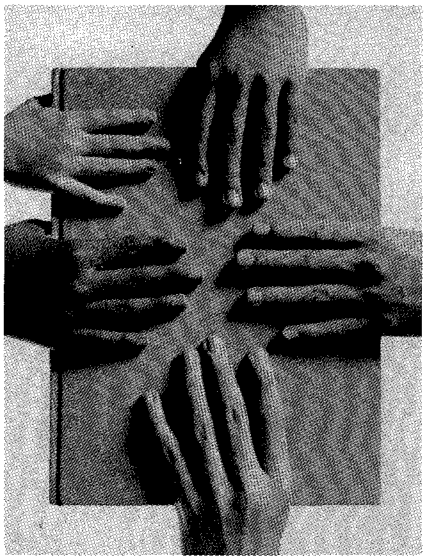
The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Queens

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Photograph by Erik Rank.



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"gURL"...Bloomsday on Broadway

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—6/11: R. Strauss's *Festliches Praeludium.* 6/12: Schubert's Overture in D, *In the Italian Style,* and Dvořák's Symphony No. 9 in e, Opus 95, *From the New World.* 6/13: Pleyel's *Symphony Periodique* No. 6 in F and Lalo's Symphony in g. 6/14: Mozart's Serenade No. 6 in D, K 239, *Serenata Notturna,* and Chadwick's Symphony No. 2 in B flat, Opus 21. 6/17: Stravinsky's Concerto in D for String Orchestra, and *Petrouchka.* 6/18: D'Albert's Piano Concerto No. 2 in E, Opus 12, and Gounod's Symphony No. 1 in D. 6/19: J. Stamitz's Clarinet Concerto in B flat and Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 in B flat, Opus 60. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Columbia Records Radio Hour—6/12 at 10 P.M.: Live Special from the Sony Soundstage in Manhattan, featuring singer/songwriter Tracy Chapman and Philosopher Kings. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Lyric Opera of Chicago—6/15 at 1: Janáček's *The Makropoulos Affair.* With Catherine Malfitano, Kim Begley, Tom Fox, Stephen West, and the Chicago Lyric Opera Chorus. Bruno Bartoletti conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

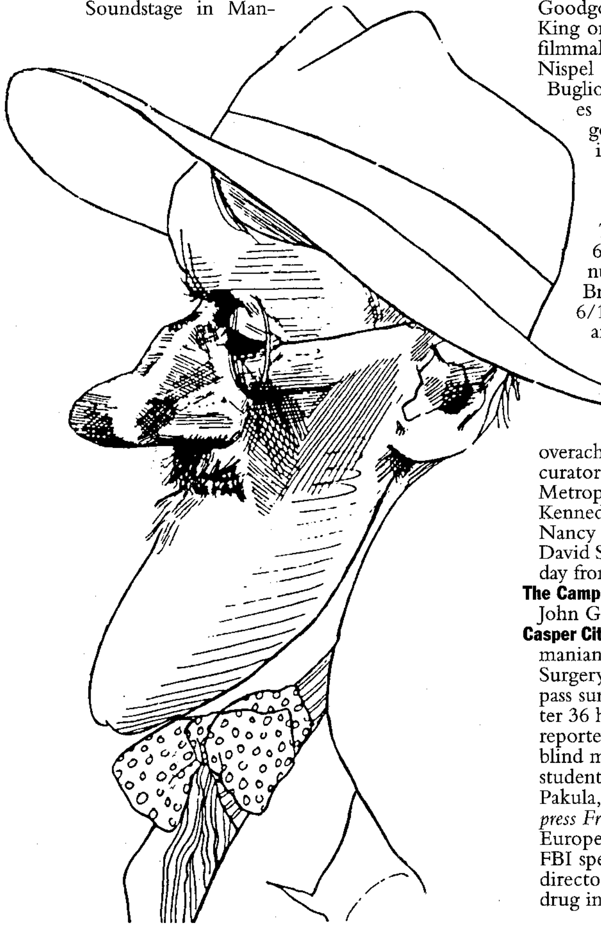
Mountain Stage—6/14 at 2 P.M., 6/16 at 9 P.M.: Robyn Hitchcock, Tanita Tikaram, Don Dixon, Seconds Flat, Murray Attaway, and Shaw/Blades. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—6/16 at 8: Merikanto's *Juha.* With Jorma Hynninen, Eeva-Liisa Saarinen, Raimo Sirkia, and the Tapiola Chamber Choir. Jukka-Pekka Sarsate conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

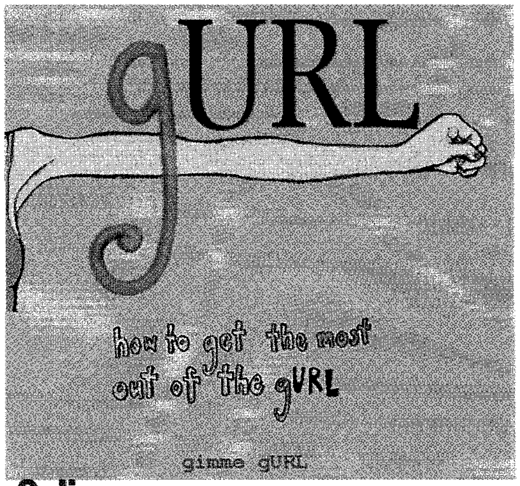
New York and Company—6/11: Sally Goodgold, chair of City Club; Alan King on *Name-Dropping;* Commercial filmmakers Bob Giraldi and Marcus Nispel compare clips. 6/12: Vincent Bugliosi, who wrote *Outrage,* discusses the five reasons O. J. Simpson got away with murder; grammarian Dr. Alan Cooper. 6/13: *National Review* editor Richard Brookhiser reviews events at large; David Rudenstine on *The Day the Presses Stopped.* 6/14: Al and Larry Ubell on the nuts and bolts of home repair; Brenda Maddox talks about D.H. Lawrence. 6/17: Jazz greats Max Roach, Milt Jackson, and Jimmy Heath on a tribute to Charlie Parker; John de St. Jorre talks about *Venus Unbound;* Chandler Burr on *A Separate Creation.* 6/18: Veronica Chambers discusses her memoir of an underprivileged overachiever, *Mama's Girl;* Barbara Weinberg, the curator of the Winslow Homer exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. 6/19: William Kennedy on his new novel *The Flaming Corsage;* Nancy Friday discusses *The Power of Beauty;* David Shaw talks about *The Pleasure Police.* Every day from noon to 2 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM.

The Campbell Playhouse—6/19 at 7 P.M.: *Escape,* by John Galsworthy. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Casper Citron—6/22 at 10 P.M.: Valavanur A. Subramanian, M.D., director of the Department of Surgery at Lenox Hill, does new coronary-bypass surgery that allows patients to go home after 36 hours; Charlie Le Duff, a New York *Times* reporter, spent a week in New York posing as a blind man, aided by Orlando Fiol, musician and student from the Helen Keller Institute; Hannah Pakula, author of *An Uncommon Woman: The Empress Fredrika,* talks about the making of modern Europe; Jules Bonavolonta, ex-director of the FBI special agents, talks with former New York director Jim Fox about organized crime and drug investigations. WOR, 710 AM.



One-shot **"We don't get a lot of academics or fanatics—they tend to go wherever the Joyce Society is meeting; we get people who love the book and people who have always been a little afraid of it," says artistic director Isaiah Sheffer of Symphony Space's fifteenth-annual Bloomsday on Broadway. A twelve-hour marathon reading of Joyce's *Ulysses* (with a little *Dubliners* and *Portrait of the Artist* thrown in), it features 175 parts read by 123 Broadway actors. (June 16; see listings.)**



Online
Wanna Have Fun?

Boy toy no more, the Net's becoming ever more girl-friendly. Preeminent among the flurry of new Webzines luring women online is the intelligent and playful gURL. *http://www.itp.tsoa.nyu.edu/~gURL*

The Written Word

Mark Leyner—6/12 at 7:30: Leyner will read from *Tooth Imprints on a Corn Dog.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl.; free.

Helen Benedict and Rebecca Stowe—6/12 at 6: Reading from new work at Mid-Manhattan Library, 455 Fifth Ave., at 40th St. (340-0944); free.

Calvin Trillin and Louis Simpson—6/12 at 7:30: Will read, respectively, from *Messages From My Father* and *The King My Father's Wreck.* Book Revue, 313 New York Ave., Huntington (516-271-1442); free.

Celebration of the Poetry of W. B. Yeats—6/12 at 7:30: Readings by Frank and Malachy McCourt, Sasha Durcan, Neal Bradley, and Michael Steinman to commemorate Yeats's birthday. Barnes & Noble/West, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (595-6859); free.

Arnie Kantrowitz and Karla Jay—6/12 at 7: A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Simon Schama—6/13 at 7:30: Will read from *Landscape and Memory.* North River Reading Series/Greenwich House Arts, Renee Weiler Concert Hall, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770); $5.

To Celebrate Yeats's Birthday—6/13 at 7:30: Elise Paschen, M. I. Rosenthal, Charles Keating, Sasha Durchan, and Don Bates will read from his work. Barnes & Noble/Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

From Sappho to Cavafy: Celebrating the Lesbian and Gay Contribution to Greek Literature—6/15 at 6: Featuring Daniel Mendelsohn, Olga Broumas, T. Begley, Karen van Dyck, Barbara Lekatsas. Hosted by Dean Kostos. Greek-American Writ-

Illustration by David Levine/courtesy of Symphony Space.

ers' Association, Cornelia Street Cafe, 29 Cornelia St. (989-9319); free.

ifteenth Annual Bloomsday-on-Broadway Celebration—6/16 from noon to midnight: The date Leopold Bloom wandered around Dublin in James Joyce's novel *Ulysses* will be celebrated with a marathon extravaganza. Broadway actors and Joyce enthusiasts—including John Shea, Celeste Holm, Keir Dullea, Dana Ivey, James Naughton, Lois Smith, Stephen Lang, and Frances Sternhagen—will read. Bloomsday on Broadway will be simulcast in its entirety on WBAI 99.5 FM. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $14, $10 students and seniors, $9 members.

Patricia Ireland—6/18 at 7:30: President of the National Organization of Women will speak about her new book *What Women Want*. Barnes & Noble/Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

William Kennedy—6/19 at 7:30: Reading from his new novel *The Flaming Corsage*. Barnes & Noble/Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Tony Kushner and Maurice Sendak—6/19 at 7: Reading Herman Melville. A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Lectures and Panels

Jessye Norman in Conversation With Anna Devere Smith—6/10 at 8: 92nd St.Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

"Transportation and Urban Design"—6/12 at 6:30: Transportation and urban design professionals and community residents will discuss how to create a safe environment for pedestrians, cyclists, and motorists, and how to (re)design Frederick Douglass Circle, at the intersection of 110th Street and Central Park West. Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, 2 E. 91st St., Lecture Room. Call 360-1477 to register.

The World Capital? New York in the Eyes of Foreign Journalists—6/12 at 6:30: Is New York really the world capital it often claims to be? Journalists from the U.K., France, South Korea, and Mexico will share their global perspective on New York and its role as a preeminent world city. The Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); $7, $4 Municipal Art Society members.

Betty Eadie—6/12 at 6:30: The author of *The Awakening Heart* and *Embraced By the Light* speaks at the Learning Annex, 116 E. 85th St.; call 570-6500 to register; $39 for non-members.

Henry Louis Gates Jr. and Robert Krulwich—6/13 at 8: Discuss "What Kind of Society Do We Want?" 92nd St.Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Washington Couples Speak Out—6/18 at 8: PBS talk-show host Charlie Rose interviews Cokie and Steve Roberts and Eleanor Clift and Tom Brazaitis about the special challenges of living and working in Washington, D.C. 92nd St. Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Books into Film—6/18 at 8:30 A.M.: A Random House Literary Breakfast, moderated by Harold Evans. Panelists include David Brown, E. L. Doctorow, Nicholas Hytner, Susan Lyne, Gregory Mosher, and Mira Nair. Barneys New York restaurant, mad.61, 10 E. 61st St. Tickets are priced at $35 per person and are available on a first-come, first-served basis. Cash and checks are accepted; credit cards are not. RSVP 940-7480.

Tours

Governors Island—6/15 at 1 P.M.: Co-sponsored with MWR Department of the United States Coast Guard. Governors Island has more than 350 years of fascinating history and is the largest Coast Guard installation in the world. Visit the homes of Ulysses S. Grant and General John J. Pershing, the site of the 1988 Gorbachev-Reagan mini-summit, and two early-nineteenth-century forts. Call 439-1090 for meeting site and further information; $12, $10 students and seniors.

Splendors of the Connecticut River Valley—6/16 from 8:30 A.M. to 8 P.M.: Visit the castle and estate of famed actor William Gillette (a.k.a. Sherlock Holmes). Patterned after a medieval Rhennish fortress, the castle boasts many quirky and enchanting personal touches. Then lunch in the charming colonial town of Essex and cap off the day with a train ride and riverboat cruise along the picturesque Connecticut River. For reservations and information, call 996-1100; $70.

Annual Father's Day Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour—6/16 at 1 P.M.: A special holiday walking tour featuring the historic and gastronomic delights of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy. Learn about this fascinating "land of the immigrants" while munching on everything from bialys to dim sum to fresh mozzarella. Call 439-1090 for meeting site and further information; $12, $10 students and seniors. This price includes food stops.

Moonlight Walk in Central Park—6/19 from 7:30 to 10 P.M.: A rare opportunity to stroll through Central Park by the light of the moon, accompanied by an urban park ranger and a police escort. Watch for the seasonal changes of animals, plants, and bodies of water. For reservations and information, call 996-1100; $15.

Exhibitions

The Changing Face of Beauty—6/26 to 7/6: An exhibition charting the evolution of ideals of female beauty over 150 years, from Edith Wharton's heroines to twenties and sixties (and nineties) androgyny. On display will be archival photographs and objects from institutions and private collections. Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St.; free.

Sports

The 1996 Olympic Torch Relay—Fire! I guess it isn't against the law to *carry* fire in an overcrowded city. Next Monday, the Olympic Torch's circuitous route through God's Country finally takes the Games' standard to Babylon-on-Hudson. The itinerary for the torch has been scheduled down to the last minute (in military time, no less), so don't be late. Some highlights: Torch crosses Connecticut–New York border (16:06). WELCOME TO NEW YORK CITY!—HON. RUDOLPH W. GIULIANI (Gun Hill Rd., bet. 18:00 and 19:05). Hang left at Van Cortlandt and Broadway, and, what the heck, go *under* the subway (19:37). Central Park North and Fifth Avenue (bet. 20:55 and 21:08). Central Park South (21:44). Celebration at Rockefeller Center (21:45). After a hearty meal, some good cheer, and a good night's rest, the torch departs midtown (7:10) the next morning and heads down Broadway to Battery Park City for the ferry to Liberty Island (8:09) and on to Jersey, where it will probably check out Ikea. 6/17–6/18. For more information, check out the 1996 Olympics official Website (http://www.atlanta.olympic.org).

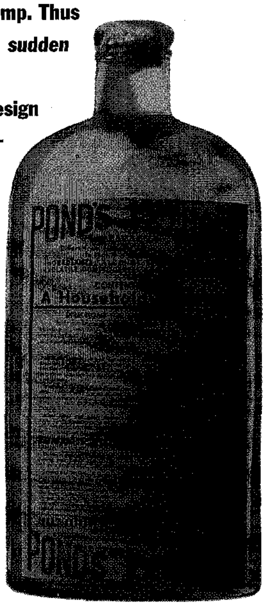
Yankees—At the height of his notoriety, the angriest man in the sports business, Albert Belle, comes to the crankiest city in America for a four-game series—if he isn't serving his five-game suspension by then. Over the past three years, as Cleveland has developed into the scariest team in the majors (Atlanta notwithstanding), the Yankees have inexplicably *owned* the Indians, winning 18 of 25 games. And while the animosity between the teams pales in comparison to the New York–Seattle rivalry, the series—Doc Gooden fooling (or not) Carlos Baerga with his arcing curve, Mariano Rivera challenging hometown hero Manny Ramirez with heat, fans giving the finger to Jack McDowell—should be conducive to a playoff atmosphere in the Bronx this weekend. At Toronto 6/10–6/12. Mon. (Channel 11) and Tues. (MSG) at 7:35. Wed. (MSG) at 12:35. Vs. Cleveland 6/13–6/16. Thurs. (Ch. 11) and Fri. (MSG) at 7:35. Sat. (Fox) at 1:05. Sun. (Ch. 11) at 1:35. Call 307-7171 for ticket info.

Mets—Bernard Gilkey is God! Well, even though the Mets left fielder is not exactly the Second Coming, he's been the Most Valuable Bernard the city's seen since King. The Alex Ochoa wait is officially on, by the way, as Dallas "Mr. 'Please Please Please' hisself" Green begged Joe McIlvaine

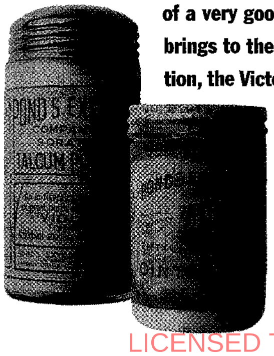
On View

Beautiful Girls

The most attractive women I've seen put me in mind of a Malamud heroine, a good-looking girl "verging on beautiful. She hadn't quite made it . . . as though beauty were more of an obligation than she cared to assume." My indifference to the unadulterated knockout does not figure to catch on, but society encourages me to hold fast to it: We don't quite trust the person for whom beauty equals Marla Maples and success equals Donald Trump. Thus *models have learned to say that beauty is perfect hair drenched by the sudden storm, or no makeup and dressing down, or Anna Magnani.*



The beauty that is the subject of a new exhibition at Parsons School of Design is not the kind models talk about but the kind they project. In "The Changing Face of Beauty," the eye of the beholder is made to seem myopic, the importance of (homogenized, idealized, iconographic) beauty all-surpassing. The curators *believe* in beauty—the exhibition is sponsored, after all, by Pond's. They don't ignore endemic female insecurity, though, or its sometimes lethal consequences. Consultant Kathy Peiss (author of a very good work of women's history, *Cheap Amusements*) brings to the exhibition scholarship on the Industrial Revolution, the Victorian period, and home remedies (arsenic was ingested to achieve a pallor). Yet the central cautionary tale is located not in the past but in the future, in the computer program that will age your face five, ten, twenty years. A softer sell could not be found.



LINDA HALL

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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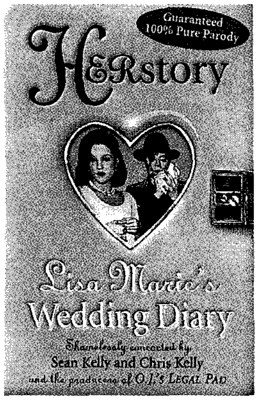
(through the press, of course) to make the call to Norfolk for The Franchise. Vs. Atlanta Mon.–Wed., 6/10–6/12. Mon.–Wed. at 7:40. At St. Louis 6/13–6/16. Thurs.–Sat. at 8:05, Sun. at 2:15. 6/10 and 6/13 on Sportschannel; all other games on Channel 9.

MetroStars—Vs. the San Jose Clash at Giants Stadium, Sun., 6/16, at 2 (Univision and MSG). Rock the casbah. Call 307-7171 for ticket info.

NBA Finals—All we and our surrogates, the New York Media, really care about this late in the game is how quickly this series can be over, so we can get to the real business of basketball in summer: Will Bulls owner Jerry Reinsdorf be stupid enough to lowball Phil Jackson and/or Michael Jordan? Will the salaries of free-agent-to-be Michael, Shaq, and Alonzo match those of Sylvester Stallone, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Jim Carrey? How many "marquee name" coaches will forsake the Nets' millions until that star-crossed franchise is forced to turn to an also-ran like Chris Ford as a last resort? Game four at Seattle Wed., 6/12, at 9. If necessary: Game five at Chicago Fri., 6/14, at 9. Game six at Chicago Sun., 6/16, at 7:30. On NBC.


Guaranteed 100% Pure Parody
HERstory
Lisa Marie's Wedding Diary
Shamelessly concocted by
Sean Kelly and Chris Kelly
and the producers of O.J.'s LEGAL PAD

In Print
Princess Bride

Father-and-son parodists Sean and Chris Kelly concocted 'HERStory,' Lisa Marie Presley's "diary" of her marriage to Michael Jackson (Mar-a-Lago is "like Graceland, only tacky"); they'll read from it at Elaine's on June 12 at 8.

Stanley Cup Finals—Didn't this used to be a Canadian game? Or at least a *Northern* American one? About the only enthusiasm we can muster for this series (besides the "blue spot" Fox employs to track the puck, which has a kind of fifth-grade-science overhead-projector charm) is for the former local heroes John Vanbiesbrouck of the Panthers and Claude Lemieux of the Avalanche. And since Claude is a goon, we've got to go with Beezer. Gotta *love* the Beezer! Game four at Florida Mon., 6/10, at 8 (ESPN). If necessary: Game five at Colorado Thurs., 6/13, at 8 (ESPN). Game six: Sat., 6/15, at 8 (TBA).

New York Road Runners Club—TDI Museum 5K Run. Central Park, East Park Dr. at 86th St. Wed., 6/12, at 7:15 P.M. On Father's Day, there will be races for the entire family and Disney-themed activities for the younger kids. Family Fun Run, Central Park at E. 97th St. Sun., 6/16, at 9 A.M. (Kids' races start at 10 A.M.) Call 860-4455 for more info (http://www.nyrrc.org on the Web).

The Skyscraper-Harlem Cycling Classic—The oldest criterium cycling race in the city has its twenty-fourth annual ride Sun., 6/16, at 1. 121st St. and Fifth Ave. Contact David Walker at 865-9606 for more info.

New York Triathlon Club—The Sixth Annual Freddie Mac Run for Shelter (5K). Central Park at E. 64th St. Thurs., 6/13, at 6 P.M. Call 914-247-0271 for more info.

3-on-3 Basketball Challenge—Organized by the law firm of Weil, Gotshal & Manges (which co-sponsored the event with the Knicks, the NBPA, and the United Way) to benefit the Central Park Conservancy's youth programs, the tournament will feature law-firm squads of up to five players. A group of former Knicks and past NBA stars will conduct a youth basketball clinic as well as play the winner of the tournament. Sat., 6/15, 9 A.M.–1 P.M. at Central Park's North Meadow Recreation Center, at 97th St. Call David Kline at 315-0385 ext. 12 for more info.

Online

Frank Zappa's Kids—Ahmet and Dweezil Zappa discuss their new release *Music for Pets*. On CompuServe: 6/10 at 6 P.M.

The Hazards of Mt. Everest—Mountain climber Jon Krakauer discusses the recent ill-fated Mt. Everest expedition and some specifics about climbing the highest peak in the world on Pathfinder (*http://pathfinder.com/people*) and on CompuServe in the Convention Center: 6/10 at 9 P.M.

Inside Star Trek—Together, Gene Rodenberry, Herbert Solow, and Robert Justman made television history as they produced *Star Trek,* the original series. Recently, Solow and Justman collaborated on *Inside Star Trek*, the story behind the series. On America Online: 6/10 at 10 P.M.

Sammy's Daughter—Tracey Davis, author of *Sammy Davis Jr., My Father* will chat about her rat-pack father in the ABC live area of America Online 6/11 at 6 P.M.

Fat Joe—SonicNet's Hip Hop in Cyberspace presents Fat Joe, a Bronx native climbing up the charts with the hit single "Where Ever You Are" off Relativity Record's *Jealous One's Envy*. On Prodigy: 6/11 at 7:30 P.M.

***The Nanny*'s Mother**—Sure everyone knows Renee Taylor portrays mother to Fran Drescher on the *The Nanny*, but she's also an Academy Award nominated screenwriter and Emmy Award-winning writer. Chat with her about her work as a writer and an actor. On Prodigy: 6/11 at 9 P.M.

Stock Advice—Stock expert Alvin Hall doles out investing tips for the beginner in the CompuServe Convention Center: 6/11 at 9 P.M.

Gravity Kills—Industrial rockers Gravity Kills will crush you with their hard talk in the SPIN Lounge. On America Online: 6/11 at 11 P.M.

Peter Graves—As Jim Phelps in the original *Mission: Impossible* TV series, he is sure to have an opinion or two about the Tom Cruise remake. On Prodigy: 6/12 at 8 P.M.

Air Travel Helouise—Diana Fairchild, author of *Jet Smart*, discusses summer air travel ideas in the CompuServe Convention Center: 6/12 at 9 P.M.

The Man Behind Stern—Jackie Martling, Howard Stern's head jokewriter, shares some of his secrets and talks about what makes Howard laugh. On Microsoft Network, go ComedyConnect: 6/12 at 9 P.M.

Events

CyberSuds—6/13 at 6 P.M.: Schmooze with cyber suits and venture capitalists. There's no admission fee, but it's a cash bar. Mirage, 610 W. 56th (459-4649).

New Technology/New Media Program—6/15 at 2 P.M.: As part of The Eighth Annual New York Lesbian and Gay Film Festival at The Public Theater there will be a special program which will feature the works of: CB Cooke/David Silverman, Santiago Echeverry and Pamela Jennings. 425 Lafayette St.(260-2400).

Tibetan Freedom Concert—6/15–6/16: Hear and see one of the concerts of the summer through the Net. The Beastie Boys, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, and 19 other bands will have their performances in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park beamed out over the Web. To learn more about the Tibetan cause and check out what's going on at the concert go to the SonicNet site (*http://www.sonicnet.com/tibet*) and be sure you have Real Audio (*http://www.realaudio.com*) to check out the cybercast and Global Chat (*http://www.quarterdeck.com/chat*) to join in the chats.

NY Women in Communication—6/17 at 6:30 P.M.: "Keeping Pace, Staying Ahead: Technology for Business Communicators" at the New York Yacht Club, 37 W. 44th St., 3rd Fl. (661-4737 or e-mail: assocmgmt@aol.com); $30 for non-members.

Kids

Puppets...Appreciating Papa

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Re-thinking Dad—Assuming a sense of humor on Dad's part, one supposes, a lot of Father's Day events around town seem to suggest dads are in need of some alteration. They are invited to bring their ugliest tie so that kids can perform makeovers at the **Staten Island Children's Museum** (6/16 at 1, 2, and 3). Soap-on-a-rope-making workshops are held at the exact same times. 1000 Richmond Terrace (718-273-2060); $4 admission and an additional $2 fee for workshops. To help get him in shape, **Wollman Rink** lets Dad in free with accompanying kids (including grown-up ones). Expect hoopla: a dad-friendly D.J., tempting Dad's Day in-line-skating packages, and sign-ups for instructional hockey clinics where dads can play against other dads. Lunch, snacks, and skating equipment are available for sale; to rent skates with safety gear is $4, $3 for kids and seniors. 59th St. and Sixth Ave. (396-1010, ext. 5). At the **Children's Museum of Manhattan** on both 6/15 and 6/16, little kids can make a mockery of Dad's shaving routine in a shaving-cream play opportunity for kids 4 and younger (at 1 and 3). Over-5's can make Dad a tie (at 12:30 and 3:30) or immortalize him on a quilt (10:30 and 1:30 for 5's and older), make him a card (noon and 2 for under-5's), or appear on a game show with him (at 12:30 and 2:30 for over-5's). 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). General admission is $5, $2.50 for seniors.●

Spring Fling —Last year's *June Balloon Family Festival* attracted about 30,000 people. But that was before the major addition to the **Brooklyn Children's Museum.** Look for fierce competition in Double Dutch jump-roping; a delegation of black cowboys from Brooklyn; Simply Mystique, a gospel-flavored R&B singing group; and lots of chalk-drawing on the sidewalk (call for a complete schedule). 6/16 from 11 to 5. 145 Brooklyn Ave., adjacent to Brower Park (718-735-4400). ●●

Manipulated—Old socks, pieces of wood, paper maché, and other inanimate objects will perform with gusto at **Central Park**'s annual *Spring Puppet Festival.* In addition to acts on the main stage, roving clowns, ventriloquists, and face painters will engage children one-on-one. Kids can make their own puppets out of paper plates to take home. 6/15 from 11 to 4. Rain date is 6/16. Swedish Cottage Marionette Theater Bower, mid-park at 81st. St. (988-9093).●●

Flotsam and Jetsam—Dorothy's ruby slippers from *The Wizard of Oz,* the top hat Abraham Lincoln wore the night he was shot, and a set of eight-foot prehistoric shark jaws are among the something-for-everyone ephemera travelling around the country in the largest-ever moving-museum show—part of a celebration of the Smithsonian's 150th anniversary celebration. The show is at the **New York City Coliseum** from 6/11 through 7/24. 57th St. and Columbus Circle. Free tickets are available on a first-come, first-served basis every morning during the run of the show. It's also possible to reserve tickets by calling 1-800-913-8687; telephone orders carry a service fee of $3.50 per ticket. ●●

Powwow—A Native American festival at Gateway National Recreation Area's **Floyd Bennett Field** includes hoop dancing, tepee-raising, pony rides, clowns, and succotash- and venison-eating opportunities. Flatbush Ave. and the Belt Parkway, Exit 11S, Brooklyn (718-499-0912). 6/14, 10 to 5; 6/15 and 6/16, 10 to 8. General admission is $7, $3 for seniors and for children ages 6 to 12. ●

Radio Days—Kids can tune into an astonishingly smooth-talk-show- host peer. The 12-year-old Mets fan holds forth from his Long Island bedroom in "What's Up? With Evan Roberts," Thursdays from 7 to 8, on WJDM-AM 1660. Eighteen-year- old Cristina Teuscher talks about the rigors of training for the U.S. Women's Olympic Swim Team on "New York Kids," 6/16; the program airs every Sun. from 6 to 8 on WNYC-FM 93.9.●

Backbone—**The American Museum of Natural History** adds a newly renovated and reorganized Hall of Vertebrate Origins and Orientation Center this week. The six halls, with the largest and most varied group of vertebrate fossils found anywhere in the world, tell the story of vertebrate evolution. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5800); $7, $5 students and seniors, $4 children 12 and under.

Staged Whimsy—*Tale of the Dog* in which soft sculpture careens to Handel's Water Music and the theme to the Jetson's is at **Pink Inc.**, 62 Grand St. (941-1949) 6/16 at 3. $10, $5 for children. *The Story of Millicent,* about a 6-year-old business tycoon, is onstage weekends at 1 through 6/29. **Wings Theater Company**, 154 Christopher St. (627-2961); $6. Singer and illusionist J. P. Jarrett invites audience participation in a magic show Suns. at 1:30. **Theatre East**, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528). Reserve: $12 for adults, $10 for kids under 12. A three-part harmony of songs and sketch, *The Morgan, Torgan & Teri Show* (for ages 3 to 7) is at 11; *The Dragon Show,* with the same performers, explores childhood fears with humor (for children 5 to 12) at 2. 6/16 at **Lang Recital Hall**, Hunter College, 68th St. bet. Lexington and Park Aves. (772-4448); $10.

Baby 101—At an information-packed open house, Lisa Spiegel and Jean Kunhardt, authors of *A Mother's Circle* and co-directors of the parenting program, talk about infant sleep development in the first year of life. Three affiliated pediatricians give presentations on infant health care, immunizations, and safety; workshops are also presented on movement, massage for infants, and the more prosaic how-to's of diapering, bathing, and breast-feeding. 6/15 from 11 to 2. **Soho Pediatric Group and Soho Parenting Center,** 568 Broadway, at Prince St., Suite 205 (334-3366). ●●

Cue

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Barbara Ensor
Kids

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

Alexandra Lange
In Concert

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Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants & Bars

Randall Short
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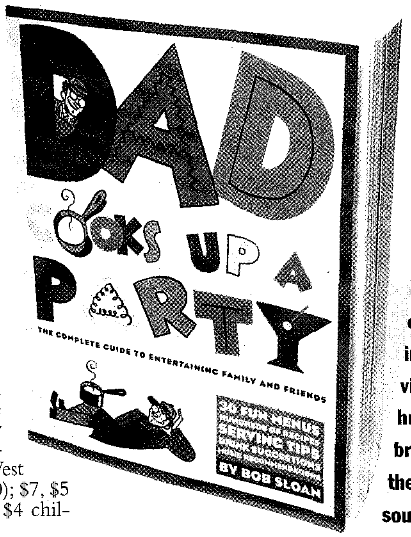
In Print

Bob Sloan Living

Who says that when a male Martha Stewart emerges, he has to be some manly man in Wellington boots offering tips on how to shoot a duck? Maybe he will have more-*family*-friendly skills like hosting a Halloween party—with Cheddar-cheese skulls for eats and "Guess What You're Touching (the PG version)" for laughs. Someone, in other words, more like lifestyle impresario, cookbook author, caterer, and dad Bob Sloan. In *Dad Cooks Up a Party* (Macmillan; $14.95), recipes that presuppose no culinary knowledge whatsoever are accompanied by notes on the kind of stuff that can trip up any well-intentioned host. We could grow dependent on a guy who reminds us to allow time to shower before welcoming the guests, and then gives advice on how to hasten their departure should that become necessary ("Any recording of Ornette Coleman on the violin will clear a room in a hurry"). Sloan is capable of brazen one-upmanship, as in the statement "My kids like this soup . . . " next to a recipe for "ginger carrot soup" that would make any kid we've raised make loud gagging noises. But that's the Martha in him—that need to fill us with sufficient self-loathing to get with the program. As a Father's Day gift, the book could, at first glance, seem like a heavy-handed attempt to elbow the man of the house into doing more domestic duty. But once Dad begins to see that what we're discussing here is whipping up a bunch of barbecued-brisket sandwiches—without ever surrendering control of the remote—he'll agree that *this* is living.

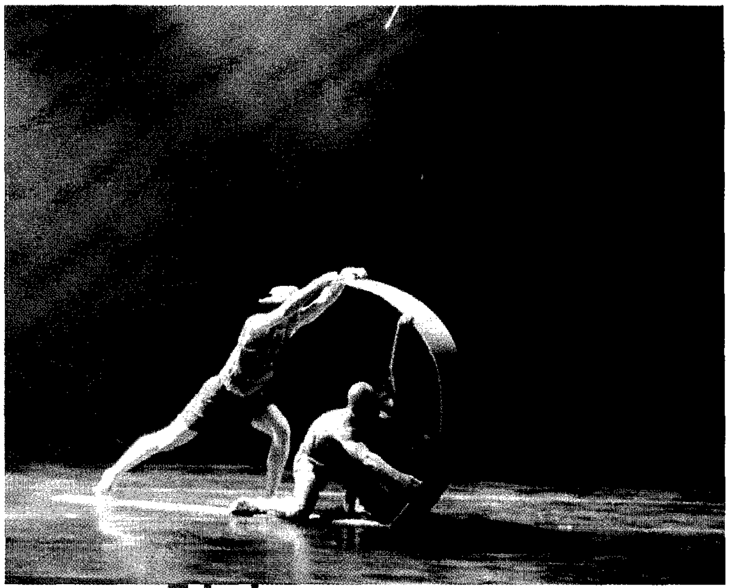
Barbara Ensor



Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

in concert

Bill T. Jones...Ulysses Dove...Percussion Plus



Talent

La. Story

Elisa Monte Dance presents the New York premiere of 'Feu Follet: A Cajun Love Story,' a narrative ballet about the forced Acadian migration to Louisiana, at Alice Tully Hall June 13–15. As part of Cajun Week festivities, the Louisiana-based band Mamou will perform live accompaniment for the ballet and make a solo twilight appearance at the Lincoln Center Fountain on June 11.

Classical Music

Tuesday, June 11

Summertime Fun—American Opera Projects performs songs that salute the summer. *Herald Square, 34th St. and Broadway, at 12:30; free.*

Wednesday, June 12

New Music Consort—Performs works by Malcolm Goldstein, Zhou Long, and Elliott Carter. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12.*

Operetta to Musical—Songs inspired by the city of New York. Second in a series. *New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St.(873-3400); $8.*

Young Concert Artists—Solo and chamber music by Emanuel Ax, Richard Goode, Anne-Marie McDermott, and others. *92nd St. Y, 92nd St. at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8:30; $35.*

Thursday, June 13

Noonday Concert—Pianist Tomoko Kawamukai and French hornblower Jill Van Nostrand perform works by Saint-Saëns and Mozart. *Trinity Church, Broadway and Wall St. (602-0747), at 1; $2.*

Bargemusic—Works by Wuorinen and Schumann, featuring pianist Ursula Oppens. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

June in Buffalo—Selections from the Buffalo Festival, including Morton Feldman's *Why Patterns? Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (439-8707), at 8; free.*

Friday, June 14

Bargemusic—Pianist Carol Archer and cellist Fred Sherry perform works by Beethoven, Schumann, and Fauré. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Saturday, June 15

Crosstown Ensemble—Perform works by Norman Yamada, Daniel Goode, and Terry Riley. *Tribeca Hall, 111 Franklin St. (966-0300), at 8; $15.*

NEXUS Master Percussionists—Perform works by members Wyre, Chan, and Engelman with the Metropolitan Youth Orchestra of Huntsville. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12–$30.*

Eric Gaenslen, Cellist—Performs works by Bach, Chopin, and Poulenc. *Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St., at 8; free.*

Sunday, June 16

Leon Bates, Pianist—Performs a Father's Day Coffee Concert, including works by Nathaniel Dent, Scott Joplin, and George Gershwin. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), brunch at 1, performance at 2; $10.*

Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra—Performs Brahms's *Ein Deutsches Requiem*; Helmuth Rilling, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $10–$49.*

Vocal Chamber Music—Performance of works by Handel, Beethoven, and Brahms. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 3; $25.*

Bargemusic—See 6/13, at 4.

Monday, June 17

Listening Party—Composer To Machover demonstrates hi computer-driven hyperinstruments, and EOS Music play Paul Bowles's new CD. *Drawin Center, 35 Wooster St. (691 6415), at 6; free.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Opera

American Opera Music Theatre—Presents Mozart's *The Jewel Box* 6/12, 6/14, and 6/15 at 8, 6/1 at 7. *John Jay Theater, 899 Tent Ave. (718-387-2803); $20–$35*

L'Opera Français de New York—Presents Poulenc's *Les Mamelle de Tirésias*. 6/11 at 8. *Alice Tull Hall, Lincoln Center (349-7009) $30–$40.*

Opera Manhattan—Present Donizetti's *Lucretia Borgia*. 6/1 and 6/15 at 8, 6/16 at 2, 6/8 a 7:30. *Marymount Manhattan Theater, 221 E. 71st St. (799-1660) $20–$28.*

Met in the Parks—Puccini's *Turandot*, 6/11 at 8, *North Meadow Central Park*; 6/14 at 8, *Pelha Bay Park, Bronx*. Verdi's *Aida* 6/12 at 8, *Long Meadow Ballfields, Prospect Park, Brooklyn; free.*

Dance

Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company—Bill T. Jones presents six new dances, including *Bill and Laurie: About Five Rounds* with Laurie Anderson. 6/11, 6/16 at 7:30, 6/12–6/15 at 8, 6/16 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Elisa Monte Dance—6/13–6/15 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500); $26–$35.*

"For the Love of Dove"—A benefit for the Actor's Fund of America, a gala evening of works by choreographer Ulysses Dove. 6/17 at 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (221-7300, ext. 135); $100–$2,500.*

New York City Ballet—All-Balanchine program on 6/16, including *Swan Lake* and *Prodigal Son*. 6/11–6/15 at 8, 6/15 at 2, 6/16 at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$62.*

American Ballet Theater—*Romeo and Juliet* on 6/14 and 6/15. 6/11–6/15 at 8, 6/12 and 6/15 at 2. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $18–$65.*

Flamenco Vivo—Contemporary flamenco works based on the poetry of Gabriel Garcia Lorca. 6/11–6/15 at 8, 6/15 at 2, 6/16 at 5. *Clark Studio Theater, Lincoln Center (279-4200); $24–$28.*

Noche Flamenca—Classic gypsy flamenco led by Soledad Barrio and Martin Santangelo. 6/11–6/14 at 8, 6/15 at 7 and 10. *Theatre 80, 80 St. Marks Pl. (293-4277); $23–$28.*

Andrea del Conte Danza España—Flamenco and Spanish classical dance. 6/12–6/15 at 8. *Bessie Schönberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $12.*

Photograph by David Rae Morris.

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Hours: Mon.-Fri. 9am to 5pm.

Ad Close: Tuesday for the issue on sale the following Monday.

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Inns and Lodges

BLOCK ISLAND, RI

BEACH HOUSE B&B
Our front yard IS Crescent Beach.
Relax to the sounds of the ocean! 800-419-3228

CONNECTICUT

Seagrape Inn at Fairfield Beach—The Inn's eight individual suites are filled with all the amenities and conveniences of home. All rooms feature private baths, cable tv, direct-dial tel & utility kitchen. **203-255-6808**
Seagrape Inn, 1160 Reef Rd., Fairfield, CT.

BLACKBERRY RIVER INN -- Norfolk 800-414-3636
Wake up in the mountains at our 232-yr-old, elegant Colonial Inn on 27 scenic acs. Beautiful rms, some w/ fplc/Jacuzzi. Bkfst incl. Antiquing/bike/hike! **203-542-5100**

NEW ENGLAND

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME—Come and stroll to the Maine Coast! Affordable Getaway Packages from $85 for 2 nights for two. Call 1-800-99BEACH. Enjoy casual country comfort at Shorelands Guest Resort.

NEW JERSEY

ANGEL Of The SEA B&B, CAPE MAY'S FINEST
Elegant, Romantic Victorian Mansion, Ocean Views, Private Baths, Gourmet Bkfst, Aft Tea, Wine & Bikes.
Rates as one of the Top 10 in USA! 1-800-848-3369

NEW YORK

SOUTHAMPTON VILLAGE LATCH INN
A Country House Hotel. Sophisticated, romantic, 40 rooms plus other Great Gatsby mansion buildings. Antiques to modern duplexes, suites, balconies, decks. On a magnificent 5-acre estate, yet right in town, near beach. From Frommer's to Fodor's, the #1 choice in over 50 Inn Books. Also, rent your own Villa for weddings, shoots, corporate and private groups.
Reservations: 1-800-54-LATCH

A SEDUCTIVE RETREAT........On Golden Pond
"The Lakehouse is wrapped in serenity & privacy. Country luxury: spectacular beds, fplcs & Jacuzzis for two." --NY Mag. **Come Turn Off The Rest Of The World.** Bkfst on your priv deck, watch deer play, a hammock in the woods & a rowboat on the lake. Rhinebeck/90 mins NYC. **914-266-8093**

HUNTER'S ONLY LUXURY HOTEL
Pools, tennis, Jacuzzi, sauna, deluxe suites.
Circus & Family Fun Weekends: 7/4 & 8/2.
Wine tastings: 7/20, 8/10 & 10/5.
Couples retreat, art wknds, more. Featured NY Times.
Scribner Hollow Lodge, Hunter, NY: 800-395-4683

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Private mountain villas & luxury townhouses. 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5 BRs. Panoramic views. Fplc, candlelight & wine. Pvt deck. Hot tubs. Full kit, CCTV, VCR & CD. Lots to do! Hike, bike, golf, tennis, horses or just relax. Great restaurants & pubs. NYC just 2 1/2 hours.

MONTAUK - Shepherds Country Inn
Informal! Friendly! Lg heated pool, tennis, putting green, pub/lounge. Vacation special, incl full bkfst & delicious dinners, from $65/pp dbl. **516-668-2105**
RESERVE NOW!! "BIG" 4TH OF JULY HOLIDAY WEEKEND!

Shelter Island Resort—AAA. On beach, gorgeous views. Large studios w/sundecks. TV, phones. Full restaurant... Golf/Tennis/Fish nrby. Midwk pkgs. **516-749-2001**, Box 3039, Shelter Island 11956

SARATOGA - BRENTWOOD MOTEL
Opposite Saratoga Race Track. All rms w/pvt bths, a/c, cable. Performing Arts Ctr, museums, golf, swim, fish nrby. Wkly & mdwk specials. Phone/Fax: **518-587-4521**

WOODSTOCK, NY - PINECREST LODGE
Rooms & efficiencies in cottages, w/swimming pool on 7 private acres. Bar/rest. Walk to town. NYC bus stop at lodge entrance. Summer rentals! **914-679-2814**

Amagansett, Hamptons . . . GANSETT GREEN MANOR
Exclusive hideaway cottages & suites set on 2 acres of beautifully landscaped gardens, enhanced by ponds, patios & picturesque views - all w/kitchens, priv bths & entrances. Walk to ocean, transportation & shopping. May/June/Wkly Specials! Pet-friendly. **516-267-3133**

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St. Maarten: Beachside Villas - 8 days with airfare
Summer from **$99** / Winter from **$125**.
Rates daily, pp, dbl. Free information/brochure.
St. Maarten Reservation Center: 800-480-8555 X700

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There are approximately 36 characters per line (count each letter, space or punctuation mark as one character). Minimum ad size is two lines. Special placement is $50. Deadline is Tuesday at 5PM for issue on sale the following Monday. Advertiser must include street address and daytime phone numbers. Call us at 212-779-7500 or fax to 212-779-2449.

TOWN & COUNTRY ads are $41.50 per line (flat rate).
TRAVEL ads are $41.50 per line for 1X.
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ENTERTAINING ads are $56.75 per line for 1X.
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Frequency and Display Rates Available

INSERTION ORDER

Name ____________________
Street Address ____________________
City ____________________ State __________ Zip __________
Day Phone (for our records only) ____________________
Payment: Check ________ M.O.________ MasterCard________ Visa________ AmEx ________
Card Number ____________________ Exp. Date __________
Signature ____________________

AD COPY :

Sports Guide

PERSONAL TRAINER

For Women Who Want The Best
Certified Trainer - As Seen On Fox News.
Call The Bodysmith Co. **212-249-1824**

Get The Body U Want—Certif trainer. Home/Our Gym. All Levels. **212-874-2595**

More Results/Less Effort! ACE Cert, Exercise Physiology. Sessions @ Home/ Free Gyms! Fitness Connection: **687-1646**

Free Membership/Consultation—Midtown Gym. Cert Trainers. **212-681-9724**

Less Is More! High-Intensity Body Building. NASM/ACE cert. 16 yrs exp. Natural Competitive Body Builder. Midtown, Pvt Gym. $35/Session. Lou: **718-497-2965**

Survival Of The Fittest - Fitness For All Ages. Cert Trainer. Exercise & Safe Weight Loss. Home/Gym. **212-722-4274**

Enjoy—Certified Personalized Exercise & Diet Instruction At Home. **212-604-9850**

PHYSICAL FITNESS

Talk Live To Female Body Builders—& Wrestlers. **900-454-HARD Only $1.95/min.**

ROLLERBLADES

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To Place Your
Advertisement In
SPORTS
GUIDE
Call Mark Bristow at
212-779-7500

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CONSULTANT
ANSWERS ALL YOUR QUESTIONS
Your Personal Shopper for Board Certified Plastic Surgeons *to meet your needs and budget. I will help make this experience comfortable, pleasurable and exciting.*
For information, please call
Denise Thomas: 212-734-0233.

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Lose 5-20 lbs of fat, up to 3 sizes, using latest large-volume Tumescent Technique. Felix Shiffman, MD. Free Consult. **246-2960**

Skin Resurfacing For Wrinkles/Acne Scars w/Ultra Pulse CO2 Laser / Add'l Lasers for **Brown Spots/Tattoos**. Bd-Cert Dermatology Attend Columbia-Presby. E. Side. **Advances In Dermatology...980-9292**

ELECTROLYSIS

Electrolysis - Lenore Valery "The Best." 23 Beauty Editors + MDs Recommend Her Permanent, Gentle Method. Disposable Probes, 19+ Yrs. W 57th. **212-757-6585**

•LASER ELECTROLYSIS•
Painless. No Needles. Permanent.
Upper West 724-5000 / Chelsea 645-9212

Summer Sale: Electrolysis and Facials
European Method. Prestigious Madison Ave Salon. 15% off thru 7/4. **212-826-3687**

HEALTH & BEAUTY

Skin Care & Body Treatment—By App't. Most Ins. Accepted. **212-586-2043**

Health & Beauty For Father's Day—Gift Certificates Available. **212-794-3300**

HOLISTIC HEALTH

NJ Herbal Enemas—Cleanse/Rejuvenate Naturally. Call: **201-546-7714**

Harvard Prof/Masseuse—Positively Spiritual & Therapeutic. W.56th. **974-9633**

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The Donenfeld Method! Stress/ Smoking/Weight/Fears/Insight/Habits. Nancy Donenfeld, Cert. Since 1972. Vi/MC/Insur. 200 E 61 St. **212-758-7575**

MASSAGE/THERAPEUTIC

BODY RENEWAL
Rare, Unique, Beautiful on E. 57th St. Baths, Massages, Inner Cleansings. Private Nurse. **212-695-0780**

NU LOOK - JAPANESE SPA—
Shiatsu - Swedish. Sauna & Steam Room. M/F & Couples. Residential Service Avail. 11 E. 36th. **212-447-6666 / 800-834-7286**

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Ki-Touch Center—Swedish, Refl, Facials, Steamroom. **212-682-1166 / 718-236-0060**

Relax, Stress, Pain Relief—Swedish Aromatherapy. Reflex. Wax. **212-213-4114**

NY-Licensed—Massage Therapists. Sports, Swedish & Medical. **212-717-6959**

Massage Techniques—Suffolk. Relief Is Just A Call Away. Residential. **516-277-1489**

Cleansing & Massages By Sensitive Nurses. Relaxing, Discreet. Call 10am-3pm. **212-749-6442**

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1st Class Body Scrub/Sauna/Shiatsu For Men/Women. Ft. Lee. **201-461-0949**

Professional Swedish Massage—Resid./ Studio. For Men/Women. **212-686-4720**

Cleansing Massage Specialist—Noon-10pm. Emma Rush. By app't. **212-841-0946**

Anti-Aging Facial—Body scrub, massage - Swedish & shiatsu. M/F. **212-661-0777**

Licensed Therapeutic Massage—Douglaston, Queens. **718-225-1123**

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HIV/STD/GENITAL WARTS
HIV Results in 15 Min. Confidential.
Central Park Medical Assoc. 246-0800

CONSTIPATION? IRREGULARITY?
Natural herbal program provides gentle colon cleansing/whole body detoxification. Rated #1 by Natural Health Journal! Money-back guarantee. **800-645-4414**

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THE EASY WEIGH™
NYC, New City, White Plains, Ft. Lee MD-supervised. Phentermine/Pondimin©. **800-887-LEAN (5326) / 914-638-6663**

BIOCHEMICAL MEDICAL CARE
Medication To Control Food Cravings. New Redux Avail. **800-MD-8-THIN**

Medical Weight Loss—Using Medications, As Per NY Times. **212-288-5468**

10-15 Stubborn Lbs?—New Medications. 5-Week Programs. **212-570-5058**

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Private MD - Phen/Fen Avail. Affordable Fees - Manh/Queens Location.

The Medication Everyone Is Talking About! Losing Weight Has Never Been Easier. Physician-Supervised. **212-737-4644**

PHEN/FEN & BEYOND
1st visit $100 - Including Medications. Every 2 Wks, $60 Including Medications. **Dr. Andrea, Internal Med. 718-332-8181**

Physician-Supervised Weight-Loss Program - Using Medication. West Village Office. **212-529-4540**

To advertise in the **SPORTS GUIDE** section, Call Mark Bristow at: **212-779-7500**

Summer Fun Summer Fun
DOUBLE ISSUE
FEATURING
THESE SPECIAL CLASSIFIED DISPLAY SECTIONS
GREAT FOOD
WEEKEND GETAWAYS
GREAT PARTIES
Call 212-779-7500 or fax 212-779-2449
to place your ad or for more information.
Issue: 6/24-7/1 On sale: 6/17-30
Deadline: 6/11at 3pm sharp!

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ENTERTAINMENT

Starmite Puppets—P Rangers, Lion K, Aladdin, B&Beast, Pocah., Dinos! 473-3409

Magic by Chris—Live Dove, Comedy, Illusion, Balloon Animals. 516-796-6724

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Priv/Corp Extravaganzas • Circus • Magic Dancers • Costumed Characters • Mimes Carnival • Mysteries • Variety Performers Casino • Decor & More! 212-777-2238

Madeleine, Award-Winning Magician!—And Clown! Ages 1-103! 212-475-7785

Gandalf, Recommended By NY Magazine
Puppets, Magic, Unicycle, Wizard-Clown
718-465-8511 / 201-567-5044 / 516-295-5108

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BELLINI 580-3801
Quality & practicality - infants to teens. Make YOUR child's room very special! Bedding & access. too. 110 W. 86th St.

ENTERTAINMENT/TEEN & PRE-TEEN

BAR/BAT MITZVAH
$3,500 PARTY PACKAGE
DEZERLAND/FUN CITY
(Check our large ad under Party Space.)

PARTY SPACE

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IT'S SUMMER, AND NEW YORK KIDS ARE OUT AND ABOUT!

Now Is The Perfect Time
To Place Your Ad
In New York Kids!

For Info., Call Ingrid
at 212-545-3676.

Summer Entertaining

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Caricatures By DALE GLADSTONE
Laughs Guaranteed! Unparalleled.
(718) 782-2250

Leading Caricaturist—Enliven your business or private party. 212-873-1695

Caricatures—Will make your party great! Available for all parties. 718-768-7407

ENTERTAINMENT

"ThisIsYourLife" - "Roast'nToast"—Nothing comes close! NY/NJ 800-474-JOSH

Master Magician—"Top Rate"--NY Times Amazing Fun for All Events! 718-885-3038

• HARDBODIES, INC •
CLASSY, EXOTIC M/F STRIPPERS
Bachelor/ettes Specials!
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Mysteries Of The Mind—Novel entertainment. Private/corp. 212-677-1536

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Bouquets, arches, cntrpieces. 212 935-9577

Singing Telegram Anytime—Gorillas To Bellhops - We Have 'Em All! 212-929-8609

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Personalized Singing Telegrams!—NYC, LI, Westch, CT. 1-800-936-SING

MURDERS—400+ Lookalikes, Magic, Music, Mentalism, Comedy, Casinos, Roasts, Full Event-Planning. All Ages. **Naomi's World Of Ent.:** 800-304-4911

$25 Bouquet Of Balloons—NY/LI. 7 days till 10pm. 718-868-1009 / 516-569-3366

Balloons, Costumes, Belly, Strip, DJs, Party Entertainers—Anywhere, any time! **LIFE O' THE PARTY** 800-966-7456

Special Events Etc.... 212-697-7899—The Party Specialists. We do it all!

"MAGIC AGENCY, INC."
All Types Of Entertainment At Its Best. Corporate & Private Events. 212-288-9133

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Decorating. Special Events: 212-265-5252
Nationwide Delivery. Info: 800-424-2323

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Unique Entertainment•Reasonable Prices
DJs/Music•Performers•Dancers•Favors •Themes/Decor•Acts•600 Lookalikes...
the Whole Event! Est.1982 800-GET-GALA

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Motown, Swing & All Styles! 765-8714

• STRIPTEEZ•A•GRAM •
The **ONLY** Gift That **UNWRAPS** Itself!!
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KILL 'EM At Your Next Affair.
Corporate • Private Parties • Fund-Raisers
"So Much Fun - It's Almost Criminal."
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Virtual Reality, Gladiator Joust - Velcro Wall, Sumo Suits, Bungee Run, Bouncy Boxing, Castle Bounce, Karaoke, Dunk Tanks. **Party Antics - 1-800-BEST-PARTY!**

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Hot Samba/Cool Bossa Nova—Great Brazilian Music! Sabor Brasil. 212 865-4787

LISA GOODMAN ENSEMBLES
Est. 1978 - Fine Classical, Jazz, Motown, Swing, BigBand, Contemporary. Helpful, Creative, Always Available. 212-489-1641

HURRY UP AND CALL!!

SUMMER FUN DOUBLE ISSUE

DEADLINE:

TUESDAY, JUNE 11TH AT 3PM SHARP!

MARK SONDER MUSIC, INC.
Celebrating Our 11th Year!
800-MSM-MUSIC

Pianist/Singer - Jazzy Gershwin, B'way—& More! Jonathan L. Segal - 212-222-3169

One Man Band Plus/Cory Morgenstern—Great Music & Entertainment 914-478-0073

Mind-Sweeper DJs—Great party music, '30s-'90s. Since 1975. Refs. 718-875-9824

Karaoke Parties Our Specialty!—Call David For Info: 718-631-1024

Jazz/Classical & So. Amer.—Duos, trios & up... Greg: 212-727-0219 / 201-656-4289

Affordable Party Music—DJs from $350. 15 Years Experience. 212-662-4921

RCA: Jazz, Rock, DJs, Classical, Etc.—All Events - Magic, Novelty. 212 678-2323

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Unmatched Credentials 245-3059

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For Elegant Gourmet Food & Gift Baskets call **KAREN JAMES LTD.** for Catalog... Featuring Father's Day, Summer & Bridal
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http://www.liglobal.com/karenjames/

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A Chef's Table Ltd.... 212-427-1089—Unique Gourmet Food & Floral Design.

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CATERER OF SPECIAL EVENTS
Many Fabulous Locations:
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A Division of HSC Hospitality, Inc.

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Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

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Waiters/Bartenders—For All Party Needs. Corp/priv. Tri-state. **800-PARTY-HELP**

On-Site—Food Prep, Serving, Cleanup. For Your Occasion. **212-682-6281**

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ARD CREATIONS
Everything Beautiful & Affordable
For Your Party. **516-829-8580**

No-Fee Event Planning—Corp & private parties, weddings... Top Client List. **RED LETTER EVENTS** **212-772-1177**

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Coldwaters - Private Room Seats 15-75—988 Second Ave, nr 52nd St. **212-888-2122**

NEW YORK'S FAMOUS—Party Specialist. Sumptuous buffets & endless cocktails in our funky duplex. $35 pp. The Hudson Grill: **691-9060** - Andy or Adonis.

Brunch Anytime—The "No Work" Way To Cater Your Party. **516-432-1354**

Corporate Events at DEZERLAND
From Bumper Cars to Black-Tie Affairs
FREE PLANNING SERVICE
See our large ad under "Party Space"!

PARTY SPACE

Spectacular Art Gallery—25-300p. Com-m'l kit. Pvt/corp/weddings. **212-353-0088**

Large & Small, Corporate & Ball
Uptown & Down. Free Location Service.
Event of the Year, Inc. **212-570-1055**

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The nation's #1 sports-themed restaurant offers an exciting atmosphere for parties up to 250. Audio/video system, large-screen TV, museum quality memorabilia, sports celebrity appearances. Brand New Private Party Room! Many options to fit your budget.
Call Larry Tart at **212-688-7777**

Australia - The Bar—2 lvl's, 2 DJ's, catering. 20-600. Priv/corp. Paul: **876-0203**

Upper East Side Billiard Club
Unique party space. 10-250. **212-831-7665**

THE SUPPER CLUB Art Deco Elegance. Perfect for Corporate, Social, Weddings. From 20-1,000. **212.921.1940**

Elegant Space—Park Slope. Prof'l Kit. **718-499-1251.** Caterers welcome.

Your Wedding, Bar Mitzvah, S. Sixteen in our beautiful Upper East Side setting. Event plan'g. **202east** Doug: **212-861-4330**

Le FIGARO Cafe—A Village Landmark Garden Room, Fireplace, Music, Full Bar. Affordable $$. 15-100. Call: **212-388-0002**

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Terrace, Views - 50-500. **212-765-8714**

Duplex Art Gallery—West Side. Up to 200p. Optional catering, entertainment. Two grand pianos. Call 12-6pm: **724-3715**

DEZERLAND FUN CITY
6 CONCEPTS Have the time of your life cruising our '50s Hot Rod Disco, Drive-In, Gameroom/Sports Complex, Sing-Along Room & **'50s Classic Automobile Collection** Corp/Priv/Fund/Bar/Bat. 50-1,500 guests, w/ or w/out catering. **212-564-4590**

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200 FIFTH 675-2080
NYC's Most Exclusive Ballroom. Weddings, Fund Raisers, Corp Events. 100-999p

Party Specialists—#1 location, 20-120pp All pvt/corp events - w/ or w/out catering. Prince Street Club, Soho. **212-353-0707**

SUCCESSFUL AFFAIRS
Uncovers the finest in party facilities. Our service is at no cost to you. **212-684-6402**

Book Your Party in the NEW
STARLITE CASINO BALLROOM...
the hottest Las Vegas Nite Club in NYC
$50pp. Bar & Buffet. **212-564-4679**

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Rehearsal Dinners, Etc. - 5th Ave.—Your restaurant, up to 125p. **212-725-2922**

THE MADISON 679-2932
3-Story Mansion Specializing in Corp. Events, Fund-Raisers, Weddings. 25-500p.

PICNIC FACILITIES

Corporate Picnics - CLUB GETAWAY
Lakeside Setting... Every Sport.
Delicious BBQ fare. **203-927-3664**

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Castles, Mansions, Estates—Spectacular locations in NYC & LI. **212-675-2080**

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SUMMER ENTERTAINING
Call Denise Sisto at
212-779-7500

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For Informal Weddings & Other Great Parties aboard **MV JUBILEE** from $42.50 per person inclusive!.........Call: **212-307-0985**

YACHT OWNERS ASSOC. of NY, Inc.
Over 400 Owners • **CHARTER DIRECT**
All Boats/Info - 7 days a wk: **212-736-1010**

THE MAJESTIC
Elegant, exclusive events. Luxurious, private yacht surroundings. At World Financial Center, NYC. **212-786-1225**

LUXURIOUS DINNER CRUISES
charters/holiday parties
The Skyline, The Statue Of Liberty, A Great Meal & Dancing - Who Could Want More?
NOW SAILING FROM THE NORTH COVE YACHT HARBOR AT THE WORLD FINANCIAL CENTER
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M/Y Lady Windridge—NY's most elegant charter yacht. Corp. and private events, up to 500 guests. 5-star cuisine. Full A/C. Meticulously maintained. **212-247-3333**

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M/Y Jabiru M/Y Jacana
Personalized, Luxurious Yacht Charters.
Intimate dinners for two -
to your largest corporate events.
NYC 212-594-1561 **NJ 201-482-1991**

Private Sail with Someone Special—51' yacht, 2 crew, champagne, shrimp, roses. $422 & up. **212-873-7558** Grps: $372 & up.

YACHTS FOR ALL SEASONS
Parties planned with your needs in mind.
No event too large or too small.
Corporate & private. **212-534-6380**

ENTREPRENEUR YACHT CHARTERS
Luxurious Private Yacht Charters for Corporate and Social Events Year-Round. Personalized service with complete party planning. **(212) 786-1410**

Call 212-779-7500
To Place Your Ad In This Section!

FOR NY's BEST LUXURY YACHTS
for business or social events afloat,
in New York, New Jersey & Connecticut
any time, any size - 2 to 500 guests, we guarantee the very best service, superb catering as you wish (to fit your budget) & immediate all-inclusive cost quotations
Chelsea Piers Yachts/North Cove Yachts
212-645-6626

Summer Fun
Summer Fun
DOUBLE ISSUE
FEATURING
THESE SPECIAL CLASSIFIED DISPLAY SECTIONS
GREAT FOOD
WEEKEND GETAWAYS
GREAT PARTIES
Call 212-779-7500 or fax 212-779-2449
to place your ad or for more information.
Issue: 6/24-7/1 **On sale: 6/17-30**
Deadline: 6/11 at 3pm sharp!

MYSTIQUE
Classic Weddings & Private Parties
MYC, Inc., Wall St., NYC. 212-856-9446

WORLD YACHT
NEW YORK
Elegant Dining Afloat
Start with world-class dining.
Stir in a generous serving of music.
Add a splash of romance.
Sprinkle liberally with city lights.
Our charters serve 50 to 400.
• Custom catering • Kosher catering
• Storybook weddings
• A fleet of five • From a pier near you
• Ample parking right on our pier
Pier 81, W. 41st St. at the Hudson River
212 630 8800

New Orleans Theme Party $42.-$65.pp. NY's Only Real Paddlewheeler, **Bell Anne Marie!** 60-144 guests. **201-514-1829**

Classic Yachts—NY, NJ, CT No Fee. **212-727-BOAT (2628)**

Silken Charters - Sunset dinner cruises in NY Harbor for up to 6 on a cruising catamaran. Starting at $325. **201-420-6870**

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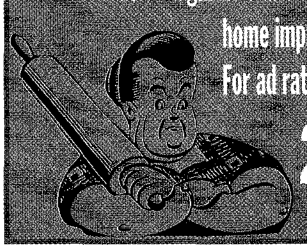

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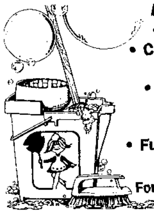
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Let's Not Retire—60-year-old, pretty, sophisticated, successful Jewish female, loves theater, movies, music, walks on the beach and quiet dinners - a life meant to be shared with someone special. If you have the same interests and qualities, isn't it time we met? Letter/phone. 8349 ✉

Prince Of A Guy For Princess Of A Gal—I'm a 5'11", 29, good-looking, Hispanic professional male with dark hair, brown eyes and fit - enjoy long romantic drives in the country, good food, wine and conversation. I'm sincere, honest and passionate ...looking for a female, 24-35, who wants to share new interests with a wonderful guy. Please send note and photo. 8394 ✉ ☎

Lakeside Bachelor/Surgeon—57, tall, slim, masculine, blue-eyed nonsmoker, sane and solvent, 15 miles from NYC, desires a tall, attractive, slim, eclectic, natural-looking, movie-loving, sensuous, caring woman to share life's values and vagaries towards a committed relationship. Manhattan and Westchester only. Photo and phone necessary for reply. 8319 ✉

Warmhearted CEO/Inventor—Affectionate, accomplished, attractive, tall, funny, 41, passionate. Seeks woman under 36, sincere, 5'6" plus, for laughter, family. Phone/photo a must. 8333 ✉

Seeking A Woman—To share, to laugh, to hold/ Allowing the best of life to unfold. Expanding of soul, body and mind/ Traits I possess and seek to find. Energetic and eager the world to explore/ Petite, smart and funny are traits I adore. Determination has turned significant success from defeat/ To create a new being or two would be quite neat. Born between late '50s to '60s is fine/ A Jewish faith follower would be divine. A note and picture would be nice to see/ As your smile can show what may be. Romantic at heart, a caring best friend/ To share life's mysteries, wherever they many wend. 8275 ✉

Sensuous Blond With Spring Fever—Highly educated, professional Jewish lady, 5'7", seeks Jewish male counterpart - JD/MD/investment banker/businessman, 42-52. Divorced/widowed gentleman preferred; kids okay. Together, we can share romantic candlelight dinners, a spirited sense of humor, sports, travel and theater. Note/phone/photo. 8295 ✉

Handsome Connecticut Banker—Good-looking, successful capital markets professional, (44) - grew up in Midwest, live in CT, work in NYC. Interests include tennis, skiing, the beach, antiques, music, collecting sports cars, family and kids. I'm looking for a happy, healthy, kind, loving and pretty woman for a serious relationship (ok, so maybe I'll have to compromise a little). Note/photo appreciated. 8314 ✉

Turned On—By a woman's strength, smarts and style? Beautiful, down-to-earth woman, 29, with strong sense of self, ready for a loving relationship built on trust and respect - looking for a successful man under 40, who has traditional values with a creative outlook. Must have great sense of humor and style. Photo and phone. 8304 ✉

Short N' Sweet—LA lady, seeks 40 plus guy. Let's communicate. 8359 ✉

Seeking Loving Relationship—Jewish male, 39, 6', 170 lbs, brown hair and eyes, seeks slim, childless female of any race or religion for relationship with love, smiles, humor, conversation, personality, museums, dining, window shopping, quiet evenings, walks, parks, beaches, driving and travel. Please enclose photo. 8311 ✉ ☎

Scuba Diver/World Traveler—Attractive, petite, youthful (54 years) woman executive, who loves diving, dancing, theater, walking, telling jokes. Seeks man who is sensitive, witty, has a sense of silliness and can share laughter with me. Photo requested. 8317 ✉

Internationally Acclaimed—Research scientist, physician, 40s. I am a single, fit Christian male, very handsome, hard-working, health-conscious, very passionate about my life and my work. Yes, I am very financially sound, with a good family tree. Ivy. I travel the world, enjoy sunsets in the Alps, the hills of Vermont, first-class hotels and elegant restaurants. I grew up immersed in the arts, books, nature. My life has been blessed with work I love and wonderful friends, but what I miss is you. You should be under 40, under 5'5", pretty, thin, very smart, educated, serious, passionate about your life. I appreciate good manners, sophistication, achievement. Let's talk. Note and photo please. 8258 ✉

Are You That Uncommon Man—Waiting for my joy, energy and sensuality to enhance your already abundant life? Successful Manhattan author, very attractive widow, a 60ish, scuba-diving, adventurous world traveler who believes that love is the greatest journey. I'm slightly offbeat, positively upbeat, a gorgeous grandma, part-time grownup, full-time radiant romantic who enjoys independent life to the fullest. Are you emotionally and physically healthy - 60 plus (or younger), with a sense of humor, wonder and integrity? Are you that special man who has the time and means that I have to share the sounds of waterfalls, Mozart and Mingus, and a 747 soaring to our next adventure? Anticipating your note and recent photo. 8265 ✉

Rare Find—Sexy and elegant, spectacular redhead with fabulous legs and a size-8 figure, a pleasure to be seen with and easy to be with - seeks a very tall, witty, successful gentleman over 50. 8325 ✉

Woman Seeking Woman—Who is sexy, feminine, stylish, blessed with genuine model looks, and who wants a special playmate to enjoy the city, country and the sea. Nonsmoker, 35-50 years old. Photo, please. 8254 ✉

Sassy, Sexy, Smart—Petite, slim Jewish female, 40, professional, enjoys travel, fine wines, adventure, quiet moments, seeks Jewish male, 37-50, ready to share good things in life and to form bonds of love and friendship. Photo required. 8360 ✉

Seeking Fun, Romance And Family—Male, 46, enjoys grocery shopping, taking out trash and emptying dishwasher. Note/photo. 8287 ✉

Romantic And Real—Divorced, white Christian male, 39, 5'6", 145 lbs, successful, handsome, athletic, charming dentist. What you want is what you need to give. I give love, laughter, romance, conversation, compassion, tenderness, strength, respect, honesty, equanimity, stability, a good heart and soul. I'm looking for a fun, intelligent woman with values, warmth and sensitivity, a little athletic, into weekend getaways, 5'3" and up, 24-38 years old, shapely, pretty, nonsmoker, and eventually willing to live in central NJ. Note/photo and phone number. 8321 ✉

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Beauty And Brains—Wise and welcoming brunette with passion for life - fit, active, bright, fun-loving professional, great smile - wants same in a good man to treasure. Prefer Jewish nonsmoker, 50 plus. 8342 ✉ ☎

Appealing Attorney—46, blue eyes, athletic Jewish lawyer - likes movies, culture, tennis, Yankee games and good conversation. Seeks intelligent Manhattan female, 35-45, for love, friendship and more. Note/phone/photo. 8284 ✉

Very Pretty, Sensual, Fit—Professional (PhD), 48, co-custodial mother of two teenagers, nonsmoker, likes outdoors as well as city activities, seeking well-adjusted, intelligent man for fun, romance ...more? 8305 ✉

Fun And Funny—Accomplished, athletic, handsome Jewish male seeks very attractive, elegant, trim, emotionally secure, 30-40 nonsmoker for sincere and committed romance. Photo/note. 8347 ✉

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Female Marketing Professional—With dynamic PR career, seeks tall, 50-60 male for friendship/more. I'm an older "baby boomer", intelligent, 5'8", slim and attractive, warm and humorous personality. Interested in arts, travel, golf/ski, cooking. Photo/note/phone please. 8306✉

Call To Arms (Mine)—Gorgeous, buxom blond attorney, 35, 5'8", 135, desires accomplished professional man with integrity, spirit, personality and a sense of humor - for friendship, true love and lasting relationship. Catholic/Christian. Nonsmoker. Note/photo essential. 8308 ✉

Buried Treasure - Come And Find Me!—Very pretty blond, Jewish female, 24, 5'4", 115 lbs, professional, seeking Jewish male, 27-35, professional, handsome, intelligent, down-to-earth, with a great sense of humor and a heart of gold, for a serious relationship. Phone/photo a must. 8272 ✉

Gay Male, 32—Shy with a quirky sense of humor, not completely out. Enjoy Central Park, the Angelika, red wine, flea markets, tennis... Looking for a similar sweet guy. 8257 ✉

Fiery And Warm—Attractive Jewish redhead with engaging green eyes, 38, successful professional with a taste for the absurd, the serious and just plain fun - seeks dynamic, smart and kindhearted man to share challenge, humor and love. Phone/photo. 8273 ✉

Athletic, Handsome—41, Jewish, 6'1", divorced, educated, financially secure, passionate male who enjoys travel, working out, music, cycling, golf, wine and the arts. Seeks 30-39-year-old, sophisticated, sensitive, sensuous female to enjoy romance and hopefully more. Recent photo/note. 8286 ✉

Gem Quality—Dix Hills widower, Jewish, 5'11", healthy, handsome, 60ish, slim, unpretentious, humorous - likes classical music, movies, CNN. Seeks long-term relationship with cultured female nonsmoker, 54-64. Note/recent photo. 8237 ✉

Handsome, Blue-Eyed, White—Jewish male (religion not important), 52, cultured, many interests. Would like to meet good-looking woman, 40s, who is warm, loving, affectionate, devoted, for possible lasting relationship. Include phone number. 8263 ✉

Looking For A Man—That can bring out the best in life, 37-45. 8335 ✉

The Best Is Yet To Be—With this cute, charismatic, curvaceous, 5', blue-eyed blond, professional mesmerizer, for a 45-plus man with an old soul, open heart/mind, good body and dancing feet. 8259 ✉

Single, Jewish And Breathing—Handsome, athletic and kind as well, MD, 41, nonreligious, from NJ. Enjoys sports, dining, holding hands, long walks on the beach. Seeks very intelligent, attractive, nonsmoking female for happily ever after. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 8252 ✉

Adventurous? A Personal Ad Peruser?—Maybe you've seen these? "Vital, artistic Jewish man, 40" (from 3 years ago); or "Help, I'm a right-brained person in a left-brained job"; or (my favorite) "Oxymoron looking for a personal relationship thru an ad to the 10,000,000 woman of the NY metro area". Well, guess what...they're all mine! But I'm still single and I want to know why!! What would you say to getting together for a cup of coffee to discuss the scene? Together we might get some new ideas. Hell, we might even like each other. And, oh yeah, would it be okay if my friend Hana came along to videotape us? Reviewing the "game tapes" could be helpful in unraveling the mystery of the dating process. Drop me a line: POB 513, NYC 10159, or e-me: JDVIS@AOL.COM. If you'd rather, I can ask Hana not to come.

Affectionate, Successful, Beautiful—Intelligent, uninhibited, slim 48-year-old female - looks like Botticelli's "Venus" (no shell). Seeks interesting, sexy, sophisticated, outgoing man with liberal politics, easy laugh, tuxedo, and no serious life problems. 8323 ✉

Looking For My Teddy Bear—You care about what's important in life and have a heart of gold. I am a great-looking, warm, witty, loving, sexy, outgoing, adorable, 5'10", blue-eyed angel. I'd love you to be successful in life, have a great sense of humor and be between 38 and 55. Note/photo. 8247 ✉

British Class, American Sass—PhD female with Julie Christie look seeks smart, fun-loving, culturally hip man, 45-60. 8244 ✉ ☎

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Mission Possible—Divorced Jewish male - dentist, 45, 5'6", Manhattanite, witty down-to-earth, seeks female professional NYC resident with no kids. Religion unimportant. 8276 ✉ ☎

Gay White Jewish Female—NJ bu mobile, 42 years old, petite, attractive professional, psychologically-minded. Enjoys racquetball, computers, fresh flowers caring and sharing. In search of feminine gay woman, 40-48, nonsmoker, to grow with and grow old with. Photo. 8292 ✉

Pretty, Tall, Slim—Sensuous, classy, caring, curvaceous businesswoman, 50s. I enjoy outdoors, golf, music, theater, dancing, etc. Love city and country living. Seeking attractive Jewish business or professional man, 58-65. Let's have fun and a great relationship! 8245 ✉ ☎

Dynamic, Sharp Jewish Writer—Gym-goer, jogger - seeks nonsmoking, white, 40-55, great guy. Note/photo. 8250 ✉

Hugs Teddy!—Pretty, slim, 54, cute Jewish gal seeks teddy bear substitute. 8316✉☎

A Formula For The Ages—Successful, good-looking, adventurous, physically and mentally fit Jewish male, 35, bright, creative, athletic, funny, introspective and evolving. Complemented by a female, 25-35, attractive, slim, sharp with a demure elegance and a good sense of self. Photo important. 8255 ✉

Exotic 46-Year-Old, 5'8"—Beautiful, intelligent professional seeks stable, sincere, honest professional male for communicative and lasting relationship. Photo and note. 8241 ✉

Unconnected In The Country—Attractive, 6', 49, successful, passionate, confident, caring man - loves art, antiques, outdoors, great sunsets. Lives in great country house, two hours from NYC. Seeking sensual, pretty lady with style, 30s-40s, for summer fun, passion, culture. Photo appreciated. 8291 ✉

Classy, 40something, Quirky—Bright, shapely female fiddler seeks male companion for chamber music and mischief. Al dente, not flaky. Note/phone. 8344 ✉

Woman Of Substance—70, semi-retired, seeks endless possibilities. 8264 ✉ ☎

I'm A Rare 1947 Edition—Check me out. You can judge this book by its cover. Illustrations executed with grace and sensitivity. Diverse subject matter: art, travel, music, movies, cooking and loving. Narrative ranges from serious to silly. Seeking intuitive male collaborator for Volume II. Do you read me? 8297 ✉

Southampton Summer—Sunsets to share. I'm a midwinter Manhattanite, very pretty blond, 38, with interests in politics, art, tennis, sailing. Looking for a special gentleman friend with intellectual bent, cheerful outlook. Photo please. 8298 ✉

New Beginning—Successful Wall Street attorney, Ivy-educated, fit, 6', good shoes, single dad (with housekeeper), very late 30s - seeks bright, humorous, very pretty, kind, fit, not jaded, socially adept woman under 32. Must enjoy children. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 8328 ✉

Modern Orthodox, Attractive—Active, appealing woman, 50, seeking male counterpart. No shrimps, porkers, crabs need reply. Note/photo appreciated. 8352 ✉☎

eautiful, Adventurous Lady—50, wish professional, loves music - assical/jazz, cinema, country walks, eks bright, warm man to love. 8354 ✉

ay White Male—Generous and ccomplished, successful, elegant, andsome and fit. Wall Street pro- ssional, very young fifties, seeks andsome, thoughtful and caring younger ian, 35-45. Be healthy, fit, bright and ssured. Note/photo. 8356 ✉

anted: A Cross Between—Albert chweitzer and Arnold Schwarzenegger, 4-55, cultured, well-educated, financially d emotionally secure man with a sense f humor. I'm a single female, 43 years ld, 5'9", exotic, professional, Lebanese rincess who loves to laugh. Live and ork in Manhattan. Curious and like to avel. Can cook too. Go figure! 8293✉☎

ould You Like To Live In Europe—r travel around the world in a luxurious ay, part- or full-time? If you are a beauti- l 18-28, have style and taste, you might e the woman I am searching for. I am ood-looking, early 40s, investor, with lots f time for big-city entertainments, nature, tc... I'm well-educated, civilized and ependable, so why wouldn't you enjoy ne world the way I do? Prefer phone esponse. 8312 ✉ ☎

et's Connect—Dynamic, unpretentious, arm, 52, petite Westchester charmer ith looks, smarts and sensitivity, seeks rofessional male with character. 8301✉ ☎

6 Year Old Black Female Physician—'3", 110 lbs, slender, attractive, multi- ultural, well-traveled, passions: the arts, iterature, theater, film, museums, music. eeks educated male, age 32-42, with ense of humor and similar passions, for est friendship/romance. Race unimpor- ant. 8357 ✉

ay Woman—41, 5'8", very attractive, lim, accomplished, intellectual, artistic, ensual, kind, a lover of great conversa- ion, intimacy, depth, seeks very pretty, eminine woman (39-49) who is self- ware, gentle, empathic, stable, smart, whose work does not exploit for profit her own or corporate), whose values mat- er to her, and who knows and cares about eing in a long-term relationship. 8332✉

Know You Are Out There—A strong man who still believes in love, is loyal, honest and ethical, 39 plus. 8242 ✉ ☎

I Will Love And Cherish You Forever—Very handsome male in the arts, mid 40s, real, nurturing, witty, urbane, athletic, seeks my female counterpart. Be tall, slender and in the arts. Note/phone. 8285 ✉

6'1", Asian-Indian Male—32, seeks a blond/brunette female, 25-35, 5'10" tall, who's slender, active, simple yet elegant, not materialistic, and who likes to cuddle. I'm spontaneous, dress well, an incurable romantic, and considerate. 8236 ✉ ☎

Hunk, 34, High School Dean—Yul Brynner looks, earthy, fit, funny, Jewish, seeks attractive, confident professional female. 8310 ✉ ☎

Kids Seeking Aunt—My brother (brand new) and I (4 years old) are seeking an aunt for our uncle. She must love kids, be Jewish and between 25 and 35. Our uncle is 32, 5'8", brown hair and eyes, a nonsmoker and very family-oriented. His interests are varied and include reading, traveling, walking, computers, playing (with us), and sometimes even doing nothing. A note and a photo would really help us make a decision. 8270 ✉

Beautiful Blond MD—Nurturing, funny, fit, 42, seeks successful, professional Jewish prince, 40s. Note/photo. 8267 ✉

Still Crazy After All These Years—Still hoping for a happy ending. Single white male, 39, 5'10", nice package, commitment-minded, seeks smart, honest, slender, unpretentious, very attractive, single white/Asian female, 29-34. 8249✉☎

I Prefer Clark Kent To Superman—Pretty, slender brunette, 5'3", educated Jewish lady, 34, seeks professional Jewish male, 30-45, couch potato, a kid at heart - to share life. Animal lover a plus. Note/photo. 8269 ✉

Don't Be Cold, Be Bold—Attractive, single Jewish male, 37, 5'10", good build, very sincere - seeks attractive, in-shape, single Jewish female, 28-35, for possible serious relationship only. All answered... Photo/phone. 8243 ✉ ☎

Challenge Extended—By single black professional female, 32, MBA '98, Trinidadian. Nonsmoker. Nonreligious yet spiritual, spirited and strong. 5', attractive, shapely, warm smile, globally aware. Enjoys music, adventure, intellect and laughter. Seeks similar traits in life partner/best friend. The titillated should be professional, personable, honest and caring, 32-42. Note/photo a plus. 8261✉☎

Dynamic, Sophisticated Professional—Lady seeks gentleman, 50s, for serious friendship, love and evolvement. 8279 ✉

Upscale, Refined, Successful—Pretty Jewish Manhattanite, 5'9", 27 years old, well-educated girl is interested in meeting someone with similar qualities. I am well-educated, blue-eyed, good figure, French-speaking, with various interests - and quite fashionable to boot! Photo/phone. PS - No previous marriages. 8239 ✉

Beautiful Lady In The Mountains—(914), young 40s, seeks 55-up, degreed, secure, sincere man. 8281 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—Clean cut, good looks, 27, 6'2", 165 lbs. Sincere and bright, but lack experience. Interests vary from sea and sand to films and books. Seeking masculine male, 30-50, who's successful and also kind. Note/photo, please. 8355✉

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Recent Widow—Jewish, 52, attractive, intelligent, homeowner, financially very sound - tennis player, theatergoer, museums and barbecues at home... North Shore. Photo/letter. 8256 ✉ ☎

Nice Guy—Warm, attractive, sincere Jewish professional, 45, 5'8", with good values and varied interests, seeks a sincere, attractive, intelligent, marriage-minded woman. Photo, if available. 8278 ✉

Classically Pretty PhD Educator—5'7", slim, fit, with varied interests, seeks articulate, well-educated, established, emotionally open, previously married, nonsmoking man, 48-60, for companionship or commitment. 8274 ✉ ☎

Very Good-Looking Mother—of 22-year-old and 12-year-old. 51, 5'3", 104 lbs, fit, lively, well-educated, well-traveled, successful professional, would like to meet sophisticated Manhattanite gentleman, 48-65 for concerts, dinners, fun, etc. 8330✉

Frankly Fabulous Female—Looks, brains, class, NY and Hamptons life style. Seeks home for her heart with qualified white male, 58-65. 8283 ✉ ☎

Healthy, Somewhat Wealthy—And sincere, single white male, who is attractive (some even think good-looking), successful NYC business owner, 6'3", 205 lbs, 48, nonsmoker, athletic, divorced, playful, adventurous mischievous and huggable, who appreciates the finer things in life. Seeking someone special to share quality time in a giving/receiving relationship. Please be at least 5'2", with a fabulous figure, slim/pretty, great legs, 32-42, under size 9, who is open, warm, communicative, unencumbered, and still believes in fairy tales (love). Photo a must, or no reply. 8260 ✉

In Search Of The Sun—NYC novelist, PhD, secure, athletic, called handsome, 60, 5'9" - seeks a cultured, truly lovely woman, 40-50, for ecstasy, wit and bright skies. Note/phone/recent photo. 8240 ✉

Gay Female—Mainstream, 46, spiritual, successful, creative. Enjoy a moderation of healthy activities - honest, compassionate and fun-loving. Seeks friend, soul mate and eventual lover. Nonsmoker. 8268 ✉

Tall, Good-Looking Guy—6', slim, fit, 50s, romantic, nonsmoker - looking for pretty, fit lady, 40-50, for serious relationship, to be best friend, lover, have fun and laugh with. Photo a must. 8282 ✉

Smile—Nice Jewish dentist from a good family, 40, 5'6", looking for nice Jewish female to enjoy the summertime and beyond. Likes tennis, movies, dining out and long walks. 8343 ✉

Extremely Beautiful And Bright—Secure, Renaissance Manhattanite (44, body and face 30!), 5'4", size 6, long hair, professional, seeks handsome, successful, educated, classy, funny, warm, athletic, slim white male, 40-55, who likes kids and pets. Recent photo/phone/note. 8358 ✉

Attractive Blond West-Sider—Mature and exciting - seeks gentleman caller, 50 plus. Photo, please. 8327 ✉ ☎

Passionist: Life, History, Ideas—Author, 41, blond angel, TLC, for smart, sexy, fit, grown-up man with humor, world view, for music. 8289 ✉

Cute Little Devil—Mid 40s, seeking attractive, sensuous angel who's naughty and nice, 5'-5'11", 25-32, thin, au natural. No silicone. Nonsmoker/luscious lips. Photo. Day/night direct numbers. 8338 ✉

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Strictly Personals

MD Surgeon Specialist—36, 5'11", Jewish, handsome - warmest smile, kindest heart, extremely athletic, outgoing and dynamic. Looking for upbeat, energetic, vivacious, very attractive woman, 20s-early 30s, to simply share life. Phone/photo. 8266 ✉

Jersey Shore Seeks Manhattanite—Single white male, 46, teacher, cat lover, well-traveled - loves NYC, beaches, golf. Seeks female, 28-40, for active life. 8303✉

Beautiful Italian-American Female—32, seeks elegant gentleman. Prefer Manhattan resident. Photo/note. 8290 ✉

Asian Princess Under 40 Wanted—By Jewish prince, 51, 6', 170, for "happy ever after". City fun and weekends at our country farm. Photo. 8288 ✉

Tall, Warm And Caring—Jewish widower, good-looking with a great sense of humor, looking for that special someone to share life's wonders. If you're slim, attractive, 50-58, and hope the best is yet to come, we may be for each other. Prefer Rockland, Northern NJ, Westchester, NY. Recent photo/phone a must. 8341 ✉

Let's Have It All—Handsome CEO, very successful, humorous, Renaissance man, seeking very pretty, accomplished woman, 5'0" and above, 36-47, perhaps well-analyzed. Phone/thoughtful note/photo a must, please. 8309 ✉ ☎

Great Guy—37, handsome, Jewish, successful, fit, fun, well-traveled, stable, bright, warm and giving, seeking my true companion for a lifetime. Manhattan and photo a plus - will reciprocate. 8331 ✉ ☎

To Live Again—Widowed, elegant, attractive green-eyed blond, 59 years, 5'2", sensitive, caring, family-oriented, Scottish-born, financially secure. Seeking well-groomed gentleman, caucasian, 5'10", 60s, good sense of humor, financially secure, fit, enjoys the arts, fine music and dining, long walks and quiet times at home. (201)/(914). 8351 ✉

Smart, Sincere, Handsome—35, 6' blond with blue eyes, a successful/charismatic gentleman, both outgoing and romantic. Interests include travel, NYC, tennis, dining and more. Seeking an attractive female with similar chemistry. Letter/photo/phone. 8350 ✉ ☎

Definitely Available—Jewish male professional, 54, slim, 6', nice-looking, both witty and wise, seeks a warm, intelligent woman (40s) to be best friend, lover, wife. Note/photo appreciated. 8302 ✉ ☎

There Must Be Chemistry—Pretty, slender, sensuous, semi-sane, 50 years young, Jewish widow - now ready to share a life in a loving relationship again. You are 48-58, romantic, affectionate, financially secure, with a great sense of humor, class and style. Recent photo and personal note. 8324 ✉

It's Your Turn—Very pretty, green-eyed, 5'8", 42, warmhearted Jewish female seeks an easygoing, successful man to enjoy the summer with and hopefully forever. 8262 ✉ ☎

Active, Successful, Intelligent—Kind and generous Jewish man, 45, seeks Ms. Right for love, passion and family. Please be Jewish, 30-40, healthy, active and attractive. Note/photo/phone. 8313 ✉ ☎

Diogenes' Little-Known Sister—Seeks honest, attractive, urbane gentleman (46-56) for a serious relationship. I am a spirited, caring media professional who is very easy on the eyes. Note/photo. 8320 ✉

Attorney/Professor—Late 30s, attractive, secure, sincere, Italian, varied interests. Seeking intelligent, pretty, single white female, 26-36. Photo/note. 8253 ✉ ☎

I'll Make You Happy—Male lawyer, 48, 6'2", dark hair, blue eyes, smoker, loving, brainy and truly special, seeks woman, beautiful in body and spirit, for romance, marriage, children. Note/photo. 8271 ✉

Wanted: Witty, Wry, Nice Jewish Guy—32-40, with integrity, well-educated, by warm, keen, upbeat, pretty, professional Jewish woman, young 37, 5'3", slender, for wedded bliss. Photo helpful. 8322 ✉

Hispanic-Italian, Petite Female—Seeks to nurture your mind, comfort your soul, excite your heart. You are a nonsmoking male, 35 plus. 8326 ✉ ☎

Sincere, Kind-Hearted—Successfu professional, loves movies, beach, dinin out, seeks pretty Asian female, 25-32 for serious relationship. Photo/note please. 8353 ✉

Help Wanted—Sexy, great legs, thin witty Jewish female (37, 5'6"), executiv recruiter has immediate lifetime opportunity for professional male. The ideal candidate will possess 37-47 years' life experience and a handsome, fit appearance prior successes a must. Duties includ frequent visits to interesting events romantic dinners, intelligent conversatio and travel. Education a must. All applications must include note and photo No pay, excellent benefits. 8337 ✉

Mirror Image—Wanted for artistic musical, joyful, loving, reflective, balanced intelligent professional woman, equall comfortable in jeans and lace. Male counterpart: 60 plus, experiences life as a creative journey. All replies answered. 8246✉

Hiking Partner Wanted—Witty, affabl Jewish (nonreligious) male, writer, 40 5'10", (914), loves backpacking, climbing offbeat travel, reading, blues/folk. Seeking adventurous, unpretentious woman, lat 20s-late 30s. Note/photo. 8248 ✉

Legal Beagle—Cute, single Jewish female, paralegal/writer, 35, seeks LI-based, single Jewish male, 35-40, who shares love of comedy, the Internet, tennis and animals. Seeking supportive, caring individual. 8277 ✉ ☎

Assortments

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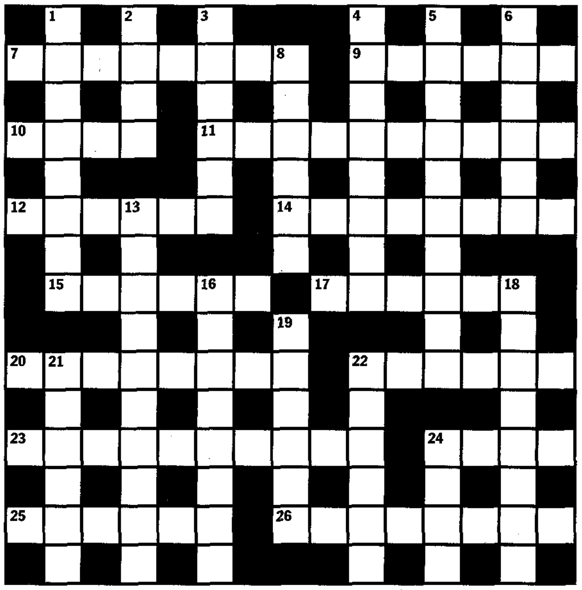
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

7 A Romantic sort of dish. (8)
9 Counter-current obstructs a vehicle. (6)
10 Cute sound of bird having tail docked. (4)
11 Giving port to a bear literally creates a rumpus. (10)
12 Language curve takes a big cut. (6)
14 Arms exhausted carrying piano on. (8)
15 Specimen that's small enough. (6)
17 One superior laid into gentlemen giving a heck of a shiner. (6)
20 Woman using unsuitable words returning a 22 by rugby player. (8)
22 Western Australia backing votes for beer. (6)
3,25 Mechanical arms screwed in with wire pins I discarded. (10,6)
24 Seedy area, so gets minimal greetings from Santa? (4)
25 See 23.
26 Live sea-monster captured—one who delivers from evil. (8)



DOWN

1 Natter to plant—it provides a source of warmth. (3-5)
2,18 Who's Mae playing in spirited film—Bruce Forsyth, perhaps? (4,4,4)
3 Attempt virtually stupid architectural style. (6)
4 Spy with one arm and a hat in disguise. (4,4)
5,6 Smutty jokes spoilt a vital hour in Parisian romance. (10,6)
8 Elected ex-chancellor on leaving reveals relations. (2-4)
13 Artillery officer raised soldiers: one dull rabble. (10)
16 "I strictly ignore Bernstein's Sixth (scherzando)"—Sondheim? (8)
18 See 2.
19 Field ball. (6)
21 Bitter African dictator restricted by accord—not half! (6)
22 Opening success followed by party and women. (6)
24 Those who group around crackpot leader? (4)

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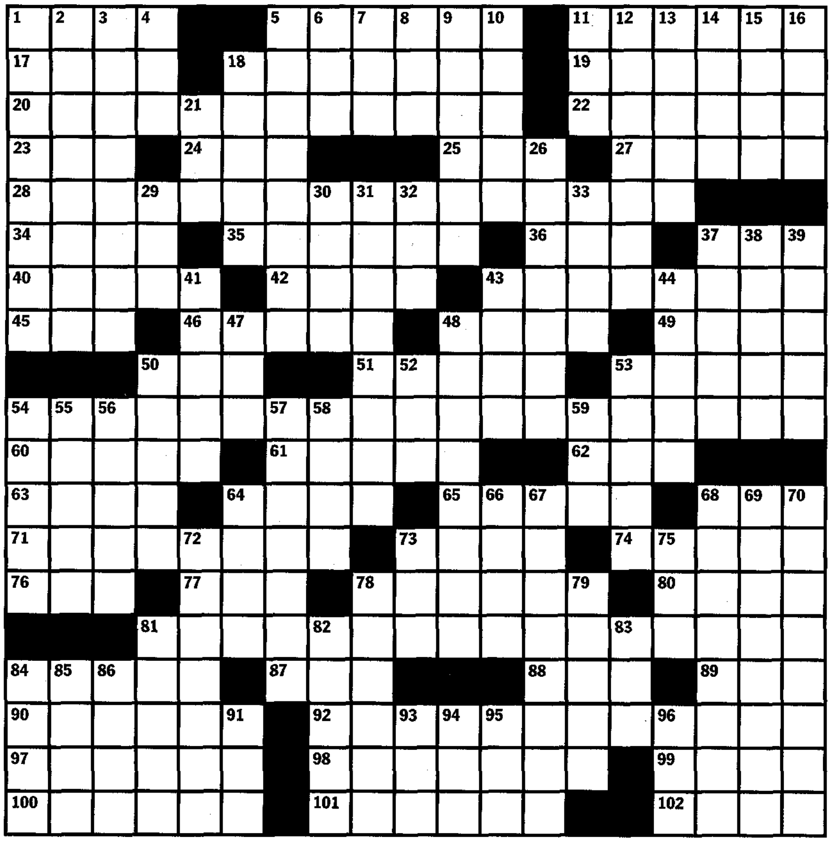
'Doing It Literally': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 End of the Mormon trek
5 "M*A*S*H" members
11 Interlocks
17 Calling-card information
18 Carmen's city, to Carmen
19 Product for overseas use
20 TIME AND AND
22 Capital of Albania
23 Rathskeller serving
24 "There But for You ——"
25 Roman 1550
27 Not as strict
28 NO WAYS IT WAYS
34 Lady Jane or Zane
35 Tree remains
36 Jailbird
37 Sheep's remark
40 Dormouse
42 Sundry assortment
43 Racket game
45 Mag. execs
46 Rowed
48 Cliff projection
49 Eugene O'Neill's daughter
50 Etiquette-maven Vanderbilt
51 Reaction to a bad pun
53 Like Gatsby
54 YOU JUST ME
60 Renaissance family
61 —— the mill
62 Baseball's Durocher
63 Tibia
64 Snake's sound
65 Prop for Picasso
68 Paint-the-town color
71 Madrid miss
73 Air, informally
74 Strainer
76 Unit of work, in physics
77 Middle of a well-known palindrome
78 Badgers' cousins
80 "Take Her, —— Mine"
81 IN GETS RENT
84 Bundle of wheat
87 Synonym and anagram of "it's"
88 United Nations labor agcy.
89 "Unaccustomed —— am . . ."
90 "——-vous français?
92 ONE
ON
97 —— Leonard ("Get Shorty" author)
98 Hammy actors
99 Serf's acquaintance
100 Pass, as time
101 Train stations
102 Gams

DOWN

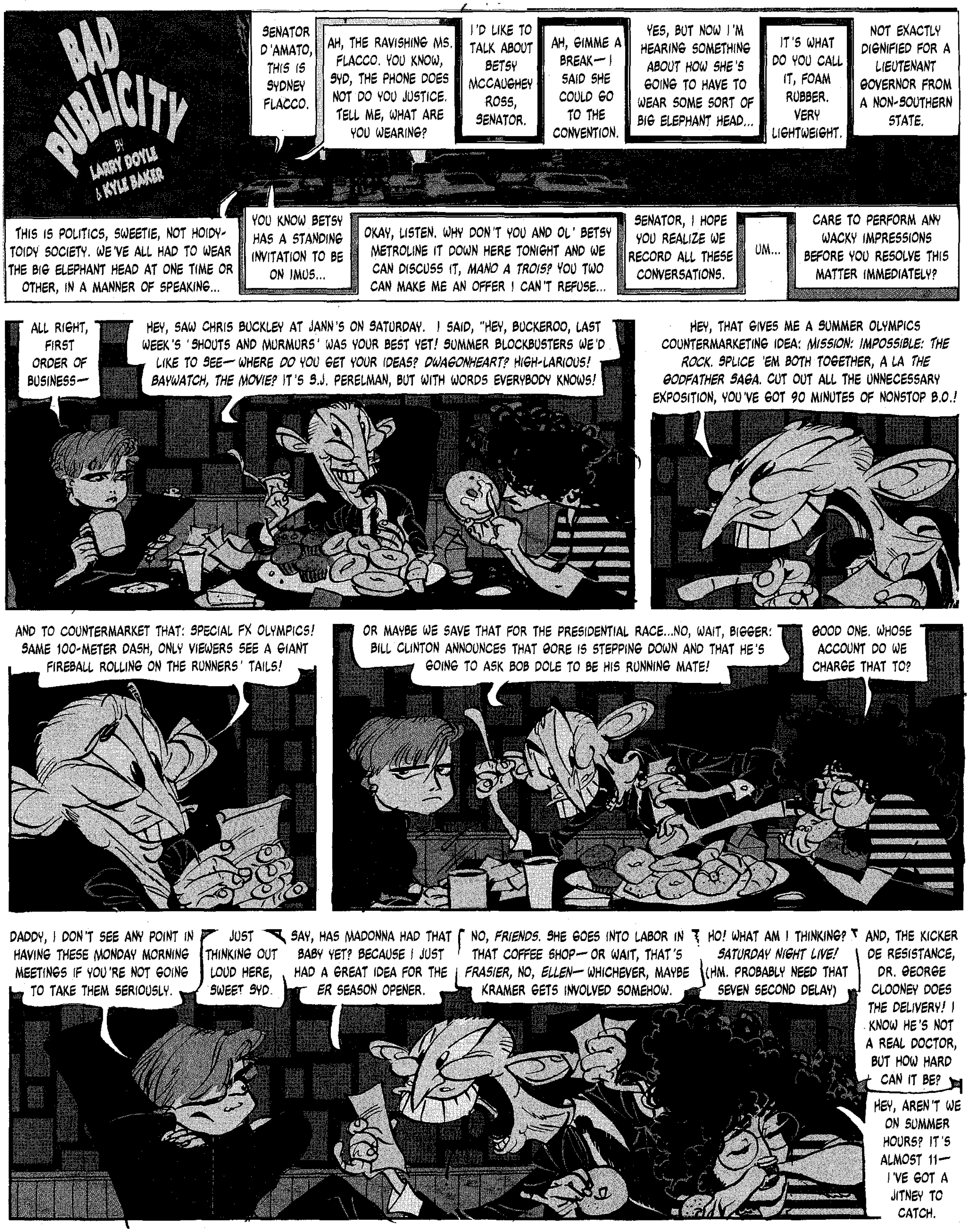
1 Get the knots out
2 Custom-fit
3 Instruments for measuring current
4 ——-haw
5 Intercessor
6 Zsa Zsa's sister
7 Delve
8 Pier gp.
9 Gains altitude
10 One of the Faeroe islands
11 N.Y. opera house
12 Banishing
13 Mother Goose's dieter
14 Scam
15 Sea eagle
16 Constellation component
18 Flaky weather phenomena
21 Fifth word of the Gettysburg address
26 "Lucky" of gangdom
29 Neighbor of S. Dak.
30 Santa's season
31 Small amounts
32 G.I. mail drop
33 Chinese secret society
37 Disapproved vocally
38 Historic kingdom of Vietnam
39 Relative of onyx
41 Mausoleums
43 Evangelist's suggestion
44 X-rated matter, for short
47 Popeye's affirmative
48 Paper thrown at parades
50 "——clock scholar"
52 Model T contemporary
53 Celts
54 Reverend Jackson
55 Theater employee
56 Rock star formerly with The Police
57 Most hackneyed
58 Newman-Woodward film, 1970
59 Ending for mod or nod
64 Trumpeter Al
66 Congregation's response
67 Addressees at 32-Down
68 Do a run-through for opening night
69 Vespers
70 Predetermines, as by fate
72 Marijuana cigs
73 Doctor's "Say ——"
75 Abbrev. in Tel Aviv
78 Job-experience summary
79 Farmers' warehouses
81 Quadrille dance
82 Two-footed one
83 Penultimate mo.
84 Graf of naval fame
85 Concert place
86 Memorable Bombeck
91 Zuyder, for one
93 Spinning toy
94 Siouan Native American
95 Aerialist's safety measure
96 It's a moray



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 88.

No Mind, No Matter

The Flaccos and trusty Mo get together for one of their famous Monday-morning powwows.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
SENATOR D'AMATO, THIS IS SYDNEY FLACCO.
AH, THE RAVISHING MS. FLACCO. YOU KNOW, SYD, THE PHONE DOES NOT DO YOU JUSTICE. TELL ME, WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?
I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT BETSY MCCAUGHEY ROSS, SENATOR.
AH, GIMME A BREAK— I SAID SHE COULD GO TO THE CONVENTION.
YES, BUT NOW I'M HEARING SOMETHING ABOUT HOW SHE'S GOING TO HAVE TO WEAR SOME SORT OF BIG ELEPHANT HEAD...
IT'S WHAT DO YOU CALL IT, FOAM RUBBER. VERY LIGHTWEIGHT.
NOT EXACTLY DIGNIFIED FOR A LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR FROM A NON-SOUTHERN STATE.
THIS IS POLITICS, SWEETIE, NOT HOIDY-TOIDY SOCIETY. WE'VE ALL HAD TO WEAR THE BIG ELEPHANT HEAD AT ONE TIME OR OTHER, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING...
YOU KNOW BETSY HAS A STANDING INVITATION TO BE ON IMUS...
OKAY, LISTEN. WHY DON'T YOU AND OL' BETSY METROLINE IT DOWN HERE TONIGHT AND WE CAN DISCUSS IT, MANO A TROIS? YOU TWO CAN MAKE ME AN OFFER I CAN'T REFUSE...
SENATOR, I HOPE YOU REALIZE WE RECORD ALL THESE CONVERSATIONS.
UM...
CARE TO PERFORM ANY WACKY IMPRESSIONS BEFORE YOU RESOLVE THIS MATTER IMMEDIATELY?
ALL RIGHT, FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS—
HEY, SAW CHRIS BUCKLEY AT JANN'S ON SATURDAY. I SAID, "HEY, BUCKEROO, LAST WEEK'S 'SHOUTS AND MURMURS' WAS YOUR BEST YET! SUMMER BLOCKBUSTERS WE'D LIKE TO SEE— WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR IDEAS? DWAGONHEART? HIGH-LARIOUS! BAYWATCH, THE MOVIE? IT'S S.J. PERELMAN, BUT WITH WORDS EVERYBODY KNOWS!
HEY, THAT GIVES ME A SUMMER OLYMPICS COUNTERMARKETING IDEA: MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE: THE ROCK. SPLICE 'EM BOTH TOGETHER, A LA THE GODFATHER SAGA. CUT OUT ALL THE UNNECESSARY EXPOSITION, YOU'VE GOT 90 MINUTES OF NONSTOP B.O.!
AND TO COUNTERMARKET THAT: SPECIAL FX OLYMPICS! SAME 100-METER DASH, ONLY VIEWERS SEE A GIANT FIREBALL ROLLING ON THE RUNNERS' TAILS!
OR MAYBE WE SAVE THAT FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE...NO, WAIT, BIGGER: BILL CLINTON ANNOUNCES THAT GORE IS STEPPING DOWN AND THAT HE'S GOING TO ASK BOB DOLE TO BE HIS RUNNING MATE!
GOOD ONE. WHOSE ACCOUNT DO WE CHARGE THAT TO?
DADDY, I DON'T SEE ANY POINT IN HAVING THESE MONDAY MORNING MEETINGS IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE THEM SERIOUSLY.
JUST THINKING OUT LOUD HERE, SWEET SYD.
SAY, HAS MADONNA HAD THAT BABY YET? BECAUSE I JUST HAD A GREAT IDEA FOR THE ER SEASON OPENER.
NO, FRIENDS. SHE GOES INTO LABOR IN THAT COFFEE SHOP— OR WAIT, THAT'S FRASIER, NO, ELLEN— WHICHEVER, MAYBE KRAMER GETS INVOLVED SOMEHOW.
HO! WHAT AM I THINKING? SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE! (HM. PROBABLY NEED THAT SEVEN SECOND DELAY)
AND, THE KICKER DE RESISTANCE, DR. GEORGE CLOONEY DOES THE DELIVERY! I KNOW HE'S NOT A REAL DOCTOR, BUT HOW HARD CAN IT BE?
HEY, AREN'T WE ON SUMMER HOURS? IT'S ALMOST 11— I'VE GOT A JITNEY TO CATCH.

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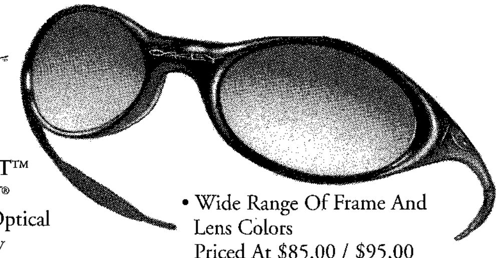

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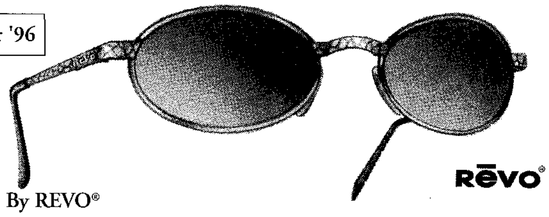

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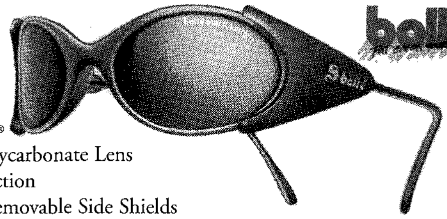

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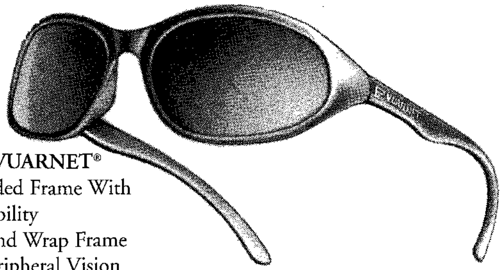

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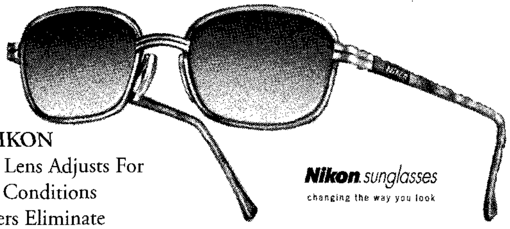

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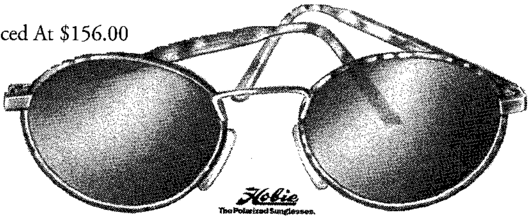

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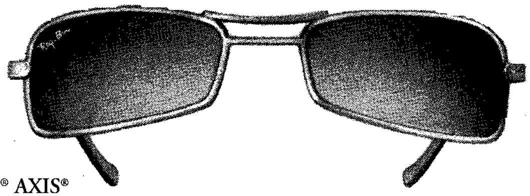

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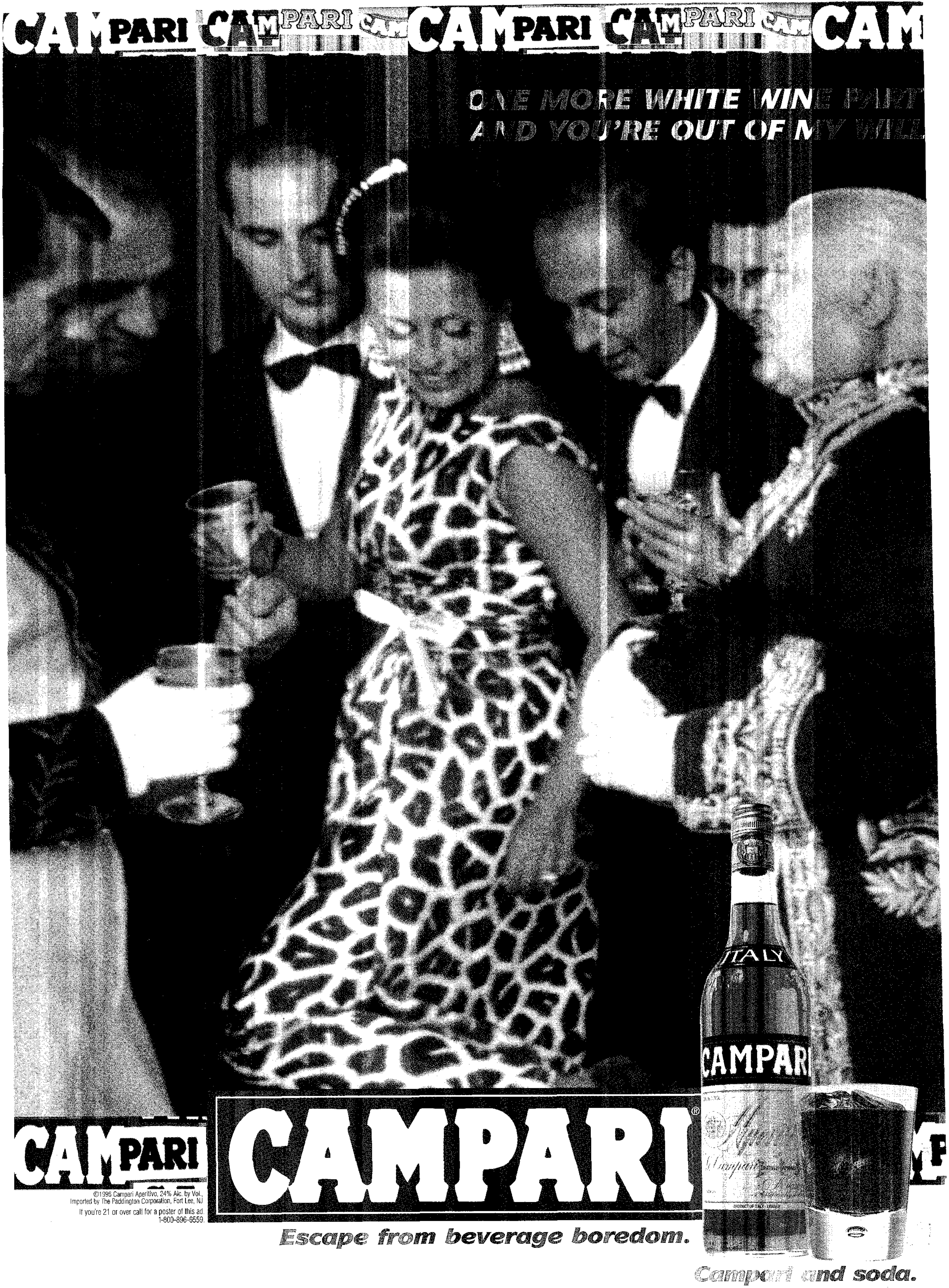
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